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Yours ever
Colin Bardwin

In Remotest Barotseland

Being an Account of a Journey of over 8,000 Miles through the Wildest and Remotest Parts of Lewanika's Empire.

By

Col. COLIN HARDING, C.M.G., F.R.G.S.,

Acting-Administrator of North-West Rhodesia,

Commandant Barotse Native Police.

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I.

The Zambesi

From the Falls to its Source

CHAPTER I.

Arrival at the Victoria Falls—Object of journey—Our party—Transport riders' picnic.

THE account which I am now writing is no attempt at a literary work; it is simply the disjointed notes of an ill-kept diary, strung together from day to day under every conceivable disadvantage, mental and physical. Written, as it often was, when one was too tired to read, before a camp fire, or crouching in a hut saturated with rain and the tempest still howling drearily without, supperless and hungry, it is small wonder if the phrases are not always well-turned or the sentences grammatical.

I undertook a journey which one day may be easy and luxurious, but which until I started out had not been entirely performed by anybody; therefore, being one fraught with peculiar difficulty, it seemed to me that a short account of it might be of interest to those who are interested in fresh fields and pastures new.

I have no intention of inflicting on you the account of the journey from Southampton to

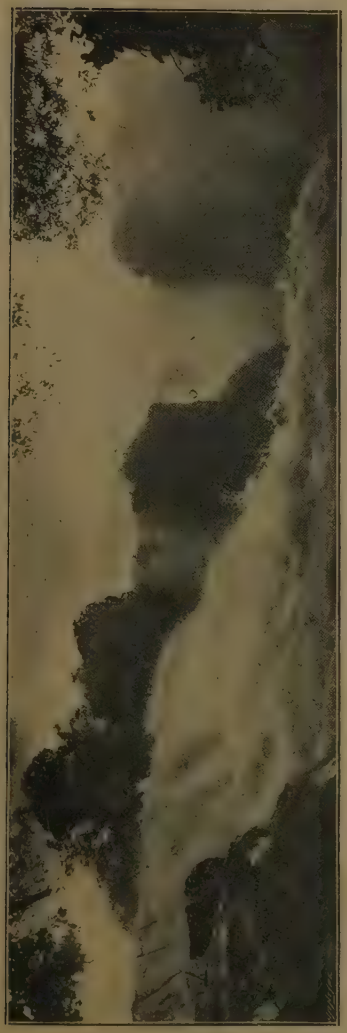
Bulawayo, or, in any detail, that of the two months' journey from Bulawayo to Kazungula; without further preamble I land you forthwith at the Zambesi, in an excellent tent surrounded by beautiful river scenery, from whence, after a short stay at Sesheke and Lialui, the capital of Lewanika's kingdom, I hope to take you with me through storm and sunshine, hunger, thirst, and what seemed insuperable difficulties, to the source of the magnificent river which waters so large a tract of British Central Africa.

The territory of King Lewanika, which I had received instructions to explore and report upon, is known as Barotseland. It is a country of considerable magnitude, and King Lewanika, the reigning chief, now known to so many people in England, has sought the protection of our Imperial Government. The administration is by them entrusted to the British South Africa Company.

We arrived at Kazungula some days before the necessary wagons, and spent the time of waiting in a visit to the Batoka country and the Victoria Falls.

The splendour of these Falls can only be fully realised when the river is in full flood, but even at the time of my visit their beauty is beyond all expression.

I approached them from the east bank of



Victoria Falls.

the river, and reached their level by descending a range of hills some seven hundred feet high.

On the summit of these hills, viewing the plain below, one is instantly struck by the thick vapour which hangs like a pall over and around the vicinity of the Falls. From this coign of vantage the river is seen to extend for several miles north and south, at times entirely hidden by the magnificent trees which line its banks, to burst forth again in some open glade in the dim distance. It is probably, in its grand and un-

fettered beauty, the finest expanse of river scenery to be found anywhere on earth.

The native name of the Falls is Mosioatunya —boiling or troubled waters. They are formed by a crack in the hard basaltic rock on the west bank of the Zambesi. Over the precipice thus formed they fall without let or hindrance a sheer depth of four hundred feet. For some considerable time before arriving at this identical spot the river presents a troubled and unsettled appearance, and it was with the greatest difficulty that the boat boys rowing me were induced to go within two miles of the actual Falls. The bushes and trees around are continuously wet with the scattering spray, and being unprovided with a mackintosh my clothes were soaked through and through long before my eyes were satisfied with gazing on the magnificence, surging and boiling with deafening thunders, before them.

Before my arrival at the Falls, my brother, Mr. W. Harding, who was acting as my secretary, and Mr. Gifford Moore, who came as accountant, accompanied me from Bulawayo with the wagons containing supplies. Owing to the fact that the wagons travelled so slowly, we left them a hundred miles from the river and proceeded on horseback.

Harding and Moore remained at Kazungula, where, after going up to see the Falls and visit

the police-stations of the Batoka country, I joined them.

On returning to Kazungula I found the wagons only just arrived. They were under the charge of five Dutch transport riders, who had taken ten weeks to consume three cases of whisky, one barrel of dop (Cape brandy) and deliver their respective loads at their destination.

When we left Bulawayo, war with the Transvaal was imminent, and I am convinced these fellows loitered on the road with the express purpose of avoiding being commandeered.

On arrival at Kazungula, which is about 300 miles from Bulawayo, all the things were ferried across by native boats, and it was then we discovered the extent and the cost to ourselves of the transport riders' little picnic.

A case of whisky was entirely consumed, another three bottles were broken, being emptied first, then broken, and coffee scattered to stain the straw and convince us of a genuine accident. Jam, tea, sugar and biscuits were also missing; tables and chairs smashed, and such damage done that Harding and Moore wished to declare war forthwith and escort the drivers back to Bulawayo, as prisoners, in their own wagons.

Our ten horses gave a considerable amount of trouble over the crossing of the river, which had to be undertaken here. First they would plunge violently, filling the shallow "dug-outs" with

water ; then they would lie like logs in the river, refusing to move, all the weight of their heads resting on the arms of the unfortunate individual holding the halter to guide them across ; but we reached the other side eventually, with no accident worse than a severe wetting.

Kazungula is by no means a sanatorium, but though unhealthy, the beauty of the 460 yards of water that divided us from the opposite bank

View at Kazungula.

was very great. The sunsets were glorious, lighting up the river as evening drew on with a glow of colour of exquisite variety and beauty. Occasionally we would sail out to pass an hour or two down the river reaches in a welting flood of crimson and gold in the west, the far-off cry of some wild bird alone breaking the glowing silence of the evening, while, in spite of the scene of romance and dreams around us, we would

practically replenish our larder with the large tiger-fish which abound at this point, and make an excellent dish for the hungry traveller eaten under the dim light of the stars and the brighter one of our own cheery camp fires.

Kazungula has been a recognised drift for years past, and can claim a historic reputation from the number of invasions which have taken place across the river into the kingdom of Barotse. Though King Lewanika had been advised of our wants in the shape of boats to convey Harding and myself to his capital of Lialui, it was several weeks before they arrived. In the meantime, the Resident, Mr. Coryndon, and his party had started for England on leave, and we had taken charge in his place.

CHAPTER II.

Litia—His government—Views on Christianity of natives—Departure for Kazungula—Mr. Coillard—Arrival at Sesheke—Sesheke missionaries—Sergeant Macaulay.

LITIA, the eldest son of Lewanika, and heir-apparent to the Barotse throne, paid me an official visit.

He is a well-made man of some twenty-five or thirty summers.

He arrived carefully dressed in a blue serge suit, boiled shirt and collar, and brown boots.

We are told that Litia is educated, and a Christian.

The maxim that a "little knowledge is a dangerous thing" is perhaps demonstrated in his case, although he compares favourably with those around him, both in manners and intelligence.

I should not describe Litia as definitely educated, as I consider that before a native can be recognised as a man, he should demonstrate his abhorrence to unmanly actions, and that before he is placed in the category of Christian

Litia and Barotse Indunas listening to phonographic message from Captain Hon. A. Lawley (now Sir Arthur Lawley) at Kazungula.

he must give some sign, either by example or government, that such a definition is merited. First teach a native his duty to his neighbour, applaud his honesty, denounce his plunder, encourage his husbandry, punish and stop his rapine and murderous incursion on his weaker neighbours, and then begin to treat him as one more the white man's equal, and recognise his assumed Christianity. These are the fundamental rules applicable to the promotion of good government and Christianity alike—and they should be as strictly enforced from the native as from those over whom civilisation has held longer sway.

This the missionaries, in their intense eagerness to see the fruit of their labours, often forgot, counting as Christian those who, in any other country or circumstances, would not be recognised as worthy of the least promise of redemption.

Litia is certainly intelligent, and I see no reason why, with proper treatment, he should not some day be trusted with some official position subject to the supervision of white officials—but it is not yet time. Whilst at Kazungula, numerous complaints of a serious character reached my ears with regard to his raids on individuals who had incurred his displeasure, and he was informed both by Mr. Coryndon and myself that he would be held

accountable for the safety of those unfortunates who tremblingly had left their homes and sought refuge in the bush to avoid his far-reaching arm.

But, regarding Litia's ancestry and early training from an all-round point of view, he certainly shines by comparison with the generality of other natives, and is distinctly a man of his word, and to be trusted.

After three weeks' enforced idleness, the boats leisurely arrived from Lewanika, and with them a kind note of welcome from the Rev. Mr. Coillard, head of the "Paris Evangelical Mission" at Lialui, welcoming me to Barotseland.

Few men north of the Zambesi are better known or more appreciated than Mr. Coillard, and few indeed have worked so laboriously and lost so much as he in the effort to achieve the good of West-Central British Africa.

The boats, twenty in number, arrived, and, dispatching the horses and mules a few days earlier overland, Harding and myself followed their course in the boats by the river-way—Moore had previously left for the Batoka country, whilst Sergt. Macaulay, of the British South Africa Police, was dispatched in charge of the mules.

A very pretty sight on a bright November morning was the departure of our armada from Kazungula.

Simultaneously the boats leapt out into mid-stream, abreast—a formation, alas! of very short duration, for they all too soon were stringing out, and by the time of our arrival at the first cataracts, a distance of seven miles, they were straggling *very* leisurely along, headed

Simultaneously the boats leapt into mid-stream abreast.

by myself in a Canadian canoe, watched over with nervous caution by the induna in charge of the expedition.

Harding came next, filling his inadequate shelter with his burly frame, and, with adjectives, enquiring why all the useless things were put

in his boat. This burst of Billingsgate was caused by his indunas having carefully piled his boat with every description of case not required, whilst Harding's blankets and cartridge bag were reposing far off in another boat, exposed to the torrential rain which, soon after our cheerful start, descended in a deluge. We camped that night during violent thunder and lightning and rain about fifteen miles from Kazungula, and it was not till sundown of the next day that we arrived at Sesheke, a distance of 55 miles from Kazungula.

I have mentioned the fine scenery and few delightful weeks we had spent at Kazungula; it was not without a pang that we left such a charming spot. But we saw it at the most healthy period of the year, and if half the stories concerning its malarial possibilities are true, its occupation is as undesirable as dangerous.

Sesheke, which we reached the day following our damp halt, is in many ways like Kazungula. The houses of the three missionaries who welcomed us on our arrival are built close to the river, which, though it is the most available spot in the neighbourhood, can with difficulty be surpassed as a deadly malarious hotbed.

The Rev. Louis Jalla is in charge of the station, and it was not long before our cook, Peter, was surrounded by the good things this kind and thoughtful friend had sent me.

Like Mr. Coillard, Mr. Jalla has worked long and arduously north of the Zambesi, and with an untiring zeal has given up his life to the task of trying to civilise the natives around.

I found Sergt. Macaulay at Sesheke prostrate with fever, so putting him in my boat I decided to take his place with the horses and pack mules, and travél myself to Lialui overland.

I again saw Litia, who presented me with an ox, meal, and other foods. We had a long discussion about the affairs of the kingdom—for Litia is second only to King Lewanika in Barotseland. I was shown his wife and his mansion, which is both artistically and substantially made by native workmen. It reflects the greatest credit on their work and their artistic conception.

The same day, a Mr. Going, a trader, who was just leaving the country with dread, and very natural dread, of the wet season, paid me a visit. In the evening we were entertained by Mr. Jalla, and also met his fellow-workers, all of whom looked wretchedly ill, and in no condition to face the abnormal trials and hardships in store for them during the unhealthy rains.

CHAPTER III.

Departure from Sesheke—State of roads—Arrival at Mongu—Condition of house—Arrival at Lialui.

THE following morning I saw Harding and Macaulay off in their boats, and accompanied by Litia and his two younger brothers, all of us mounted, I started off with the view of reaching John, my Cape boy, whom on the previous day I had dispatched with five horses and six mules for Lialui. The sun was down before I reached John and his charges, and I had ridden thirty miles and was glad to reach the comforts of a temporary camp erected by three indunas sent out by Litia to superintend my welfare.

To have well-fed pack-mules, and be mounted on good horses, is to experience, in my opinion, the beau ideal of travelling in South Africa—provided, of course, that you are ready to dispense with some comforts which are bound to be sacrificed for speed.

Trekking each morning at six, off-saddling for breakfast and lunch, covering twenty-five miles a day—this soon breaks the back of any ordinary

Mr. Coryndon, the British Resident.

journey, and I had only been nine days from Sesheke when I found myself well in the Barotse Valley, within a few miles of my destination.

Owing to the rains the rivers here were very much swollen, flooding the banks on either side for considerable distances, and as we had to cross one of the rivers at this point the mules had to be unpacked, their loads placed in boats to be repacked the other side, whilst the animals led into the water waded nervously, until eventually obliged to swim. At first this seemed to them to necessitate a great deal of neighing, snorting and plunging; they were frequently carried several yards down the rapid stream, and this naturally "gave them pause" at first. But finding that they eventually always reached the other side damp but triumphant, they after a time thoroughly enjoyed the fun, and to show their appreciation frequently plunged with superfluous courage into the rivers before their loads were removed! This misplaced sense of humour caused a good deal of damage before the journey's end, and made a strict watch of the gamesome mules necessary.

On arriving at Mongu, the name of our station, or Residency, I found everything in a most filthy and unpardonable condition.

The King had been told of my expected arrival, and requested by Mr. Coryndon (British Resident) to put my house in order.

In spite of this, with the exception of cockroaches of every size and variety, bats of gigantic proportions and rats possessing all the audacity and persistency of those of Hamelin town, no living thing had invaded the precincts of the so-called Residency for months.

Doorways without doors, window frames without windows, and a roof without thatch greeted me on my arrival. I shall not easily forget my first night in this Temple of the Winds. I arrived late, after travelling steadily all day, and was tired out, so retired speedily to the shelter of my blankets—carefully spread on my own stretcher to avoid contact with the doubtful-looking fixtures already in my breezy abode.

I closed my eyes hoping for rest, but the claim of society ignored my weariness and insisted on obtruding themselves. My first caller was a large and healthy rat, who, after scrambling over my bed, found the candle. Satisfying himself that it was a genuine article he rushed away precipitately, to return very shortly with his entire circle of friends. Till scattered by a sjambok they had a right royal feast.

Then the bats began circling over my head, roused by the rat revelry and rout—swooping indignantly in my face and squeaking with fury—and, finally, a cat appeared, from whence Heaven only can tell, but undoubtedly with a well-conceived plan in her fertile brain ; for on rising the

following morning I discovered the feline wanderer had given birth to three fine kittens, and was reposing with all the cares of a growing family on some articles of my attire which I had left in a heterogeneous mass about the room on retiring to slumber.

On the whole I felt sure Heller had not been a traveller before writing his "Restless Nights." They are far too dreamy for the *nuits blanches* one spends in Africa.

The next day I was down with fever, only recovering in time to attend the funeral of one of the missionaries who had succumbed to dysentery during my illness.

The ride to Sefula, where the funeral rites were performed, was most trying; it was a distance of ten miles, but under the rays of a scorching sun.

The burial was most pathetic and in my weak condition distressing, so it was not to be wondered at that on my return I went down again with fever.

My food supply was very limited, as everything was coming up by the boats or the wagon, neither of which arrived for several weeks, so I fed chiefly on native produce, which is not exhilarating with a malarial temperature.

I had received a letter from Lewanika welcoming me to Barotse, on the day of my arrival, and in my reply I took the opportunity to mention the state of my house. This brought over thirty

natives down for repairs, and they were employed for over a week getting the house and its surroundings into a habitable condition.

After my illness my first duty was to pay the King a visit; so heralding my approach with a messenger, I went up one morning to the "Palace," to find several hundred of his indunas and followers congregated in the large court-yard to greet me.

The King was arrayed in an alpaca coat, fancy waistcoat, brown boots and trousers, and a black felt hat; he met me outside the court-house, deferentially and with a dignity of mien which much surprised me, and politely welcomed me, and bade me precede him.

The assembled subjects in the meantime were displaying every sign of welcome and greeting after their fashion—cries of "Morena" (chief or king) and "Mosissi" (governor) rent my ears as I marched with all possible stateliness towards the court-house.

The latter is a large building of size sufficient to hold several hundred people.

The sides are open, enabling those who are of no position in the country to hear and watch the proceedings of their legislators from the outside.

In the middle of the court-house is erected a chair, both large and commodious, and in this the King daily sits between the hours of nine and twelve to listen to the complaints of his subjects,

King Lewanika in Court dress.

settling their social disputes, punishing the guilty, either by fines, banishment or rod ; promulgating laws, repealing others, and, in fact, carrying on the office of Lord Chief Justice, Secretary of Foreign Affairs and Chancellor of the Exchequer all rolled into one.

His indunas are arranged according to their seniority—to the King's right sit the "opposition," to his left are placed his near relations and personal friends, who form a body who well support their chief through thick and thin.

The N'Gambella, or Prime Minister, sits on the King's right ; next him a man of herculean stature with a huge scar down his cheek ; this is the Commander-in-Chief. Although I have mentioned the Prime Minister and indunas on the right as forming an opposition, I do not mean to imply that they are antagonistic to the King, but rather that they represent the people and have a right to criticise the King's actions—a right not accorded to his Court or relations.

The King's sons, each wearing an ivory bangle on his arm, the insignia of royalty, sit with the smaller indunas on the left. They do not form part of the opposition until elected to fill some prominent position in the country.

To be a Prince in Barotse in no way assures a high social standing until the same is won by some good work for the State, or by a high character for sobriety, or marked talent of some kind.

CHAPTER IV.

Indaba—Royal lunch—The King's house—His personality—His impressions of England.

AFTER I was introduced to the indunas, and told the King the wishes of my Government, I delivered Captain (now Sir Arthur) Lawley's message on the phonograph, and gave a general outline of my intentions. The remarks were listened to attentively, and after various speeches the King's band, consisting of numerous drums and tambourines, was summoned, and as each man played in a largely independent fashion, and as if his life hung on his making more noise than his neighbour, the din can be better imagined than described.

The King was delighted with the whole performance, and more than once enquired what I thought of his people and the band.

I was not sorry when the King proposed a visit to his house, especially when on my arrival I found a sumptuous lunch provided.

Pâté-de-foie-gras, sardines, fish, roast beef, duck, came in their turn, followed by sweets, consisting

chiefly of "mafi," a kind of junket, and excellent food in a hot country. All these were arranged on a side-table, whilst the linen, cutlery and silver were beautifully clean, and well in harmony with the rest of the repast. The King is a polished host, most polite and attentive, performing little acts of thoughtful courtesy with his own hand; free from ostentation, perfectly at ease and only anxious for the immediate wants of his guests. His house is a marvel of comfort and, indeed, of beauty.

The grass roof is constructed on such a principle that it has no connection with the outer wall, thus preventing the inroads of the white ant. Immediately under the roof are placed rushes, which are removed when soiled and fresh ones substituted; these give the room a high and cheerful appearance.

The building itself is carefully made of red timber, which is chopped into shape by small axes, which the natives wield with wonderful dexterity and precision. The floor and walls are decorated with mats of every conceivable design and shape, curiously worked in dim blues and reds and of most artistic conception, whilst the furniture, consisting of chairs and sundry tables, is hidden by the skins of various animals. This completes, as far as I can remember, the interior of King Lewanika's dining-room.

Lewanika has a weakness for hats: big hats,

little hats, wide hats, narrow hats, hats with high crowns, hats with low crowns are dotted all over the walls, and each hat is accompanied by a fly-switch usually made from the tail of the blue wildebeeste, or sable antelope, mounted on an ivory handle, and surrounded with a covering of beads. Without one of these switches the King never walks, rides, or sleeps; one is ever in his hand, or lying beside him. Their *raison d'être* lies in the number of flies, which spare neither the highest nor the lowest in the land; they can be, to some extent, kept at bay by the constant and steady swaying of a switch. Cease "switching" for an instant and the flies are back—"not single spies, but in battalions." The Queens are housed near the Palace of the King, but not under the same roof, and are seldom permitted to meet the vulgar gaze.

I expressed my admiration of the house to Lewanika, and then mildly asked if it was right for him to live in such splendour, whilst I, who represented the Queen of England, should be placed in a miserable sty at my camp, which at home would be by no means fit for my horses. The King promised to erect me a building such as his own, and after my visit never failed when it rained—which it usually did—to send to enquire how I had slept, and if the rain had come in. The latter enquiry was invariably superfluous.

In describing King Lewanika I shall speak of

him as I know him, and as I always found him. He is known now to numbers of people in England, and I think I may safely say that while in the Home country he was extremely popular. I may also add what I feel sure is an almost unique thing to be able to say of any man, white or black, that whilst in England he never once made a false step in manners, or bearing, privately or publicly. At the time of which I am writing he had not been to England, though frequently expressing his great wish to go, and of no one perhaps living have more conflicting accounts been given than the various and numerous ones written of this far-off monarch. By one author he has been described as a tyrant, wading ankle-deep in blood; by another, he is embraced as a hero; to-day he is compared to a prodigious twentieth century Machiavelli, and to-morrow he is placed on a pedestal haloed and revered. Personally, I consider that Lewanika is a blend of all these conflicting statements. He was a tyrant, but circumstances compelled him to be one, and his cruelties were only those his early surroundings forced him to commit.

He is now emphatically a statesman, and a far-seeing one, and has at heart the welfare of his country and people to an extent surprising in one brought up as he was in his youth.

He is not a recognized Christian, and says so, and therefore is no humbug. He goes to church

on Sunday, mainly for the sake of example and to please Mr. Coillard, whom he greatly respects. But he has his children brought up as Christians, and carefully educated—one of his sons is now in England. To deal with officially the King is not always satisfactory. He is no believer in the remark that "procrastination is the thief of time," especially when some more or less objectionable point is being raised, and letters in urgent need of answers will remain in His Majesty's pocket for weeks.

All this is at times wearing to the temper, and a wasting of valuable time. He is extremely fond of pomp and show, and like a child in his delight in the constant bowing and hand-clapping of his subjects.

The clapping of the hands together loudly and regularly is in Barotse a sign of respect, and a greeting. No subject speaks to Lewanika without prefacing his remarks by clapping his hands, and if he speaks to one of them the man will clap his hands before replying.

The forms of court manners and customs are numerous, and Lewanika thoroughly enjoys them and insists upon the minute observance of all the etiquette possible. He is a curious mixture of a child and a statesman, with a real charm of personality, and a touch of the pathos peculiar to a ruler who is one in name alone. There are few of his apparently obsequious indunas who could

be induced to do anything much against his own wishes; and the contrast between the simulated meekness and obedience of these men and their very real self-seeking gives a distinctly pathetic colouring to the dignified figure of their King.

That Lewanika was immensely impressed by his visit to England there is no doubt.

The immense energy and industry of Englishmen seemed to strike him more than anything, and as the Barotse are inveterately lazy this is not to be wondered at. That his visit enlightened as well as impressed him I feel very sure, and I have no doubt whatever that it will greatly alter and improve Barotse—enormously to our advantage.

CHAPTER V.

Harding and Macaulay arrive with boats—Departure from Lialui—Account of a sample day of travel.

I HAD been at Lialui more than a week before Harding and Macaulay arrived with the boats. Their river trip had been rather disastrous; a quantity of sugar had been stolen, one boat was swamped, and a number of my own personal articles spoilt. It had also rained nearly every day, so that they had had a distinctly uncomfortable time.

I had informed the King of my intended visit up the Zambesi soon after my arrival, and he seemed delighted and ready to help in any possible way. Therefore, after writing several reports and getting the camp put into shape, I decided to start without delay, leaving Macaulay in charge.

I received a great deal of most valuable information before I left Lialui from Mr. Coillard and the French and Swiss helpers in his mission, which afterwards proved of the greatest service to me.

Travelling by boats up the Zambesi River—Camping at night.

It was January 19th before the things were ready for our visit to Kakengi and Nyakatoro, the two principal stations, about three hundred and twenty miles up the river, at which we proposed to touch first.

Sioma Rapids, Zambesi River.

As before mentioned the idea of my visit was to see as much of Lewanika's country as possible, whilst the King would take advantage of our going to send messages to Kakengi and the rest of his chiefs, by our boats.

The phonograph which we had brought from

Cape Town was employed to receive the King's messages, as he is unable to write.

The boats, twelve in number, which were provided by the King, left the Residency, which at this period of the year is approachable by water, the day before our departure, and Harding and myself, accompanied by Macaulay, rode in to Lialui to meet them.

Lewanika had prepared an excellent luncheon for us, and seemed genuinely touched at the thought of our departure. He adjured me to take care of myself, promised to write (through his interpreter), and I agreed to answer his letter when we arrived at Kakengi's. From the time of our first talk over my proposed journey he was most energetic and kind in making every preparation, and undoubtedly expected a good result from my going.

I am the first official residing in the country who has gone so far, and whether he appreciated my energy, or was glad to see my back, is a matter of some doubt. Anyhow, he was immensely proud of the expedition.

The Zambesi at the time of our departure had overflowed its banks, and for three days we travelled over inundated country. Here and there a solitary kraal, perched on some ant-hill or rising ground, relieves the monotony of the surrounding country. Occasionally a herd of Barotse cattle grazing knee-deep in water will,

with a large distrust of such a phenomenal sight as a dozen "mekoros" (boats) all at one time, trot away, splashing heavily, with head and tail erect, pursued by their dusky attendant in his small boat; but one's view of these or any other sights is rare, as the luxuriant grass often entirely hides even one boat from another.

Each tall stem of reed is crowded with myriads of ants and other insects, who to escape a watery grave have ascended this frail structure. They fall into the boats by scores as we push by, and when we arrive in open water they have to be bailed out and cast overboard relentlessly.

Numerous geese tantalizingly await the arrival of one's boat, and then before your rifle is produced from some other boat—usually the most remote—scud miles away down the river. A hideous crocodile will suddenly, with a dull splash, beat a hasty retreat, leaving you thankful that you did not take the swim you have been pining for. Never bathe when the river bed is undiscernible, is a good Zambesi maxim; but never bathe in the Zambesi at all, is a safer one.

After three days' travelling we were fairly out of the Barotse Valley, and by this time the novelty of travelling in a "dug-out" had somewhat abated. I will give here a sample of a day's travel up the river.

As head of the expedition I was allotted the

largest canoe, and for oarsmen had three indunas and four smaller chiefs, Sasa, my chief induna, preceding in a boat of his own. My canoe was 45 feet long, and about 5 feet 6 inches in the beam. The steering was worked from the front, by Atonga, an induna of considerable importance and with some knowledge of river navigation. I came next Atonga, seated in a ricketty chair which ever seemed tottering to its fall, and immediately behind me was my cabin, composed of mats: this roomy structure was about three feet high, with sufficient space in it to enable me to crawl in and lie down. Usually this state apartment was filled with odds and ends, such as a camera, sextant, aneroid, packets of tobacco, books, rifles, revolvers, compasses, and John, my servant and interpreter, who accompanied me from Kazungula. It was composed with a view to my shelter in time of rain, but usually I much preferred the wet to crushing into such a limited area. John slept steadily throughout the day, and when I had occasion to ask for my compass, tobacco, or some other article it was with great difficulty I roused him from his slumbers. Once roused he would spring up hastily, nearly upsetting the entire saloon, put his feet through my favourite helmet, stir up the mingled mass of heterogeneous things lying around him, and finally declare that they were in quite another canoe. After a time I found this grate on my nerves.

A dug-out (boat) on the Upper Zambesi.

By far the larger part of the canoe lay behind my cabin, and was filled by my six swarthy rowers.

We started usually about seven in the morning, before which time all the things taken out the night before, and conveyed to my tent to avoid possible rain, were put back in the boats.

Crossing the Zambesi—Camping at night.

We took our early cup of cocoa whilst the boys were striking the tent ; my chair was placed in the usual precarious spot behind the steersman, and I was assisted to my seat by Atonga, who looked after me with the greatest fidelity and attention.

Harding then took his place in the other

boat with less fuss and ceremony, and a start was made, the other boats having left before. Sasa, as chief induna, who was put in charge by Lewanika, hovered round me, not leaving till my boat was well away. To Sasa all the natives made appeal, and any indunas who visited the camp first interviewed him; he, in his turn, brought them to me. I was kept in the background, surrounded by a mystic importance.

The boat was pushed off by the steersman, but very often—due to the fact that his oar would sink several inches in the rain-sodden bank or clayey bottom—a great struggle would begin between Atonga and the oar, which ended, as a rule, in the bank's suddenly yielding to persuasion in such a manner that the excited steersman would fall backwards with considerable force and much misplaced energy. By the time Atonga had pulled himself together I was usually performing much the same athletic feat on the other side of the boat, my fate undecided. Either I stayed in the tossing boat, or sought my shadow in the clear Zambesi water. However, after a time the whole party—for all suffered more or less—was restored to its wonted calm, and we got off. For the first half hour one was fairly comfortable, reading and enjoying a cigarette; at the end of an hour, however, the uncertain chair became very hard, the sun made reading a burden as the lines took to dancing,

chasing and jumping over each other on the pages, and even cigarettes lost their charm. But Atonga worked with untiring zeal, beads of perspiration pouring from his body, for the other boats were always near, and on no account could the "Mosissi's" boat come second.

Dangerous Rapids.

After two hours the cramped position would seem unbearable. One twisted, turned, stood and sat in every conceivable position; finally I would try slumber, but was invariably rudely roused by the branches from the drooping trees which would hit me smartly in the face. We were

obliged to keep very close to the shore to avoid the current, and also the chance of being attacked and capsized by bands of hippo, infuriated at being disturbed.

As soon as we decided to halt for lunch—about three hours from our start—we invariably found that the boat containing the commissariat was miles in the rear, but the time of hungry waiting was often occupied by the reception of some induna, his hair (if a Malunda) ochred, and braided with clay and grease, the latter being composed of the fat of ox or hippo. One of these Malunda chiefs, Kompatho by name, had his beard, of which he is unnecessarily proud, tied up in one large pigtail two inches in length, securely fastened and ornamented with blue beads. This rendered his whole appearance unspeakably grotesque, and made it exceedingly difficult to talk to him without open mirth.

Whenever any chief came to see me the forms of etiquette never varied. He was brought up and introduced by Sasa, and informed that I am the Morena or chief; he then gave the royal salute, the indunas with him following his example. This salute consists of holding the arms high in the air and shouting "Shangwe" in guttural tones, after which the company sits down on its haunches, and loud hand-clapping goes on for some time. Then a basket of manioc, their native food, is placed before me, the bearer

of which dainty, after humbly placing it, retires backwards, and after a pause vigorous hand-clapping is resumed. The conversation in each several visit hardly varied by so much as a syllable.

I was informed that the offering was one of peace and friendship. I accepted it with thanks, enquired for the chief's health, that of his people and his wives, and then proceeded to explain the object of my presence. After this, and a few topical and political generalities, the chief would return to the shelter of Sasa's wing; from him he would part with respectful salutations but no royal salute.

By this time the luncheon boat had generally come up, and we partook of a meagre repast of heavy bread (it is impossible to make good bread while travelling in the wet season), jam and mealies, washed down by a cup of tea and followed by a cigarette, by far the most cheering part of the meal. After lunch we started off again. By this time thunder clouds would have gathered up, both thick and fast, and before you could realise from what quarter they had come, you found yourself enveloped in a tropical thunderstorm.

With John pushed into a corner, I here crept into my cabin to escape the fury of the rain, which descended in torrents; most of the other numerous contents of the "saloon" were saturated,

in spite of their being covered over with sails or thick sheets.

The paddlers worked stolidly on, till warned by the waning light that it was time to stop for the night. Then a camping ground was selected, the boats safely moored, and the loads carried to a convenient spot near the tent. The rain was generally over by sundown, but everything was wet and sodden, and to try to make things comfortable was a hopeless task. One was dejected, out of temper and tired; the sugar entirely spoilt, and the flour full of weavils. The blankets were damp, and a feeling of doubt as to whether after all England is not a better land stole across the mind, although six months ago you were sick of London dust, and pining for a free and open life! Among our distinguished visitors on the way up was the Mokwai Mo-Mi, an elder sister of King Lewanika. She was a grizzled, dried-apple personage, but had a very kindly heart, and regaled us royally with the produce of her gardens and herds.

She was accompanied by her Prime Minister, a man named Mambwa. He wore a long dressing gown with red stripes, a straw hat without a brim, and with a feather stuck in the cream-coloured band.

Throughout our parley with the Mokwai he was convulsed with laughter, and at one rather feeble joke of mine could contain himself no

longer, but rose and walked away shaking his fat sides with absurd merriment. I have never seen anywhere so ludicrous a face as his, and the thought of him never fails, to this day, to make me roar with laughter.

The Mokwai (or Queen) gave me an ox, and promised to call when next at Lialui.

CHAPTER VI.

Visit from native Prime Minister—Peter—Native morals.

AFTER six days' travelling in this same way we were entirely out of the Barotse Valley.

Here the scenery completely changed; steep banks took the place of the far-reaching inundated plain; trees grew luxuriantly on the river banks down to the water's edge, some with their roots entirely submerged, their branches extending in places to the opposite bank. Farther from the river, verdant grass extends for miles at a uniform width of about thirty yards, and you look in vain for any sign of tropical indications, either animal or vegetable. There are no longer any parrots chattering noisily overhead, no monkeys leaping from tree to tree. Palms also were left behind in the Barotse Valley, whilst orchids and other tropical plants were also things of the past.

The heat and rains alone here are in accordance with the traditions of the country; otherwise you might be travelling up the Gwai, or

any other river in the most healthy part of Rhodesia.

Every day I was interviewed by natives on either side of the river. This is of course part of my work, but it certainly has its comic as well as its serious side. One morning there visited me a personage of really considerable importance. He was the N'gambella, or Prime Minister, of one of the largest chiefs in the country we had reached, and a connection of one of the royal houses, his wife being the youngest daughter of the chief Masungundungu! He appeared accompanied by a guard composed of two small boys, bearing and beating a drum, made without parchment or skin of any kind. These came first, walking with an assumption of severe dignity, which sat, with most ludicrous effect, on their small persons.

Next came an induna bearing a huge sheathed double-edged knife, dagger shaped, the sheath made of wood, studded with brass nails, and the handle beautifully carved from the same piece of iron as the blade, and covered with plaited wire. After this induna came the N'gambella's brother-in-law, carrying another blood-curdling implement, and finally the N'gambella himself, surrounded by his staff. The great man was arrayed in a coloured nightcap, a coat, and trousers. The coat was one that in its palmy days might have fitted a boy of fifteen, whilst

the trousers, formerly apparently the property of a private in the 42nd Highlanders, were so tight that their proud owner could only walk with the greatest caution. Poor Sasa, my head man, was for once completely outshone. His own apparel was usually magnificent, consisting of a shirt, waistcoat and hat; but now his pride was abased. Plaid unmentionables gave a glory to the new visitor which Sasa could not attain to, and the comfort of bare legs as compared with the discomfort of the constricted tweed-covered extremities before his sad gaze, did not appeal to him in the least! To make matters worse, the wife of the N'gambella appeared shortly on the scene, with various fair ladies-in-waiting, and poor Sasa sank irretrievably into the background; he was as a cousin from the country before a dandified man about town.

The N'gambella, as soon as he had, with necessary precautions, seated himself, was formally introduced by the self-conscious shirt-clad Sasa.

The usual polite questions and answers followed, and I then gave the lady tea.

Whether she was unused to such a luxury or feared that a malicious attempt on her life lurked in the cup that cheers I do not know; but she decisively declined the dainty. However, Sasa came to the rescue and saved her the seeming impoliteness of refusing it, by hastily drinking

it himself when my back was turned. Before the interview was over the lady observed in a casual way that she "wanted soap." This I had already opined, quite early in the visit. I promised to give her some of this much-needed commodity, and she at once went on to a strongly-expressed wish for salt, and showed a yearning for many yards of blue calico. Had I not here intimated firmly to Sasa that the interview was closed, we should have gone on our way denuded of every luxury and necessary we possessed. The Army and Navy Stores, with Whiteley's thrown in, could alone have silenced the lady's demands.

Her mouth was still wide open with requests for more while the procession was re-formed, and when we jumped thankfully into our boats a subdued murmuring from the midst of the vanishing party of visitors still spoke eloquently of strongly unsatisfied desire.

The monotony of boat travelling became daily more and more irksome. We had learnt a good deal since leaving Lialui and re-arranged our goods and chattels with great improvement to our comfort. The tent, poles, pegs, and other appurtenances were all placed securely in one boat, which was ordered to arrive well in front of the rest of us at the place selected for our camp. Our food and cooking utensils were put with Peter, the cook, in the Canadian canoe, which

causes more excitement to the natives than any other part of our expedition.

Peter, though chef, was not a cordon bleu, some of his methods being somewhat new, and altogether peculiar to himself.

The tea he invariably made first and then put near the fire to simmer. This feat accomplished Peter would trot happily to the tent to enquire what we would like for breakfast. I would suggest meat, on which Peter, with a pleasant smile, would make the bald statement that there was none. Someone would murmur "Fish," but this suggestion Peter treated with the levity it deserved, as he did not include it in the list of things he could cook. I would then, somewhat shortly, enquire as to the guinea fowl we had shot the day before, to be met by the stern fact that "Whiskers," our pointer dog, had stolen it in the watches of the night. Much annoyed by this time one or other of us would angrily enquire what "he *had* got," on which Peter, who had only been waiting for this enquiry, would reply beamingly, "Porridge and patasies, Baas." These were within the sphere of his culinary attainments—or so he thought. Porridge would arrive, in a marvellously short time, burnt almost beyond recognition. This was followed by bread and butter—when butter was attainable. Then Peter would produce his tea with immense pride. Having all this time been slowly

cooking by the fire, it attained by the time it reached us a consistency and a colour equalled alone by raw brandy and the blackest treacle. But Peter regarded it as a chef d'œuvre, and hovered over us whilst we hurriedly gulped it down, with a face of benevolent delight.

Still Peter had his good days, and up till then we had had no experience other than could have been expected under the circumstances.

When camping this day, I was surprised to hear the continual discharge of muskets. On enquiry, I found that one of the villagers had died, and this burning of powder formed his obsequies. The firing, I was informed, was to show that the deceased had been a man who had hunted much, and lived by his gun. The noise continued daily, night and morning, for seven days, and we were not sorry when the funeral rites were at last concluded.

Going through this village we saw the heads of buck adorning the branches of trees, very much as we adorn our firs at Yule-tide for the children, and a buffalo skin had found its last resting-place on the roof of a hut. Whether these weird adornments were due to the achievements of the late lamented hunter we did not discover.

The women were much alarmed on seeing us enter the village, and scurried away into the bush like nervous rabbits. Their attire is limited, and chiefly composed of beads and wire orna-

ments. There were unmistakable proofs that the morals of this community were of the lowest possible kind, for which probably the hideous way in which they all huddled together in their huts, irrespective of sex, was largely in fault. Motherhood seemed pitiably early, and how the infants, often only a few days old, ever survive the exposure to tropical sun and rain tied in a bundle on the back of their juvenile mothers, is unaccountable.

Here, as elsewhere in South Africa, the women do all the work.

If a garden has to be planted or crops harvested, the woman is the worker. Women stamp the corn and hoe the ground, and if a group of natives of both sexes bring grain to the camp, the men saunter up with the sticks, or perhaps a gun, while the meal, and other commodities of marketable produce, is borne, and borne alone, by the "gentler sex." The men consider it bad form to do such work. Their occupations consist of hunting and paying visits to the different kraals, where they smoke dacha (native tobacco) and drink a kind of beer. This alone is their share in the daily domestic toil.

CHAPTER VII.

Sapuma Rapids Log carrying—Masungundungu—His experiences with the Phonograph.

We arrived on this day at the Sapuma Rapids. So far between this point and Lialui no pass, gorge, or ravine of any note has been passed. But here the rush of waters for centuries past seems to have swept a passage free through this trackless country, of sufficient depth and magnitude to permit the passing of a steamer drawing six to ten feet of water, practically without impediment or danger. The Sapuma Rapids are caused by a huge quartz rock, about thirty feet wide, running east and west across the river. The slate formation which usually accompanies this kind of reef being of a softer nature had in course of time been washed away ; this was also the case with a portion of the reef in the centre of the river where now the water poured in, rushing furiously through the channel some thirteen yards wide, and falling over a precipice of about thirty feet in depth into a basin below. From this it surges away over huge, honey-combed

weather-beaten rocks, dashing white spray several yards into the air, until, exhausting its energy, it resumes its tranquil course towards the far-off ocean. Some miles before the rapids are in view the roar of the distant torrent is clearly heard, and the increasing rapidity of the current denotes some more than ordinary motion in the usually gliding Zambesi. As we approached, the boats hugged and kept closer to the banks. My boat came first, and by the time we arrived at the Rapids, John, fairly awake, crawled out of the cabin in preference to being drowned like a rat inside, should accidents occur.

Atonga (my steerer) had to use every available means to keep the boat straight, for had she come broadside on we should have been swamped immediately—with our blankets, guns and clothing.

As we arrived at a very shallow part the boat became hopelessly jammed between two rocks, despite the frantic efforts of Atonga and crew to move it. John and I alighted in mid-stream, and with many thoughts of possible crocodiles waded waist deep to the bank. Atonga and the rest were already in the river struggling with the boat, the deafening roar of the waters drowning the sounds of their excited chattering. After a time of great excitement, especially on the part of Atonga, whose reputation as a "man of the river" hung trembling in the balance, the other boats came up, and by the united efforts of the

crews the boat was at last rescued from its perilous position.

Before we reached the main rapids, and, in fact, at the place where I had left Atonga in the throes of struggling with my boat, we saw the absurdity

Crossing the Sapuma Rapids.

of attempting to get the boats across by the water-way. We therefore had them dragged one by one to the bank and decided to carry them and the cargo to the other side of the rapids, a distance of some sixty yards.

Transporting the baggage was an easy matter, not so the carrying of a heavy water-soaked log of wood, called by courtesy a boat in Northern Zambesia, some weighing at least a couple of tons.

The boys were divided into two parties under two indunas, Atonga and Dromba, whilst Sasa viewed and conducted the whole proceeding with the air and eye of a connoisseur.

Atonga called to his party, who, native like, were not eager for any hard work ; they gently tried to raise the boat from the ground, but their efforts would have been as well bestowed had they attempted to raise one of the surrounding rocks. First one boy would heave, then another ; then they would change places with each other, and all the time rend the air with voluble abuse of one another for not lifting his share.

At last Atonga suggested a "mohala ituna," or large rope, to haul with, and in an instant every boy was in the bush, stripping bark from trees. With this they made ropes of sufficient strength to lift any imaginable weight. These ropes they threaded through holes made near the edge of the boat, and harnessing themselves two or three to a rope, eventually induced the great ton of wood to move. But even then to get such a ponderous weight over rough rocks was no easy matter without rollers, and my own firm impression is that we should have been there now, had that suggestion not been made and acted upon.

After that the boats moved at a very fair rate ; the boys, delighted at their success, bursting into their well-known song :—

Mabili eh ! Mabili oh !
Mabili a Masari oh !

Sapuma Rapids.

This is their usual practice when under the fond delusion that they are doing some work. After an hour's labour my boat was on the other side of the rapids. Ten good white men would have done the same work as these thirty natives in ten

minutes, but cohesion is beyond the mental grasp of the ordinary savage. They have absolutely no idea of working together, but all act at different times, and all in different ways, so each unintentionally thwarts the efforts of his fellow-worker. It is the same with all their work; they are really nothing but a set of schoolboys, everything being a joke and nothing treated with seriousness. If you give a boy a box to carry, which any London street arab would tuck easily under one arm, he immediately calls two other boys to help him, and after turning the object over and over about ten times they all proceed with it the wrong way up.

Each gets in front of the other, all facing different ways; on correcting themselves all three will turn round, still not agreeing as to their mode of procedure, and finally one or other becomes impatient and the box falls to the ground, whilst they describe the origin, birth and nativity of each other quite impartially, and not in a manner flattering to their respective parents.

On the other hand, you may give a boy a load of sixty pounds of rice or flour to carry, and he will reach his destination with the parcel intact—not a particle touched, though he were dying of starvation on his way.

It was, as may readily be imagined, several hours before all the boats were moved over. The unfortunate Atonga had to do most of the work,

as his party dwindled by degrees to about ten men; but in spite of these difficulties we were ready at last to proceed on our journey, and had covered some few miles over very rough ground when the sun indicated our usual camping time.

Each gets infront of the other, all facing different ways.

After passing the rapids we discovered that one or two of the boats had been damaged by the rocks, and were delayed by the necessity of mending them. Once we were told that one of the hindermost boats had capsized, and going full speed astern arrived just in time to prevent any more serious damage than having the boat

half full of water. Our boy we found perched squirrel-like in a tree, shaking with terror like an aspen leaf. I poked him down with an oar, and after a great deal of persuasion at last succeeded in enticing him to resume his seat in the half-swamped boat.

We found ourselves now within a few miles of Masungundungu's Kraal, which we reached at 10.30 a.m.

Masungundungu is one of the principal chiefs in the Valovale district, and I was anxious to see him, as he has constantly proved himself loyal to Lewanika.

About one o'clock the sound of drums was heard in the distance, and a messenger arrived to warn us of the chief's arrival; in due course the procession appeared. First came the usual pair of youthful drummers, then Sam-o-Kupa, Masungundungu's head induna, dressed in a flounced skirt and a bodice; the former made of striped cotton, and the latter cleverly manufactured from a pair of very ancient purple trousers. Sam-o-Kupa's hair was at least four inches long, tied up in separate tails held together by clay and grease, with a straw hat jauntily stuck on one side of his head completing his costume. Next to him came several other indunas, grotesquely attired, and finally Masungundungu reposing in a machilla entrusted to the care of ten of his personal servants. One of his wives fol-

lowed, carrying his pipe, and then about two hundred smaller indunas and followers completed the procession. The usual salutations over, Masungundungu introduced his indunas, then the two queens, his sisters. They sat on his right and took a lively part in the proceedings.

Business that day seemed out of the question. I asked him a few things, but he and his people were too full of the novelty of the situation to attend, so I gave him food, his sisters tea, and allowed his followers to inspect the camp and the Canadian canoe.

Finally, I brought out the phonograph, telling the chief I had Lewanika's voice in the box. This remark he received with a look of the strongest incredulity, but was perhaps too polite to express this in words. I shall never forget the expression of Masungundungu's face as the phonograph began to reproduce Lewanika's voice and words—the tones he recognised at once ; he gazed blankly, wildly, from side to side, looked this way and that, and finally *malgré* rheumatic difficulties rose to his feet and stumbling to the table gazed hard and long down the mouth of the trumpet, with the evident lively hope of there seeing his master's head. Not finding it he turned away, dazed, and said, " How can iron speak ? How can it know my language ? " then added, with the air of one who has solved all difficulties, " This is witchcraft."

All the indunas had by now gathered round, gibbering half with fear and half with excitement. They shot out short, startled remarks at intervals, too scared to say much, and evidently under the impression that at any moment Lewanika in person might bound from the mouth of the phonograph and stand in their midst—he or his wraith.

I tried to explain that this was merely the work of the white man, but with much rolling white of eye they looked at each other with absolute incredulity of any such statement. After a long time, however, familiarity began to breed contempt; they drew nearer, one and all gaining courage to look into this uncanny mouthpiece, and after a song or two they brightened up, each man affecting to have thought all along it was nothing to fear, and kindly reassuring his neighbour as to the entire safety he might feel about it. Masungundungu finally advanced and shouted a message to Lewanika, as follows :—

"I hear your voice with my own ears."

Pause, and a murmur of awed corroboration from the recovering indunas.

"I am glad to see the Mosissi," referring to me.

"My heart is as your heart, my people are your people."

"I rejoice like you in being under the great White Queen; my heart is glad that I am her child."

This message was accompanied by much violent

gesticulation, and brought out, as it were, in throes and spasms. With the air of a man who has faced death or worse in a good cause, Masungundungu stepped back from the table, and received the applause of the indunas with every appearance of having richly deserved it.

I reproduced his voice for the approval of Masungundungu's brother Kenia — a most unpleasant-looking person, by the way, with a pair of eyes that always glanced anywhere but at the person he was speaking to—and they pronounced it satisfactory. Later, Masungundungu poured out to me the tale of the Kakengi, Chinyama's, quarrel with him, now his greatest trouble.

Apparently the Kakengi had some secret grudge against Masungundungu, and a few weeks before our arrival the culminating point was reached by the fact that the Kakengi's house was blown down in a violent gale. This ruin of his homestead he promptly attributed to Masungundungu's malignant witchcraft. Of course, the latter denied having anything to do with the matter, and sent a messenger to the Kakengi asserting his innocence, and a second one to Lewanika praying for help. We had met the one bound for Lialui and told him to return ; the other was in a worse plight, for Kakengi took him, stripped him, and after a severe thrashing sent him back to his master. Such an act is neither

more nor less than a declaration of war up in Valovale, and Masungundungu was preparing to go to Kakengi and face, if needed, the dreaded trial by ordeal.

Skinning an elephant.

CHAPTER VIII.

Witchcraft—Mokengi—His relations with Kakengi.

Witchcraft is apparently the only punishable crime in the country, and the person who calls down the evil spirit on another has no hope, no mercy, and no escape.

A man may steal a goat, illtreat his child; a woman may dash out the brains of her baby, and the culprits lose no caste in society for such domestic irregularities. But should the hut of an induna collapse during the night, should the rain doctors be unable to organise a downpour on the required date, or should the manioc be prematurely withered, then the wrath of Valovale is roused, and they seek for some unpopular person on whom to wreak it. The innocence of the accused is, of course, totally immaterial; the witch-doctor has charge of the criminal proceedings, and should he fail to prove the guilt of the unfortunate victim he is promptly sentenced as an accomplice. Trial by ordeal is proposed; all the

villagers gather together and accuser and accused are placed face to face.

The culprit, naturally enough, protests his innocence, and is allowed the privilege of proving it by placing his hand in a cauldron of boiling water. Sometimes, partly owing to a thick incrustation of long-accumulated dirt and grease the hand may suffer but little injury. There is a silence, and the witch-doctor shakes in his shoes and declares that that particular hand may be innocent. Accordingly the pot is again placed on the fire, and this time the writhing victim is convicted, for his hand is, of course, severely scalded. He is promptly hustled away to the nearest tree, bark is produced and securely fastened and tied together to form a stake, and to this the poor wretch is secured and surrounded by dry sticks and faggots; before long a few charred remains alone mark the spot of this diabolical outrage.

The drums are beaten, the village is *en fête*, and the witch-doctor who has destroyed the evil spirit receives the deceased man's effects as a small reminder of his dastardly zeal. Such is the Trial by Ordeal to which poor Masungundungu might have been a victim.

I gave him a tent, so he and his followers slept close to my camp, and in the morning all gathered round to say "Tambuka" (good-bye). The grateful induna gave me a quantity of presents, and

promised me a wife on my return! We parted the best of friends.

We started in the morning at our usual time, and arrived at the mouth of the Luena at four-thirty; proceeding for about two miles further we pitched our tent at Mokengi's Kraal. He is Kakengi's brother. For the past few days I had noticed a certain amount of depression in the demeanour of our rowers, and the nearer we approached Kakengi's the more pronounced this became. Atonga and the rest would scout the idea of being afraid of Kakengi's people, but as we neared his country their huts were built closer together at night; they were always cleaning and examining their ancient guns, burnishing and sharpening their axes, and taking great quantities of snuff, a sure sign of inquietude of mind amongst them. All this pointed to a want of confidence in the Kakengi and his people.

The tribute due to Lewanika yearly, and to collect which Chinyama had been appointed, had been withheld the year before I went up for no other reason than that the Portuguese had forbidden Chinyama to send it. The Kakengi, backed by the Portuguese, and recognising that Lewanika is too far away to punish him, was growing out of all proportion in arrogance, and perhaps, after all, there was some reason for the low state of Atonga's spirits, and some excuse for the military precautions of his followers.

As soon as we had landed at Mokengi's village he was sent for, and in due course arrived. I had not yet seen the Kakengi, but if at all like his brother, I felt their parents must be unfortunate to an exceptional degree, for a truer type of a Caliban it has never yet been my misfortune to meet. His teeth were filed to sharp points, and after a sentence came together like a rat-trap; his brow receded, his chin ran away from his face, his shoulders sloped like a champagne bottle, and altogether a more repulsive, ill-formed, and grotesque being I have never met. On his arrival Mokengi sauntered up to my tent with an air of contemptuous haughtiness, and stood with his legs crossed, resting on the shoulder of his favourite wife. The others, who formed part of his escort, appeared robed in the proverbial fig-leaf.

I informed Mokengi of my official position, but the information neither altered his attitude nor produced a reply of any kind. I believe he would have remained standing there in silence until we moved away on our journey, had he not espied a bundle of calico which John was opening. For this he immediately made a grab, feeling its texture with the air of a connoisseur, and after satisfying himself as to its merits, enquired if I would give him some in exchange for meal. At all costs it was my policy to assume friendliness in dealing with these natives, and to treat them

with dignity, but also with respect and consideration.

Had this impudent person had his deserts, and had I acted on impulse, I should have had him dismissed! But I put it down more to ignorance than insolence, and as he could well have driven us from his village and irrevocably have spoilt the object of my visit, I swallowed my wrath, and told him, amiably, that I was glad to see him.

I soon found the conciliatory policy the right one, for not only did his wives bring us food, but he provided me with a messenger to take a letter to the Kakengi's for the Portuguese Commandant.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure for Kakengi's—Difficulties of travelling in wet season – Portuguese Commandant, Kakengi.

AFTER my interview with Mokengi and before our tent was properly pitched, it began raining in torrents, in no way abating in fury till eleven o'clock the following morning. It then cleared for two or three hours, and, after an early lunch, we started for Kakengi's and arrived there about five-thirty. Before our departure, Mokengi, on seeing our preparations for departure, came down in a great state of nervous agitation to say that it was not good to go till Kakengi had sent his word (or consent) by the messenger who had been dispatched the evening before, and who ought, ere this, to have returned.

Sasa and Atonga counselled waiting with great emphasis, but as I saw no object in doing so, seeing that whatever Kakengi said we should most certainly go all the same, we left Mokengi's as soon as the tent and other things were a little aired by the sun.

On nearing Kakengi's I met the messenger who had been dispatched the day before. They brought no message, good or bad, from Kakengi, but a letter in Portuguese from the Commandant. From this epistle it was impossible to gain any information as to whether we were likely to meet with opposition or a passive indifference, but apparently he did not seem likely to hail my visit with any exuberant joy. We proceeded on our way, grounded our boats and leapt ashore, our only observers being a few natives, whose gesticulations were as absurd as their language was incoherent. Selecting a spot close to the river, and about three hundred yards from the Portuguese fort, we erected our tent under the disadvantage alone of a persistently weeping sky.

Those alone who have travelled during a wet season in tropical Africa can fully picture or realize the discomforts and hardships with which one has to combat in that time.

Everything is in a soaked and sodden condition. One's clothes are never dry, one's food ferments and perishes, and one's steps are constantly dogged by the persistent and venomous malarial microbe.

Quinine you take as regularly as your dinner when in England, and your spirits sink to the lowest ebb of despondency and despair. The servants and carriers (or, as in our case, rowers) are either unable or too lazy to perform the

round of their duties, and though perhaps provided with two cooks, you have to perform the culinary work yourself as often as not, however tired out in condition or temper.

Such was the condition of our camp at this time. None of us were really ill, but we were surrounded by dark days, due to the fact that for a week we had had nothing to lighten the long monotony of the incessant rain.

The usually waving grass is now bowed down by the weight of heavy drops, stilled and motionless. The surrounding trees are without birds, and suck up their annual watery harvest with daily increasing foliage; in vain the sun tries to pierce the thick mass of low-hanging cloud; he sinks daily into a grey and toneless west in sullen despondency.

We had now been travelling steadily for six months, and during the whole time had had no chance of replacing the stores now spoilt by the vicissitudes of travelling, or else already used. We were short of everything necessary, and sorely-needed luxuries were either reposing under the Zambesi waters, or useless from frequent wetting.

Peter came to the tent with joy written on every feature to say that the oatmeal was finished—triumphant in the knowledge that no longer could he receive on his head the vials of our wrath for burning the porridge.

The day before, when I was in no mood to

receive disquieting tidings, he mentioned casually that the last tin of curry powder was upset in the provision box (the rice was completely spoilt on the day we left Lialui), and now we had to face the stern fact that bully beef, cold and unflavoured, was to be our one and only sustenance. At the sight of Peter's approach I learnt to retire, fearing some new culinary disaster; I felt that the zenith of Peter's content would not be reached until he could impart the information that *all* the provisions were finished, and that we could live only in future on the native food of the country.

Scarcely had we pitched our tent on the night of our arrival than the Portuguese Commandant sent down a native interpreter to enquire for our welfare, at the same time expressing his regret that owing to the rain he was prevented from paying us a visit in person, but promising to come the following day.

More rain and no Commandant. Kakengi's brother arrived at the camp late last night, and this morning I sent him with a message to Kakengi, telling him of our arrival and requesting him to come and receive the message from Lewanika.

After waiting some hours the messenger returned, saying that Kakengi was glad to welcome us, but wished me to visit him first. I sent back to say this was not correct, but that Sasa should

go to represent Lewanika, and then Kakengi was to return with him to see me.

In the meantime, unknown to me, the Portuguese Commandant had sent a messenger, saying, "He had strained his eyes watching the road for our coming." Sasa saw the messenger, and taking his cue from my answer to Kakengi, he sent the messenger back, saying that it was not good for the Mosissi to visit the small indunas first, but I would call after he had come. This was, of course, a violation of the rules of etiquette, and though it was useless to blame Sasa then, I saw there would be reason for the Commandant to take exception to such a message, and decided to call myself later in the day. Consequently, at five o'clock, accompanied by John and another interpreter and my brother, I went forth to pay the formal visit to the Commandant. His building and one or two temporary structures, beside the guard room, alone occupy the fort, which is squarely built, and on the whole a formidable structure. The garrison consists of about thirty native soldiers, of different breeds and nationalities. The Commandant was a subaltern in the Portuguese army, short of stature, but lithe and dapper, with a kind and courteous manner. It seems, perhaps, somewhat invidious to express an opinion on his house, but it certainly appeared evident that the Commandant had expended more time and considera-

tion on the building of the fort than he had on his personal comfort; and in return I regret to record that, judging from the lack of any kind of luxury or even necessary, his zeal remains unnoticed and unrecognised by his superiors.

Portuguese fort, Kakengi.

Owing to the great difficulty in making each other understood—the Commandant knowing hardly any English, and we being in the same plight respecting Portuguese—our conversation was limited. Peter, our cook, expressed a lively contempt for the Commandant when he came to

our camp to return our visit. Having lived in Cape Town, Peter is firmly convinced that all white men speak English and nothing else, and exclaimed, on hearing that the Commandant spoke some other language :—

"What! Call himself a White Man and not speak English!" with a contempt fortunately lost on its object.

After considerable delay, and the dispatch of several messengers, all of whom returned with annoying messages, Kakengi at last sent out a fore-runner to say he was just leaving his house to come and see me. Whilst we were at lunch his drums were heard in the distance, and within half-an-hour he arrived in camp, announced by the shouts of his followers. Each of these was armed with some engine of destruction or other, for the most part with the long-barrelled muzzle-loader used by the Portuguese.

Round the loins of each man so armed was suspended a kind of miniature Gladstone bag which contained powder, bullets and spare flints, the whole forming an arsenal of no small weight and size. Thus armed the Valovale warriors assumed an air of the most intolerable importance highly objectionable to contemplate.

Kakengi himself is a middle-aged man, of medium height, with the bloated appearance of the habitual drunkard. During his paroxysms of drink he is capable of most ferocious deeds and

hideous atrocities. At these times his brutality is notorious, and only equalled by his immorality.

As long as we were at the camp he declared his loyalty to the British rule with servile expressions of humility, but the day I left he would transfer his affections to the Portuguese Commandant. His cupidity is a thing almost beyond belief, and before he had been in the camp long enough to take a pinch of snuff he had eagerly enquired whether I had any presents for him.

Why such a man should have been allowed to assume the headship of any community is a question that might well be asked, but it must be borne in mind that when Kakengi was elected governor of the district by Lewanika, he was a sober, and, for a native, an industrious man.

It is only within the last few years that he has developed into a dipsomaniac, craving for his Kaffir beer and Portuguese brandy. On his arrival at the camp, he took a seat near Sasa's hut and refused to come nearer, saying that now he had come so far I was to go over and meet him. Of course I did not leave my tent; had I done so it would have been at once construed into a confession of weakness. After a quarter-of-an-hour's puerile argument between Sasa and Kakengi, the latter came to my tent surrounded by his indunas and followers. I gave him a blanket to sit on, but before we had exchanged

a remark, I found that, though not inebriated exactly, he had been drinking freely, and was very much excited; so for a time I did not touch upon any important affairs

His followers came crowding in, equally excited, to hear and see what was proceeding. Our personal servants, who had been armed with sjamboks, and who before Kakengi's arrival had strutted about like peacocks in their clean white knickers and jauntily set forage caps, sank into a weak and obliging condition, and would no more have thought of hinting to any of the noisy Valovale warriors that they should leave the tent than they would have charged single-handed an impi of enraged Matabele. They stood helplessly at the back of the tent, the joints of their knees loose with unwonted fear, while the unruly savages stumbled over the tent ropes, filling up the entrance of the tent, foaming, screaming and choking with the incoherent rushing of their words, all clamouring to see, and all hindering and blinding each other's observation in their frantic but useless efforts to observe. In vain I shouted to John and Sasa to keep them off; they were pushed back into the tent by the incoming of naked Valovale.

Kakengi, who was seated on a stool near the entrance, was brought farther in, and with him came the followers thick and fast. At one time things arrived at such a pitch that, fearing

the idea was to raid the tent, my brother quietly placed my revolver on the table in front of me, and armed in the same way himself sat down by my side to await events.

This little show of force, together with the fact that several of the Barotse boys here appeared upon the scene, had a salutary effect, and silence was at last restored.

After listening to very much the same speech as I had already made to Masungundungu, Kakengi took a pinch of snuff and spoke as follows :—

"I am a child of Lewanika, I am your child. I look to Lewanika, who made me Kakengi, so I must be his child, and to no one else do I look. Only the Balunda people do I dislike because they convey to the King lies and words of falsehood about me."

In reply I told him that his words were good, and as he was a child of Lewanika I welcomed him to my tent. We then produced the phonograph and reproduced Lewanika's message, which was to the effect that I was the chief of the Barotse who was going to Kakengi's country, and that as a child of Lewanika he was to assist me in seeing all I wished.

Soon after this the Portuguese Commandant appeared on the scene, and Kakengi's demeanour underwent a complete change. He became reserved, and was with difficulty persuaded to

speak at all. I had no doubt whatever that had I and all my party been transported elsewhere just then the Kakengi's allegiance would have been promptly transferred to the Portuguese.

Never have I felt a stronger sense of relief than when I saw the last of Kakengi's followers disappear over the adjacent hill, Kakengi carried in his machilla, and the air rent with the screams and yells of his gesticulating subjects.

We had all had our tempers severely tried, and my brother being of a fiery nature had yearned to eject the whole crowd neck and crop from the tent long before proceedings had even commenced. I look forward to a time, which I hope is not far distant, when an official will be surrounded with a force sufficient to show Kakengi, once and for all, the respect due to an English officer. Though the potentate had promised to renew his visit, as a matter of fact my tent was not again graced with his presence, and from that day forward the villainous countenance of the Portuguese interpreter was for ever behind Kakengi's chair of state. Sasa repeatedly paid Kakengi visits, but never without finding this unscrupulous person in attendance listening to their remarks and guiding the course of the chief's evasive replies.

However, in spite of the social unpleasantness of the call, as far as its political significance went, we had every reason to congratulate ourselves.

Kakengi had visited me, while only a short time ago he had refused to see an English official in the person of Major Gould-Adams ; also, in the presence of witnesses, he had spoken freely of his loyalty and subjection to Lewanika.

Our last two or three days here were spent by my brother in making maps, whilst I exchanged polite messages with local chiefs and photographed interesting subjects, including the Commandant and his fort.

We hauled out our bicycle, and after a good deal of work in necessary repairs, it was pronounced sound, and I started for Kakengi's Kraal, where, after sundry vicissitudes, I arrived, very much to the consternation of various ladies, who on my approach rushed excitedly from their huts to view the Ngombe-ya-chi-Kungu, or iron ox. Their impetuous advance much imperilled my safety, and their equally speedy flight when I came unexpectedly on any of them as I threaded my way rapidly among the huts upset my gravity to a highly precarious extent. I finally beat a hasty retreat, pursued by the more juvenile portion of Kakengi's fraternity, who yelled and jeered until overcome by want of breath, when they retired to discuss the merits of this latest mystery of the white chief.

CHAPTER X.

Departure for Nyakatoro—Success of visit to Kakengi—Sakingera's village —Result of a short cut—Kalumbwe and native giant—Kalipa.

AFTER a few weeks' rest we decided to leave for Nyakatoro. Our visit to Kakengi's was a success beyond our brightest anticipations.

We had recorded and sketched all the principal points of the country, including the fort and its surroundings. We had obtained assurances of Kakengi's fealty to Lewanika, and at the same time kept up friendly relations with the Portuguese Commandant. I am glad to be able to place on record my appreciation of his kindness and hospitality during the time spent under the shadow of his fort.

As we left Kakengi's country the attitude of the natives appeared more friendly and obliging, and they showed a greater readiness to trade—though now, as always, asking absurdly high prices. For a fowl no larger than a diminutive partridge they demanded two yards of calico, valued in Barotse at two and sixpence, and other things were on the same scale. On our journey

on the 13th we met several Balunda natives who had left their houses on a fishing excursion. On hearing that we were friends of the King (Lewanika) they evinced every sign of friendliness and gratification at our meeting. They were particularly struck with our breech-loading gun, which they said broke and was mended again so quickly. A few shots from the Lee-Metford scared them enormously, and frightened their dogs into the river.

They spoke of rubber growing in their country, about a day's march from the river.

On arriving at Sakingera's village, my brother, Sasa and John sallied forth to try and get some game, which we were told abounded on the west bank of the river in this locality. As we were entering Sakingera's village I noticed a gun in the forked branch of a tree; above on similar branches the skulls of monkeys, small buck, and sundry other animals were artistically arranged. Below the tree on the ground native medicines in small brown pots were placed at equal distances from each other, whilst a small wicker fence six inches high was built round them for protection. Meal covered the ground for several feet around the pots, whilst the pan of an old flint lock-gun was full of the same material. Securely fastened round the barrel of the gun was the shell of a small land tortoise, containing more native medicines. Close to this extraordinary collection sat

its guardian, a native sportsman, who at no distant date was anticipating a hunting expedition. The strange medley of objects was an offering to his deity, and are removed at sunset and replaced daily for a considerable time. Should he fail to observe this custom his trip would be attended with every conceivable disaster. I was told that the meal was food for his gods who alone can guide the bullets. I came to the conclusion that if superhuman aid did not direct his deadly missiles, no earthly power could do so, for the tortoise entirely obliterated the line of sight. I informed this sporting character that if he would remove the shell I would make the gun kill, but if he kept it in its present position no game would fall to his bag. He looked at me incredulously, and firmly refused to remove the obstruction. So I left him, happy in the conviction of securing good luck by his manœuvres.

We left Sakingera on a glorious morning of brilliant sunshine. As the river took a decidedly easterly direction Atonga thought it wise to take a short cut over a large open vley, which was at this point flooded to a depth of several feet, and so gain time, thus meeting the foremost boats, which had left some time before our start, farther up the river where they least expected it. Atonga dwelt delightedly on the astonishment of the others when they perceived us before them, and full of joy plunged forth into the flooded vley,

close followed by Sasa's boat and my brother's. I have always had my doubts as to the wisdom of short cuts, and in this case these were shortly justified. Atonga, after rowing vigorously for two miles, suddenly stopped and interrogated Sasa's steersman as to the best course. This gentleman, much flattered by the compliment, immediately sent his boat ahead, remarking in a tone of large contempt :

" Follow me."

Atonga, being fairly nonplussed, submissively followed. Another two miles was traversed, and I perceived that the water was growing rapidly shallow, till at last with a heavy bump we were on dry land.

Atonga, foaming with rage, abused the sorrowful and dejected pilot in unparliamentary words for leading us astray, and once more taking the lead made a successful detour to our left front, keeping for a time in plenty of water. After another half-mile, however, we were brought to a sudden stop, being surrounded on every side by rising ground.

The river was flowing placidly on about two hundred yards in front, and we could clearly see the oars of passing boats, and hear the free remarks of the men, as each crew passed, as to Atonga's enterprise and great adventurous spirit. Finally, after endless chaff and great fury on Atonga's part, the other boats were stopped, and

the men reluctantly returned to assist in hauling our boats to the river. Atonga explained that it was in no way his fault that there was not enough water, and could he help that ?

" Kehona, kehona " (all right, all right), replied the others. Had there been water nothing would have stopped us ; and for the rest—who knew the future ?

Harmony restored, and Atonga soothed, we now made up for the waste of time, and so mighty were the exertions made that I soon resembled a drowned rat. Getting into my mackintosh I sat patiently through the ordeal until we arrived at Kalumbwe, where we found Peter preparing breakfast surrounded by all the beauties of the country side.

At Kalumbwe we saw a native giant, who, out of curiosity, had ventured to the river to see our arrival. He was about six feet six inches high, with a huge head and limbs in equal proportion. He was so well made that unless you stood by him his huge size was almost unremarked.

His shyness and reserve were so great that for a long time he would not come near our boat. We brought out a camera, but before any head could be got under the cloth this Gog was flying as if possessed in the direction of his native village, crying out pathetically, as he made off with huge strides and bounds, that " he liked not the high gun, with the short barrel."

In vain we called him in soft enticing tones; he, only increasing his speed, called back that he was afraid to be killed.

Not to be beaten, and anxious to have his portrait, I pursued him with a small kodak, leaving my brother to repack his awe-inspiring "gun." Sending one of the Barotse ahead with a piece of blue calico, I bade him inform my intended victim that I was not thirsting for his blood. This diplomacy had the desired effect, for the giant immediately stopped in front of his hut, and I was able to achieve my object.

Whilst at breakfast this same day, a great commotion arose in camp because some of the boat boys had stolen food from the Valovale women. This annoyed me very much, as such a proceeding is absolutely fatal to the peaceful and confidential relations so important to establish between ourselves and the natives. To show their anger all the Valovale left the camp and returned to their village. I sent at once what I considered to be a fair remuneration for the stolen grain, and severely reprimanded the boys who had purloined the natives' food. However, the induna returned the payment, saying that the Barotse were welcome to what they had taken.

I replied that my people were not allowed to steal, and again asked the induna to accept the cloth I had sent, but he said it was nothing, and that the women had caused the noise, adding,

"They always make a lot of talk over nothing." With this idea, which we held in common, we parted the best of friends.

Kalipa is one of the largest chiefs in the Valovale country, the equal in the social scale of Masungundungu, to whom he is distantly related —Nyakatoro being his aunt. Before my departure from Lialui I met several of Kalipa's men, who had brought presents and tribute to Lewanika from their local chief; so on grounding our boats, when we reached Kalipa's village, a messenger was dispatched to him, telling him of my arrival and wish to see him. But Kalipa was not to be treated in this off-hand manner; he had once been Kakengi, but as self-elected and never recognised by Lewanika or anyone in authority, his reign could hardly be called a success. Nevertheless, he was a big chief; the Portuguese certainly thought so when Commander Pizarro had called in January, 1899, to present him with the Portuguese flag—an offering which Kalipa declined with thanks and very nearly with bullets. Instead of making himself cheap, therefore, Kalipa sent me a messenger to say he was glad I had come to his country and hoped I was well. My compliments were returned, with the remark that as he was a child of Lewanika, and, therefore, of the White Queen, I was pleased to receive his good wishes, and hoped he would come to me without delay, whilst the sun was yet high.

After an interval of two hours the N'gambella, or Prime Minister, appeared on the scene. He remarked that my words were "good, very good." He said Kalipa had seen a white chief, who had been there three months ago; that he treated the chief well, had given him a goat and meal, but next day before the sun was high the chief left—and never gave Kalipa a present. "Was that good?"

A reassuring, and somewhat peremptory, return message from me, however, brought Kalipa down in about half-an-hour's time, accompanied by about sixty supporters.

He himself is a quiet, sedate and harmless man apparently. He wore the usual grotesquely large straw hat, and some cotton fabric as clothing.

Again the phonograph was brought out, and Kalipa, after recovering from the usual shock of horror and surprise, wished to send a message to Lewanika by my brother when he returned, which he was to do before me. He particularly spoke of his friendship for the Government, and after receiving a shirt and blanket in exchange for meal returned happily to his kraal.

CHAPTER XI.

Native cupidity—Kazombo—Dr. Fisher and his home and work—Nyakutemba.

As a rule the rains in Mashonaland are by this time (February) over, but in Barotse we had more rain during this month than in any previous month; rain, moreover, of a more incessant and determined kind than any we had encountered; all night and until noonday it would rain without intermission, and no movement disturbed the stillness of our camp, for a Barotse native never dreams of moving whilst it rains—wrapped up in their blankets, covered only by a flimsy grass, they sleep steadily through the most noisy and tempestuous weather.

When the rain at length cleared a little one morning, Kalipa again visited me, accompanied by his nine wives and their offspring; besides these illustrious ladies there came about forty others, all anxious to hear the phonograph. With this they were delighted, and the bicycle

also came in for a considerable share of notice. Nothing would suffice but that I should mount it and ride to the Kraal; acquiescing, I fully surpassed all previous performances, and returned to camp followed hotly by every living thing in the village, including a pack of Kaffir dogs and two pigs.

This visit of Kalipa's was a conspicuous success, for he not only brought a large quantity of food, but has promised me one of the two merry porkers which graced my sensational bicycle ride.

To some minds Kalipa might appear to be of a slightly grasping nature. I gave him a blanket and calico one day; the next day when he called he mentioned casually that his wives would like to wear a present from the white chief. Each wife had, of course, to be presented with some gift or other on the spot. Then Kalipa asked tentatively if I would give him a knife; going on to state that his hair was long, had I scissors to spare. The weather was cold—was there an old shirt he could have? Moreover the rain was coming through his straw hat. After despatching all the available people in camp for one thing or another, the things all being in different boxes, Kalipa wound up by asking for the chair in which he was sitting. His wives presently arrived for their presents, but instead of nine, all the women, much to poor Kalipa's embarrassment,

passed as his wives, and all, much to my embarrassment, asked for presents.

I decamped hastily, leaving my unfortunate brother to cope with the ninety-and-nine fair ladies.

After this visit of Kalipa's, we decided that there was nothing further to be gained by staying on at his village, whereas a good deal might be lost, so we left the following morning. Kalipa came to the river-bank to witness our departure, and after concernedly asking after our intended movements and invoking the sun to shine on our journey, hastily ended his sentence by asking for an enamelled cup on which his eye, unfortunately, fell.

We arrived at Kazombo about noon, travelling during the latter part of our journey through some of the prettiest scenery we had yet seen, and finally pitching our tent close to Dr. Fisher's home, called by the natives "Totoro" (doctor).

My tent faced east, and both to right and left I had fine views of the Zambesi, threading its course amongst numerous hills and over grassy plains; here hidden by the thick bush, and appearing again, gleaming like molten silver in the noonday sun, a mile or two away. Here and there palms raised their lofty heads, their dead lower leaves idly flapping in the refreshing breeze, the green heads rearing themselves aloft with sedate superiority to the heterogeneous mass of

stunted scrubb below, which, growing too close together, seldom reaches maturity. The country here is destitute of game, and there are no domestic animals, save here and there a dog or pig, ekeing out a precarious existence on refuse,

A morning start.

which is all they can pick up from the ill-kept domains of their owners.

We had hardly landed our boats before Dr. Fisher came down to greet us, doing his best to induce us to take up our quarters at his comfortable little home, "Pearl Cliffe."

Unfortunately having so much luggage and

such a large retinue, we were obliged to decline this kind invitation, but by way of a compromise we promised to accept the advantages of their hospitable board whilst remaining at Kazombo.

Dr. and Mrs. Fisher have five small children, nicely dressed, and with charming manners, in spite of their close association with the many natives, who, abusing Dr. Fisher's kindness, constantly invade his verandah and house.

Hardly a day passes without some native from the outlying villages visiting the doctor for medical treatment and advice, or some unhappy mother seeks and obtains solace and help from the hands of the kind and thoughtful lady who directs the domestic management of this house of benevolence. Aided by other ladies, Mrs. Fisher's life is divided between the education of her own children and the conversion of those who, not so near in blood, are hardly less dear, and whose virtues and faults are applauded and punished, wept over and rejoiced at to the same extent as those of the ones who have from the cradle upwards been under her motherly influence.

On Sunday I was induced by Dr. Fisher to visit Nyakutemba and her husband; Sakutemba, who are living within four miles of Dr. Fisher's home.

Nyakutemba is a niece of Nyakatoro ; she has only one child, a daughter named Kutemba,

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fourteen years of age. Strange to say, this child will eventually be the greatest potentate in the Valovale district at Nyakatoro's death.

She was not to be seen when we were there, as she was shortly to be married, and in accordance with native custom was secluded, and seen by only one aged woman, who brought her food for several months before the marriage. During this time of seclusion the future bride goes through a course of native medicine and is taught the duties and obligations of a wife.

When we arrived at Nyakutemba's Kraal, Dr. Fisher introduced me, and after a few remarks suggested that it was Sunday and he would like to sing a hymn. I shortly fully realised the patience of Dr. Fisher, for though during the hymn they sang with enormous zeal, the moment the address began their interest vanished promptly, and they fidgetted noisily and aggressively as long as it lasted. Nyakutemba and Sakutemba returned my visit the following day.

They were the most superior Valovale I had seen. Nyakutemba has a kindly and really good face, and seemed quite free from the greed and covetousness so noticeable in all the others I had seen. The day after the visit being actually both fine and clear, we decided to start off for Nyakatoro. I sent John back to Lialui for horses and pack mules, and we ourselves, after saying good-bye to Dr. Fisher, started for

Nyakatoro. We still kept to our boats in preference to walking thirty miles over the numerous bogs and flooded plains, which at this time of the year divide Kazombo from Nyakatoro, the home of the Queen.

The Zambesi, however, was not destined to bear the burden of our boats for long; after sleeping about eighteen miles from our starting point, we arrived at the confluence of the Lupachize about nine the following morning.

Leaving our old friend we shot our canoes through the bushes that hide its junction, and made our way, unhampered by strong currents, for at least an hour.

But here our jubilant rowers received a shock, for soon the Lupachize was compelled by high banks to keep her course more confined. The river was deep, so deep that it flowed through the branches rather than round the roots of the trees that line its banks and grow with tropical luxuriance.

At times Atonga was struggling with a refractory branch that had caught in the bows of my boat; at others he was swimming with a bark rope, trying to entice his charge through some loophole, invariably getting the boat, after a quantity of lost energy in the way of tugging and swearing, as far as my cabin would permit into some inadequate space; then ensued violent backing until the other end was

similarly entangled, and we appeared to be inextricably stuck. These little scenes lasted the greater part of the day, and when at four o'clock we arrived at the Singanga rapids, every one had had enough of the Lupachize for one day. Seeing that the river in front gave no sign of easier navigation, we finally decided to abandon its shady impediments, and to proceed on the following morning, with only bare necessities, across country to Nyakatoro.

CHAPTER XII.

Departure from Dr. Fisher's—Tom—Thunderstorm renders travelling difficult —Mr. Schindler—Nyakatoro.

SINCE leaving Dr. Fisher's I had felt very feverish and wretched, and it was with "small stomach for the fight" that, after leaving the boats at the Lupachize river, I dived into the bush on foot, following the carriers and our domestic retinue.

There is one member of the latter I have omitted to mention, but who should have appeared sooner, for he played an important part throughout our journey; his name was Tom. Whilst Peter was discovered at Cape Town, Tom was dug out at Bulawayo, and each in their way added to the comforts, and at times discomforts, of our camp life. For the first three weeks Tom was the bane of my existence. If I reprimanded one boy for some trivial offence, Tom presuming on his position as "valet," would make some uncalled-for remark and laugh at the culprit's scolding. This happened once too often, and Tom

Preparing to camp—A view on the Zambesi.

received a reminder of the presence of the sjambok in the camp.

Another time he should have been near with my horse, when, tired with many miles of difficult walking, I scanned the road unsuccessfully for some sign of his appearance; at last he did appear very much later, and to make things worse carefully removed the bridle before the saddle, with the result that the horse cleared into the bush, and our relations became strained.

I offered Tom money and food to take him home, informed him that I did not appreciate his performances, and showed him the way to Bulawayo. However, he firmly refused to take the money, or to leave me, and in future kept the horse's nose almost resting on my back, and removed the saddle long before even acknowledging the possibility of a bridle. After our disagreement and consequent peace, Tom became my shadow and always appeared smart, clean, and respectful, at the right moment.

Scarcely had the smoking fires of the men left in charge of the boats disappeared from sight, than we were face to face with the Lupachize again, smoothly running through a long valley, sufficiently wide to almost carry fifty boats. We had, we sadly reflected, left our boats too soon, but there being no help for it we crossed in five feet of water, and pursued our course, a good deal damped, till eleven o'clock, when we

breakfasted, and went on again. To add to our trouble a terrific thunderstorm came on, our path was soon hidden by several inches of water, whilst on in front we discerned the same stream looming clearly, and very widely before us. Again we had to cross ; my brother, placing his entire wardrobe on his head, alternately swam and waded till he reached the other side, his clothing, if possible, more damaged than if it had remained on his person.

After crossing we had to work through four miles of bog and swamp which, with our damp and clinging clothes, made going extremely difficult. Having got through this we had only twelve miles behind us, and still four to travel before we could reach Nyakatoro. Eventually we arrived at four o'clock, extremely glad to find the neat and welcome road that led to Mr. Schindler's house. Mr. Schindler, a colleague of Dr. Fisher's, both representing Mr. Arnot's mission, met us as we neared his house and placed at our disposal, most kindly, two rooms, as clean and comfortable as they were commodious.

We were wet, tired, and uncommunicative, our blankets were miles in the rear, but luckily we were able to produce a flask, and with some quinine tried to stave off the ill effects of waiting about in wet garments. One by one our loads arrived, the first to appear being the sextant,

and the very last our bags containing a change of clothing. Peter then appeared, his trousers cut off and resembling bathing drawers, but Tom was nowhere to be seen. However, he eventually arrived on the scene with his regulation salute and smile—having gone back ten miles to find a lost cup—and the next morning, after the sleep of the just and tired-out, we awoke none the worse for our wetting. Now we began to realize that we were really well on with our journey, having reached the capital of the Valovale and the residence of the Queen. Queen Nyakatoro is at times of considerable importance in the eyes of the Portuguese. Should carriers be required for the West Coast, Nyakatoro has to find them ; if she does not, or can not, woe betide some of her people.

I regret to say that, I feel sure, unknown to the Portuguese Government, a great number of very regrettable incidents have occurred which do not reflect credit on those who are responsible for the local government of these far-away places. As an official, however, it is not for me to criticize the actions of a friendly state, more especially as I personally received every kindness from the hands of the officers stationed in those districts.

The peculiar pity of such a state of things is, that a native who has only seen one white man of this sort concludes, and very naturally,

that others are the same; they judge by what they see, and judgment once formed is most hard to eradicate in the native mind.

Until you have combated and destroyed their prejudice, communication or conversation with the native is out of the question.

Before our arrival I had heard that Queen Nyakatoro had fled to the bush, and though informed of my arrival it needed much and urgent persuasion to induce her to visit me. She was told I was a soldier, and replied that a soldier had stolen her goats; that I had come from the big chief, that might be, but the other white man had said that, and he had left accompanied by three of her young girls. For a long time she held out with arguments and doubts of this kind, for which, alas, there were only too many and true grounds.

Finally, Mr. Schindler kindly stepped in to our aid and sent a message asking her to come to his house and pay her respects to the chief.

This was sufficient, and next day the usual offerings of meal, fowls and goats arrived, and a polite message came to the effect that her gifts were small, but she had left her village so they were all she had. To-morrow she would come and see me.

True to her word, she gathered together her scattered followers and arrived in full war-paint with a party of about two hundred in number.

The Queen wore a blue dress, a present from Mrs. Schindler; her neck was ornamented with a necklace of beads, her arms encased with wire and copper bangles. Her husband, who accompanied her, had partially hidden himself under four or five hats, stuck one on top of the other, whilst his loins were girt with the usual blue calico.

Mr. Schindler is a great favourite of the Queen's, and well deserves her regard, for since he has been in the country he has been to her a sort of walking encyclopædia, ready with any information, both medical and legal.

She calls him Sa-Kakenge, for Mr. Schindler has a little boy whom Nyakatoro christened Kakenge, and it is a Valovale custom to call the father, from the date of his first child's birth, the child's name, the prefix of Sa (Father) being added: thus Sa-Kakenge, the Father of Kakenge. This applies to all chiefs, and you invariably find them with names thus formed.

Sa-Kakenge is the friend of all in the village; if a child falls into the fire, it is he who cures it; if a man cleaves his foot instead of a tree, he puts in the stitches; and should the Commandant have issued an impossible request, Mr. Schindler it is who obtains the withdrawal of the mandate. He is "Sa" of the whole community, not "Kakenge" alone.

When Nyakatoro arrived she received at once

the messages from Lewanika on the phonograph. Unlike the others who had heard it for the first time, she was not in the least surprised, but proceeded to speak her cares and anxieties into it as fast as words would flow. After this was done the whole group adjourned to the verandah, and before the Queen could seat herself and dispose her draperies about her to her own satisfaction, the Portuguese Commandant appeared, followed by his interpreter. He had previously sent word to Nyakatoro forbidding her to visit me, so when he appeared the poor lady was at first nervous and reticent. Finally, however, she sent for Sasa and the other indunas, and feeling, apparently, safe under their protection, then and there rattled forth all her grievances, the goat episode among others, and fearlessly accused the Commandant of driving her from her village, stealing her children, and robbing her people. Then, with an air of haughtiness that Cleopatra herself might have assumed when rejecting Cæsar's terms of peace, she rose, shook hands with most of us, and departed. Our interview was in every way successful; her desire to welcome us was apparent at every turn and in every gesture and sentence, and she took every opportunity of showing her appreciation of our Government.

It is doubtful whether the Commandant was as fully pleased as we were.

CHAPTER XIII.

Portuguese Commandant—Mr. Bricker and the slave trade—Mangombi and the "boy in the box"—Results of heavy rain—Short history of Nyakatoro and her cousin.

AFTER our interview with Nyakatoro we paid a visit to the fort.

The Commandant is a first-class sergeant in the Portuguese army, and was kind and polite as far as we were concerned. He is a man of sedentary habits, seldom travelling farther than his fort, which in appearance in no way repays his careful attention.

The fort, from a military point of view, is absolutely useless.

The encampments are rotten, and tumbling to pieces; it is badly situated for water, whilst its size is so great that five hundred men would hardly be sufficient to repel a determined attack. The garrison, numbering about thirty, are from the same tribes as those we saw at Kakengi; for my benefit the soldiers were paraded; their evolutions were indifferently performed, whilst their appearance reminded one more of camp

followers than native soldiers. They are badly fed, indifferently housed, and their pay is of a most illusive character. They were armed with Martini-Henrys and Sniders, and have a number of spare arms. With the exception of some excursions to different kraals for the benefit of the Commandant, the soldiers never patrol the district. The unfortunate Commandant, though guilty of numerous offences that in an army would never be tolerated, has yet to some extent an excuse for his conduct. He is often entirely without the necessities of life, and is apparently entirely forgotten and neglected by his superior officer at Mosiko.

He frequently receives the hospitality of the missionaries of this station, who hold out the hand of fellowship to any in need, whether English, Portuguese or native.

We had accepted the hospitality of our kind friends, the missionaries at Nyakatoro, for nearly a week, a time of complete rest, badly needed by us all. Here we met a typical American miner, a Mr. Bricker, whose help and good-nature in providing us with meal, meat, and sundry other articles of which we were greatly in need, will long be remembered by us all. His account of his journey into Nyakatoro with a wagon and oxen from Mossamedes was most interesting, but the results of the slave trade which at every point met his view were too horrifying and inhuman to

realise, unless seen. The path, so he informed me, was strewn with the bodies of victims, heaped by the road-side; men, too old to carry their burdens, sank down, never to rise again. Children, too young to endure the heat of the tropical sun, are relieved of their sufferings by a stroke

Valovale chiefs at Nyakatoro.

of the slave driver's axe, their flesh left as food for hungry wolves. Such was the sad and terrible evidence of Mr. Bricker, who had no reason to invent and no object in misleading. He told us that when once returning from a walk, he stumbled over a child not more than ten years

old, lying a few yards from the path, in the last throes of death, brutally left by the callous monster owning him, who only a few hours before had passed with his caravan of illegal merchandise. Such tales could be multiplied by many of those who have witnessed the horrors of this traffic in human bodies, and are often too gruesome in detail to be dwelt upon here.

To turn to a pleasanter subject—a most amusing incident occurred whilst we were at Nyakatoro. An old man, by name Mangombi, whose only property consisted of a Kaffir piano, came to the house to hear "the boy in the box."

The phonograph was produced, and he was persuaded, after much hesitation and nervousness, to sing, accompanied by his piano, into the instrument. He began by singing the praises of Mr. Schindler (it appeared he was in want of salt), and then launched into a venomous attack against the Portuguese, who had some time before kept him in irons at the fort on his failing to find carriers to fetch goods from the coast. When he had finished, his song was reproduced for his benefit.

He was horror-stricken. Gazing with despair in his eyes from one to another, he gasped out:

"I am dead, my spirit is in that box. Mangombi is no longer Mangombi. My song is finished; it is in the box; I am about to die."

With this grand climax he immediately fled, quavering out terrified and disconnected remarks

as he ran. Having no wish to make out that the phonograph was either fetish or witchcraft, I sent for the trembling Mangombi to come and hear the voice the following day. He arrived looking wan and disconsolate, having without doubt passed a night of misery, scarcely hoping to see the light of another day. I hoped to reassure him by letting him hear his voice again, but instead, he waxed exceeding wroth, and angrily said his voice mocked him.

On hearing that the "box" was going out of the country he was immensely distressed, and implored us to keep it shut, or his spirit would certainly evaporate and he would be dead. On our solemnly promising that the box should be kept firmly shut and locked, he recovered his spirits to some extent, and went away almost cheerful, playing soft airs on his piano.

During our stay at Nyakatoro it rained nearly every day, consequently, when returning to our boats, we had far more water through which to wade than when we arrived. Mr. Bricker very kindly lent us his donkey, and it proved a great boon, as by taking turn and turn about we arrived at the old camp none the worse for our journey. After crossing the river near Nyakatoro, we changed our clothing and breakfasted, but before we had travelled two miles further our condition was as moist as ever, and again we changed. Our endeavours to get the donkey across made us

damper than ever, and as we had no sun we had to remain in wet clothes until the following morning; then we donned the sole remaining dry ones left us.

Due to the amount of rain, the Lupachize, where we had left our boats, had risen at least four feet, so our embarkation, when we reached it and started on our way, was most disastrous. Hardly had the last boat left, before the first had capsized, and, alas! was never recovered. I arrived on the scene to see the boat's crew scrambling out on either side of the river, some sixty yards below. Most of the things in the boat were gone without chance of recovery.

This kind of misfortune is one which appeals thoroughly to the sense of humour of the native. Peter was delighted at the upset, and extracted sodden tobacco, saturated photographic films, and floating matches from the tin box we recovered with the keenest gusts of delight; when we finally came across our travelling clock, with its interior full of water, his joy knew no bounds. He clapped his hands, roared with unseemly mirth, and gathered round him an interested and joyous group, until much annoyed by this untimely gaiety, I sent them one and all flying by unexpected and well-placed reminders. In vain we looked for the boat, in vain with the help of a well-directed oar I chased the no longer jubilant Barotse into the rushing torrent, and

kept them like a shoal of porpoises, diving and swimming up and down the river, till fatigue compelled them to desist. All efforts at recovery were futile, and we had to go our way, leaving all our meat, ammunition, and several articles of trade goods, some twenty feet below the surface of the treacherous Lupachize. Things began to look bad.

With our journey not nearly complete we were absolutely without meat of any sort, in a country where game is not known. Our tobacco was spoilt, and the few things rescued did not prove of the slightest use after their inundation.

The boys, no longer amused, showed unmistakable signs of sulkiness ; it rained incessantly ; the natives refused to trade, and altogether we felt justified in a certain amount of low-spiritedness.

I was still most anxious to get up towards the source of the Zambesi, but I began to wish the journey well over.

We lived on native food, keeping two or three of the few luxuries remaining to us for cases of sickness ; and those who know the food of the Valovale native will agree with me in declaring it not exhilarating. However, up to this point we had kept together ; but our ultimate parting seemed to be imminent, as if things grew much worse I resolved to proceed alone, and send my brother

back. This necessity, however, did not occur for some time.

Before proceeding further with my narrative, I wish as concisely and clearly as possible to say a few words about the history of Nyakatoro, her country, and the relations existing between herself and Lewanika.

According to the most reliable testimony procurable, Nyakatoro is the descendant of a royal house with an unpronounceable name, spelt Maulombwe-ya-mlundi, which early in the last century lived near Lake Dilolo.

Lewanika belonged to another branch, and his ancestors with those of the Queen's are generally supposed to have formerly lived north of the Kasai River. Nyakatoro describes Lewanika as a blood relation.

The Barotse element finally found its way to their present country, where they adopted its name, whilst Nyakatoro and her forefathers settled as a small and unimportant tribe to the north of the Valovale country.*

In the course of years, Nyakatoro, the present Queen, came into power, and not only conquered a large portion of the country which her people had lost, but followed up her success with such pertinacity and intrepidity, that in a few years

* Mr. Coillard's theory regarding the original home of the Barotse is entirely different. He affirms that the Barotse came from South of the Zambesi.

she destroyed the villages of the neighbouring Malunda, attacking and destroying their capital; she killed the chief, captured his slaves, and, filling his council chamber with her own supporters, substituted her language for that of her Malunda victims.

Whilst Nyakatoro was building up the constitution of the Valovale country, Murambo and his son Litia, father of the present Barotse king, were living in the Barotse country, extending their powers with occasional reverses, to the Mashukulumbwe and Batoka countries.

CHAPTER XIV.

River above Nyakatoro—Lutambwe's kraal—Narrowing of Zambesi.

THE river above Nyakatoro is not in the least what we had expected it to be. After the great distance we had covered since leaving Lialui we had imagined it would become gradually narrower as we approached the source.

But on March 4th we found it fully a mile wide at most places on our day's march. Owing to the strong current, we avoided the river's course as much as possible, proceeding as in the Barotse valley through the long grass, which in places had grown through the water. Three days after leaving Nyakatoro, during which we travelled about a hundred miles, we arrived at Lutambwe's fortified kraal. Lutambwe, who is a Malunda, has so often been raided that at last he has built a kraal of sufficient strength to enable him to defy the attacks of native raiders, and hurl opprobrious epithets at his assailants while safely ensconced in his own hut. The worst point of this kraal of his is the want of water, for if Sakin-

jera, the Valovale chief, came down with all his hordes of warriors and sat round the fort, thirst would soon drive Lutambwe to accept any terms, however humiliating, his foe chose to demand of him. We had no knowledge of Lutambwe, or of his disposition towards us. I had heard that

A view on the Upper Zambesi.

his village was fortified, and that he had a nasty trick of firing at one casually through any favouring loophole ; so, after mooring the boats, Sasa, Peter, my brother and myself went to find the kraal, inwardly hoping our efforts would prove futile. We were on the point of returning when my brother, with more zeal than the occasion

required, pounced on the stockade, nicely concealed about fifty yards on our left front. In a few minutes we found ourselves hurrying through the small aperture that guarded its entrance on our hands and knees. It was a most undignified posture to assume on entering a native kraal, and had a single shot been fired down the entrance, it would have neatly finished off one and all of our respective careers. Once inside, we each rushed to grasp the hand of the nearest native. I found myself *tête-à-tête* with a man carrying a blood-curdling axe. I was trying to grasp his hand, assuring him with a torrent of incoherent words that my intentions were excellent, and that he must not be afraid (which he was not, every movement on his part proving it).

My brother was more fortunate with his antagonist, for half-a-dozen children, seeing his advance, rushed to their parent and clung to him in great terror, and with such persistence that, friendly or not, he was a fast prisoner in the hands of his offspring and could not shoot, however strongly disposed.

Sasa and Peter had assumed a servile posture, and were on their knees clapping their hands to all in general and no one in particular. After some moments of this doubtful waiting the induna at last stepped haughtily out, with an expression of calm contempt for the two white men who stood before him wondering what was going to happen next.

However, the crisis had arrived. Lutambwe was evidently disposed to be on good terms, and we cemented the progress of our friendship by producing the phonograph, which, in turn, was productive of a present of meal and a goat. We parted on excellent terms on all sides, but registered a vow not to go again unarmed, where escape was an utter impossibility. We were absolutely powerless in the hands of Lutambwe and his people, and had he chosen to murder us —which was as likely a contingency as any—our fate would never have been known ; we had no arms, nor any possible mode of communication with the outer world.

On hearing Lewanika's voice in the phonograph, Lutambwe showed great astonishment, and then after a pause put down the whole thing as a fulfilment of a prophecy uttered by his father years ago. "When I was a boy," he announced, solemnly, "and did wrong, my father thrashed me and said: 'You will not listen to my voice, and I am old. You are young, but some day voices will come to you and fill your heart with wonder.' My father's words are true, for these are the voices of which he spoke, and I thank the white chief for his words."

With this triumph of the occult we departed from Lutambwe's.

On the fifth of March we left the Valovale

country, and on either side were surrounded by the Malunda tribe. They have for years past unwillingly supplied slaves for the west coast, and consequently the villages are destitute of young men, whilst decrepit and palsied veterans of both sexes are seen in abundance throughout the kraals. The costume of the Malunda is as dissimilar as is their language to that of the Valovale. Two gaudy beads decorate their heads, the men wear less calico than the Valovale, and their hair is kept short. They do not in any way recognise Nyakatoro's authority, but acknowledge as their chief an induna called Sinde or Shinti, who lives on the Kabompo, and is a recognised chief of Lewanika's.

Owing to the persistent slave-raiding of the Valovale and Mambari, the Malunda are in a constant state of armed resistance. Most of the villages are stockaded, and on our arrival the natives rushed away into the bush like rabbits until drawn back by our assurances of friendly intention. They then emerged valiantly with excuses for their rapid disappearance, generally remarking airily that they had decamped for the purpose of calling the induna, who was working in the gardens. Kapenda, near whose kraal we stayed one night, brought us down a goat and meal for presents—a most welcome change from the manioc porridge and bread off which we had been feasting so long a time.

We noticed now that slowly but surely the Zambesi began to narrow and close in its banks, and when the proper course was definable its width was not more than thirty yards. It was difficult to realise that we were in Central Africa, as there was absolutely no sign whatever of tropical vegetation; the temperature was about

Malunda natives bathing.

64° after the sun was down, and about 80° in the shade during the day. The sole sign of our being in the tropics was the steady and never-ceasing rain which poured on always, and the things which were immersed a week ago in the Lupachize remained as sodden as when first rescued from their watery grave.

Kapenda came to speed our departure, and after a long string of excuses, each more feeble and irritating than the preceding one, at last provided us with a guide to lead us to the kraal of Nyaka-pugata, a Malunda chieftainess. Finally, however, as her village was very far from the river, we did not visit her kraal, being stopped about four miles off by the Makesh rapids.

We discovered here that if we wished to explore the river to its source and interview the Malunda chiefs we must leave our boats, and, taking only what was absolutely necessary, proceed on foot. We had hoped for at least two more days in our much abused but comparatively comfortable quarters, but the roar of rushing waters showed that our further progress by that means was entirely barred. So Peter, Tom, Sasa and ourselves bade farewell to Atonga and the others, who were to remain with the boats, and we started about ten o'clock for the source of the Zambesi. Our course was along the south side of the river, and was north-east for the first three miles. There was no footpath, and the going was very hard for the boys, who were struggling along under forty-pound loads.

All the maps show the river here as verging south of east, but this is not correct, owing to the fact that a range of hills running north-east throws the river out of its course.

The cataracts which so inopportunely stopped our boats are very picturesque, and are caused by a large iron-quartz reef running east and west. Through this the Zambesi rushes in boiling torrents, tearing over huge boulders with fume and roar, until finally it settles more calmly in the valley about three miles farther down, where our boats were left. The noise of the river is deafening here, and the foaming mass lit up to molten silver by the noonday sun, and contrasting with the thick dark trees heavily lining the banks, forms a very magnificent picture of irresistible force. Possibly in the dry season there would hardly be sufficient water to float a cork. At the time of our getting there it made a really fine sight, and one certainly well worth a visit.

CHAPTER XV.

Thunderstorm—Dissatisfaction of carriers—Supposed source of Zambesi—General disappointment.

After travelling for two hours along the side of the river we came to a footpath, which eventually brought us to another more defined and larger road, which we followed for a short distance. It led us to a native kraal, which Peter, my brother and myself visited. The women, hearing our approach, immediately sought shelter in the surrounding bush, whilst the men, hurriedly fetching their guns and bows, congregated in a menacing manner round their huts, ready for any emergency; it was some time before we could persuade them to listen to us with a peaceful understanding, and to place their arms in a less suggestive position. They refused at first to at all credit the plain statement that we had come all that way simply to see the beginning of the river, and it was some time before they believed that our intent was not to seize their flocks and women. That we could be such utter fools as to have come thousands of miles to see the

country and river's source struck them as too utterly weak a reason—there must be mischief lurking somewhere in our hearts. We could not prevail on the induna to come to the camp ; the softest words and most wreathed smiles did not work upon him in the least ; and finally, after the waste of an hour's valuable time, we gave it up and returned, the incredulous natives sending several shots after us for no reason at all, unless in contempt for what they evidently regarded as our miserably poor attempt at lying. I am convinced that they thought, and do so to this day, that we had gone to the kraal for slaves, and had only been prevented from seizing them by their spirited show of resistance. Rejoining our carriers we proceeded on our way, after taking several shots with the prismatic compass. Path there was none ; at times we were pushing our way through grass which entirely obliterated our view of each other, or wading through marshy ground covered with water of various depths, until at last, completely done up, we camped at four o'clock.

The last carrier had hardly reached the camp, before the thunder-clouds, which had been gathering all the afternoon, burst over our heads and a perfect deluge ensued.

The boys crouched together in as small a space as possible and sought shelter under their partially erected huts, where for half-an-hour they

remained in a trembling heap. There was no time to dig the usual trench that surrounded the tent, and in an incredibly short space of time the rain had completely flooded us out.

Our small stock of meal, and other perishable articles, we placed on chairs; our blankets we hoisted on to the table, whilst my brother and myself stood stolidly in our rain-soaked clothes, wearily indifferent to whatever happened, our stoicism arising chiefly from the fact that though it might rain till Doomsday our condition could not be more unbearable. When at last the storm ceased the heaped-up boys rose stiffly, as one man, wrung their blankets, took off their apparel and, collecting the least damp bits of wood, proceeded to light a fire and try to improve their condition. Peter, all the time in his pair of cut-down trousers, had sought a vacant corner of the tent, from which place of vantage he surveyed with his usual mirth the greater discomfort of the other carriers. Quinine, tea, and bed followed each other in quick succession, and we slept as only weary wanderers in South Africa can do.

Our tent was struck at half-past six, but I soon discovered that the demeanour of our carriers was not satisfactory, and after I had called them two or three times without any response, two of the head indunas came to the tent and informed us that they would go no further.

This, of course, was downright insubordination of a most serious nature. When leaving Lialui the King had informed the indunas and the subordinates that they were to accompany me wherever I wished to go. Now, without any excuse, and at a most critical point of the journey, miles away from any help, they proposed to leave us to struggle on as best we could, while they returned with the boats. Sasa, and his friend Kieko alone, with our personal servants, were ready to adhere to their engagement. It was due to their powers of argument entirely that after a considerable delay the carriers were induced to proceed, but their acquiescence was not permanent. After staying near a Malunda village named Mokalo for a considerable time, trying to get the people to cross the river, they again refused to carry our loads and started in the other direction.

As it was impossible for me to abandon a journey I had been officially instructed to take, I decided to go on with Peter, Tom and the rest of our actual domestic establishment, leaving the refractory carriers to return to their boats and homes.

Accompanied by my brother, I determined to travel for three or four days up the river, returning overland to Nyakatoro.

Once more we selected the most necessary of the necessary goods we had taken from the boats,

and we discarded the tent, beds, and all but one change of clothing ; then adorning ourselves with revolvers, compasses, glasses and a gun, and after telling the carriers what would be the result of their refractory conduct in glowing colours, we started again on our journey with our curtailed list of belongings. Scarcely had we covered two hundred yards of ground than the carriers, realising the helplessness of their position, and also what would happen to them on my return to Lialui, flew to their loads and followed us. In vain I told them, with great hauteur, that I did not need them, while Tom and Peter, who would gladly have carried twice their usual loads sooner than let us go short of food, jeered at them with infinite relish. They still followed, and carried their loads without a murmur for the remaining twelve miles of the day's march.

Had I been alone, unsupported as I was by police, the carriers would undoubtedly have abandoned me ; they had counted on my brother's turning back with them, and had not dreamt of the possibility of our dispensing with the loads if urgent need necessitated such a sacrifice. Four times during our march we had to lead the carriers through small streams, now swollen by the previous rains to the size of an ordinary English river. Twice we changed our clothing, but finally, having no dry garments left, we were obliged to remain in soaked ones.

When not traversing these streams we were dragging our limbs out of boggy marshes and rotten vleys covered with deceptive grass, till, tired out, we pitched our camp some fifteen miles from the morning's starting point.

After a night's rest the boys were up and ready to start by seven o'clock. For once the morning was fine, and although the long, wet grass meeting over one's head did not tend to make matters agreeable, we were at any rate travelling mostly over sound ground. Soon after leaving camp we passed a halting-place of the slave caravans which travel east for their Malunda victims. After taking a double altitude, or, in reality, a continuation of altitude of the sun, we tramped on over hilly country for about three miles. Slowly but surely the hills closed in on either side, till arriving at the foot of a higher hill than the others around, the river we had been following suddenly terminated. I was leading, and after walking round the summit, concluded with great joy that our journey was over—this must be the long-looked-for Zambesi source. The boys were equally delighted, and each in his turn came up and thanked us. I felt very proud, made a dignified and gracious recognition of their fulsome thanks, plucked ferns, chipped off bits of stone, and extracted plants from the peaty soil. I also formed groups for photographs, allowing myself to be posed as the central figure ; the spot

was ideal, shaped like an amphitheatre, with terraces of trees looking almost black with the thick luxuriance of their foliage, while here and there giant tree trunks, covered with clinging moss, crumbled beneath the feet. It was a thoroughly appropriate spot for the source of a mighty river, and without misgiving we pitched our tent, packed our ferns, and gave directions for our return journey the following day.

But there was just one break in the hills lying to the south which we did not quite understand, and having settled things for the night we started off to walk to this point for our complete satisfaction.

As we neared it the well-known roar of rapids reached our ears, and our hearts sank. Arriving at the opening, we looked through with eager eyes, and beheld the Zambesi, to our deep disgust, dancing merrily along between huge rocks and sunken stumps of decayed trees.

We felt we had been very amateurish. With intense vexation we informed the hopeful carriers, rejoicing at the chance of returning so soon, of this new disappointment. Our rations were growing appallingly short; the natives fled at our approach, leaving no chance of trading food for the carriers, who were again growing dissatisfied. I had promised them they should return in four days' time; two days had passed, and the river, whose source was the end of our journey, flowed on at our right with the same

vigour it had displayed three days before. After a great deal of discussion I decided that my brother should return to Nyakatoro with the grumbling carriers, and there wait for my return. I would push on with the five domestic boys, returning to Nyakatoro when my search for the source was rewarded with success. I interviewed Peter, who promptly said that where I went he would follow, and the rest of the boys were of the same temper.

Sasa also resolved to act the same part, as he said he had been sent by the King to look after me and would not leave me in the bush alone. It was in vain that I argued that as head induna he should return with the boats ; he was obdurate. I pointed out that I had no food except for my own few boys, and if he persisted in coming he would undoubtedly starve ; and at last the argument resulted in my plain refusal to have him, especially as he persisted in bringing with him ten followers. I divided the rations, sending my brother off with some tea and three cups of flour, and providing myself with the same amount, I started off with my limited train for the source, and resolved not to be again so easily taken in as to its discovery.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sasa's faithfulness—Kashali dancing for food—My fees as doctor—Various cases—Arrival at Saka—Matau's kraal.

I HAD hardly gone twenty yards when, looking round, I found that Sasa and ten boys from his own kraal were calmly following me.

I stopped and informed him promptly that if he insisted on coming he must, but he could not have more than two boys. But the ten broke out at once into a chorus of determination to go where their chief went, and as Sasa stoutly clung to his intention of going my way whether I fed him or not, there seemed nothing more to be said, as all argument was pure waste of time. So the caravan once more set off.

For the first two hours the country was a repetition of that we had already passed, constant wading being the order of the day.

I breakfasted while my clothes made some attempt at drying in front of a fire, and to my joy after breakfast we came on a native garden. I sent the native interpreter to try and induce the owners of the crops to visit me, but in vain. We

could find no one to interview. The kraal, when we reached it, was deserted, but hearing voices in the surrounding bush I again sent Peter out to reconnoitre—again with no result. I told the boys to take what food they required, intending to pay the owners of the garden if I could see them; in any case, food was absolutely indispensable. My instructions were received with acclamation, and the boys went to work with great promptitude to carry them out. Proceeding for about two miles along a good foot-path I suddenly came upon about ten fully armed Malunda. They at once cocked their guns, and as I was leisurely pursuing my way minus breeches or coat I considered a pleasant friendliness the best attitude to take up. I clapped my hands amiably at them, which gave them pause until Peter came up, and explained that our intentions were friendly, and they then consented to answer a few questions and lead us to their kraal. Their induna was named Kashali, and resided in a fortress of no mean dimensions, enclosed with a high earthen wall, and ditch with long poles driven in to effectually prevent the scaling of the wall by either native or white troops.

We found all the kraals in this country similarly guarded against the raiding of the Valovale.

The entrance to the kraal is constructed on the principle of those before described, and we were

again obliged to enter it on all fours. Most of the Malunda villages are on the south bank of the river, and in crossing to visit Kashali's we had to get into a very fragile boat made from the bark of a large tree. I went over first, and then the boat sprang a leak, and had to be repaired. One by one the Barotse carriers were ferried across in the newly-mended boat, and then I set them to work to build a camp, whilst I and Sasa, under the escort and care of Peter, were busy explaining the object of our visit to the induna.

He was very reserved at first, and after hearing what we had to say retired to consult with his chiefs as to what course to pursue with regard to our arrival.

Returning, he complained of numerous raids from Valovale and Mambari tribes, who came and seized his people as slaves.

We had seen a good deal of this raiding on our way, deserted villages being constant ocular demonstration of the truth of Kashali's statements.

I promised my assistance as far as possible in preventing these visits, and after receiving a good supply of food for the carriers, and information for ourselves as to the road, we started off once more the following morning.

We left a few minutes after seven, and to our joy travelled on a well-worn foot-path, after four days of dragging heavily along over untrodden

ground. Leaving the river on our right, we marched along briskly, but the path did not last long, and by breakfast-time—half-past eight—we were once more wading waist high in the Molazi river. After the very frugal meal called breakfast, we had to struggle somehow through the Combumgi, which is of far larger dimensions than the Molazi. We found Mashora, when we reached his kraal, a very intelligent person, and exceedingly pleased to see us—though his women and children nearly upset his equilibrium by their impetuous flight to escape anything so appalling as myself. He stood his ground with great courage, however, and stated after preliminary greetings that he was an induna of Kanongesia, who lived one day's march from his kraal to the west. He gave me the native name for the Kapenda cataracts (which I mentioned in a previous chapter), which is Marunda-a-Makesh, "the death of man"—a name founded on circumstances of a somewhat gruesome character.

Some years ago the Valovale tried to cross the cataract by a temporary bridge, intent on a raid on the Malunda. But the bridge gave way and several of the would-be raiders met their fate in the seething waters below. The Valovale gave up their excursion and retired in peace to their houses, and since then the spot has been held as sacred by the Malunda.

We stayed here partly because of an impending thunderstorm, and also to obtain guides for the rest of the day's march. The people had plenty of food for sale, but we unfortunately had no longer any trading goods wherewith to purchase any.

Early in the morning, after a night spent at Mashora's, we started, the chief coming to see us off; and with him came a man I had attended medically, his malady being a "sick head." I had noticed him on our arrival at the kraal with a piece of native bark tied round his forehead, seated in solitude and apart, his eyes glued to a high wooden pot surrounded by a neat fence composed of sticks, and with a path within the enclosure leading to the pot. This was filled with a concoction of some precious medicinal leaves, and covered with two large leaves of the same plant. To this dispensary the ailing native repaired at frequent intervals, removing the upper leaves and bathing his aching head with the contents of the pot. He had, when I arrived, used two pots of the mixture, but apart from its having dyed his face a vivid green no result had so far been obtained. He informed me, however, that it was a safe cure, though at times the spirits of his forefathers kept him bathing a long time before relief was found.

I thought it best to save his time and medicine by giving him ten grains of calomel, and in the

morning he came with his chief to inform me joyously that his head was at rest.

We were given a guide and left after breakfast, not knowing when I might next have anything to eat. The food question, indeed, began to be a very serious one ; with the exception of three shirts, five knives, and two spoons we had absolutely nothing with us with which to trade. The shirts I knew must be used to pay guides, so this left us with only the spoons and knives wherewith to purchase food for at least ten days. One of my carriers, "stung by the splendour of a sudden thought," and also by want of food, struck out a brilliant idea for himself. Quite unprompted he began to carry out his idea. To begin with, he was by nature a clown, and much sought after in Barotse as a wit of the first water. On arrival at a village, once assured of their friendliness—and not before—he would tie some red calico over his forehead, leaving two ends to hang loosely down his back, and striking an attitude started his native dance. It was a weird and surprising performance, consisting of tying himself into knots, and cutting curious evolutions in mid-air, which always resulted in his being shortly surrounded by all the women of the kraal. After his performance he made a collection, and by amusing some, frightening others, and making love to the rest he generally got enough food for himself, Peter, Tom and the rest for two or three meals.

In a more dignified way I achieved some success in providing food for my own personal larder by using the medicine cabinet, filled at my directions by Messrs. Smart and Copley, of Bulawayo; it contained every imaginable medicine of any use. I consider that in a case of malarial fever my remedies are far more potent, and my experience more varied, than all Harley Street put together!

On arrival at a village the induna invariably brings a small present of meal, and on great occasions a fowl is dragged off her nest and brought to me with great ostentation and formality, under the escort of many natives. Of course, a present in return is looked for, and if not forthcoming, the tale of your meanness outpaces your steps and reaches the next kraal long before your arrival.

As I had nothing to offer in return I could only tell them that if they had any sickness in the kraal they could come and seek recovery from my hands. The first day's practice would have cheered the heart of any young practitioner. First a man with an abrasion on his leg arrived; that was speedily settled by an application of zinc ointment, accompanied by an injunction to keep his leg in the river for two hours every day. Then a child with an abscess was brought to the dispensary on the back of his sanguine mother; then an old man who had not seen the sun since the last Valovale raid six or seven years ago; sulphate of zinc, with the remark that he would

never see the sun again, cheered this unfortunate old man's spirits, and he was led away to his hut, muttering, "The chief's words are true," in a gloomy monotone.

One day, on enquiring of our guide why he was going so far out of the direct route, he replied that he was afraid to lead me through so much water; shortly, however, I found the real reason to be that he wished me to pass through an adjacent village, where there was residing quite a young girl, who, with sunken eyelids, protruding cheek bones, and persistent cough, was undoubtedly in the grip of consumption. A few months ago she had given birth to twins, a most unusual occurrence in this country. I gave her tonics, but it was good food and comfort that alone could soothe the short and dreary period that remained before she would join her offspring in the great unknown, whither they had already gone. Her husband came with her, and on learning my opinion turned, and with moist eyes hid himself in the surrounding bush which shaded the home of his little all.

After leaving Mashora's kraal early on Monday morning we pursued a south-east course, keeping close to the Che Yougholo river, which flowed on our right for two miles; and we arrived at Manouta's kraal, a distance of six miles, without seeing any villages whatever. The country through which we passed was high and dry, with

thin bush, a distinctly healthy neighbourhood. Manouta's kraal was passed on our right, and taking an east-north-east direction, we arrived at Sakapenda's kraal, another six miles distance, quite ready for breakfast. Sakapenda was most obliging, and volunteered to guide us to Moroba's kraal, which was the point we wished to reach.

The women and children, as usual, fled into the bush on our first appearance, reappearing in nervous groups of two and three after we had settled in their village. Here we found a Mambari camp ; these traders arrive periodically at Sakapenda's to trade in rubber and an occasional slave. With Sakapenda as guide the time seemed short until we reached Marova's. On the road we came upon a crowd of Malunda warriors, who, hearing of our approach, and concluding we meant fighting, had turned out immediately to meet the war, and guard their village from supposed ravenous raiders.

Sakapenda soon appeased their warlike intentions, and they joined our train, clapping their hands and keenly delighted to meet our friendly selves sooner than a caravan of Mambari or Valovale raiders. We crossed the Chingombe quite close to Marova's village ; it was a large river at this time of year, but during the winter months it is quite small and narrow. Marova's village is stockaded like the rest of the Malunda kraals, but the induna is a more important chief than

any we have yet met in the Lunda country. The usual questions, the same answers followed our meeting, and the same orthodox basket of meal, and in return, this time, one of our three remaining shirts.

We procured fresh guides, and clapping our hands in Marova's face, we left, going nearly due north for four miles till we struck the Zambesi at Sakamatau's kraal.

CHAPTER XVII.

Departure from Sakamatau's—Ingamba—Eakaling—Loss of my mackintosh —Discovery of the source of the Zambesi—Description of its surroundings —Return journey.

THE river seems very little smaller than when we left it last, four miles east of Kashali's kraal.

Leaving Sakamatau's, we took a south-easterly direction for four miles till we arrived close to the Pedi-oa-tuna mountain, which we had seen some days before we divided our camps. On nearing Ituna we went north for ten miles, then veering round east came upon Ingamba's kraal at 2.50 p.m. Ingamba is a small induna of Eakaling, who lives in a healthy locality overlooking Ingamba's ; here we interviewed the chief and pitched our camp.

The Pedi-oa-tuna is a high hill which can be seen for several miles from neighbouring kraals. Its height is about 700 feet, and it runs nearly north and south ; the sides facing the south are precipitous and inaccessible, whilst near Ingamba's kraal it is ascended by a gradual slope. It is not more than two miles in length,

with two sharp angles on its eastern face. Its name comes from Pedi, the Malunda for mountain, which applies to every hill one sees, from mountain to molehill. Junda is the name of a small river that flows near it on the east side and close to Eakaling's kraal.

Eakaling, or Mokaling, is a very important chief under Kanongesia. He is an ailing old hypochondriac, an excellent and willing patient of mine.

Our evening indaba with him was curtailed by a thunderstorm, which summarily dismissed my audience. Not wishing Eakaling to suffer from the elements, I enveloped him with my mackintosh; his appreciation of my kind intentions and the loan was so marked and undisguised that I felt a vague wonder as to its greatness. He insisted on our staying over the following day at his kraal, when he would furnish me with further guides for my journey, and to this plan, as the elements were inclement and wild, I consented. In the morning I woke to find it raining in torrents, which had kept on without intermission the whole night.

About ten o'clock, Eakaling, his suite and my mackintosh turned up. What was my horror to find that though the rain had long ceased, Eakaling was perspiring under my most useful garment! It was evident, from its tumbled appearance, that he had spent the night in it,

and in all probability had lent it in turns to each of his seven wives, that they might enjoy the privilege of wearing, once in their lives, a white man's joss etuna (big coat). Clearly, Eakaling had understood my all too kindly loan to be a free gift as a small return for his hospitality! To ask for its return would have been entirely disastrous; he would have refused me guides, looked upon me as a man who gives with one hand only to withdraw with the other, and my whole conduct hostile to a degree! Besides, recognising the probable uses to which the unhappy garment had been put, I of course would have preferred to go through life in a constant state of steady drip sooner than have risked the attempt to wear it after Eakaling!

I therefore, with a pang at the thought of my extreme folly in ever letting one of my most precious garments go out of my possession in the rainy season, maintained a silence as to its return into my own possession.

The following evening Eakaling again called on me, introducing the guide. More rain came bucketing down, causing me fresh pain at the memory of the joys of a mackintosh, and so long did it last that our departure was delayed till seven o'clock, and then we had to wait a considerable time for the two guides, who first refused to depart breakfastless, and then wandered in a desultory and most annoying way about the

kraals looking for their bows; finally, after leaving, they returned, on second thoughts, to fetch their dog, which came with the greatest reluctance. We walked briskly for ten miles, and after struggling to eat a little mwanja (manioc) porridge, a most nauseous mixture, passed over some high country with thin bush, and reached the Sakazi river, which was at least ten yards broad. After crossing we continued our course south-east, till we came suddenly on the Zambesi, here not more than ten feet in width.

The distance between the two rivers is not more than four miles, and I am convinced that the Sakazi will be running when the Zambesi is dry. We had passed another formidable river earlier in the day, the Rena or Ringa, nine miles from Eakaling's, and there is yet another near, the Chinazi.

We struck the Zambesi at half-past three, and my hopes rose, as I felt confident that the source was at last near and my long journey nearly over, its object accomplished in the face of difficulties I should have considered insuperable had I been told of them a month ago.

An hour's further eager walk and at 4.30 I reached my goal, tired out, hungry and footsore—but elated and triumphant.

There at last, before me, was the gushing stream from which the great Zambesi sprang, and my search was over.

We had barely finished our camp on the evening of our arrival at the source, when it came on to rain pitilessly, and poured in torrents for at least three hours.

Before the rain had started, accompanied by Sasa I walked round the head of the Zambesi, without getting wet! The source is composed of numerous springs, surrounded with a jungle of luxuriant trees interlaced with thick creepers, tall bracken and many and various plants adapted to a wet and heavily shaded soil. Fungus grows abundantly, and its vivid scarlet contrasts brilliantly with the dark soil and the deep green of the heavy foliage. The height of the source reads at about 5,200 feet, and a more healthy spot could hardly be imagined; but it is not nearly so ideal a spot as the one we had mistaken for the source a week before.

The Zambesi seemed to lose its wildness and originality for quite eighty miles before its head was attained; it is composed here of two formidable tributaries, the Rena and the Sakazi, one of which as we crossed was dry, the other thirty or forty feet wide and strongly flowing.

I took all articles of any value into my bed, to which I retired speedily as the only dry place in the camp.

We left the source after a night of rain and storm, in spite of which I slept the sleep of the worn-out wanderer who has reached his goal!

I was too tired to write in my diary that night; too wet and footsore almost, to feel great elation at my success. The next day, turning my back at last on the source to which I had for so long been looking, we trekked for twenty-one miles under the worst possible circumstances. The rain poured down incessantly, and the rivers were full, more especially the Chinazi, which seemed to be in front of us wherever we turned that day.

The Mulashasi is also a large river. Suana-sakang is situated about seven miles from the river. I was living entirely on native produce, our small store being quite used up; even the tea and meal had come to an end, and our fare was not exhilarating.

When we arrived at Mashora's kraal, whither our course was bent, I was greeted by his under induna, Mashora himself having gone to Kassova's kraal, from whence we met him returning the following morning.

Our direction on leaving the kraal was south for a quarter of a mile, in order to avoid the Che-hong-holo swamp; on reaching high ground we started away nearly due west. The Pedi-man-yam Chamba range of hills could easily be distinguished on our left running north-west and south-east.

We had breakfast at the Echomba river, after about two hours' travelling, and later,

about twelve, stayed at Gamarunga for twenty minutes, altogether trekking seven and a half hours and resting one hour and a half, leaving six hours' trek and covering eighteen miles.

The country was uninteresting, without scenery, being one long continuation of thin, stunted scrub. We managed to find food for the carriers, but for myself there was nothing in the camp excepting a little coffee, one tin of bovril and a bottle of brandy. No tea, no sugar, no meat, and a total absence of baking powder, which makes the bread we tried to make quite uneatable. Peter, of course, was delighted at this; he had nothing to cook but mwanja porridge for breakfast, lunch and dinner. When I arrived in camp, as a pick-me-up I took a cup of bovril, which always had a marvellous effect in the way of buoying me up even after the most exhausting marches.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Bad going over country—The last of my boots—Kassova's kraal—Menyova River—Muntate's kraal—Comic incident—Kwala's—Samogala.

DURING three days' march, after leaving Mashora's kraal, we covered a distance of sixty miles over very bad country and with the worst possible weather; Nyakatoro was about eight days' march, and my great aim was to keep off an attack of fever by every means in my power until I reached the mission station. I took ten grains of quinine after each day's march, hoping to ward off the insidious foe, but the difficulty was increased by the constant state of being wet through, in which I was forced to live, thanks to Eakaling's seizure of my one helpful garment! Due to my feet being always wet they became dry and wrinkled like the hands of an energetic laundress, and in addition to this shrinkage they grew very tender and soft. The wet that reduced my unfortunate extremities to a state of pulp made my boots hard and inflexible, the result being the greatest pain and discomfort, as is easily imaginable.

Before starting each morning I had to tie my feet up in bandages and lint, which made the hard walking more trying than it need have been, and caused me to assume the limp of an aged man of ninety or thereabouts.

We arrived at the chief Kassova's kraal just in time to escape a wild storm of rain and thunder which had been steadily pursuing us for an hour or two. Kassova himself was away, but his induna promised the guides we wanted for the morrow; from Kassova's the Zambesi is only four miles distant, due west.

Late the same evening the chief himself arrived and came to our camp, bringing a small goat and some meal, both of which I accepted with great pleasure. At least I had fresh meat for some days. As usual rain fell during the night, and our start in the morning was made in drizzling Scotch mist.

As I felt far from well I did not appreciate a wet start, and I took an extra dose of quinine as a precautionary measure.

Scarcely had we gone one mile than we were waist deep in the Menyova river, flowing east, and a short time after my blankets, sextant and cloak disappeared, with the carriers, in another river flowing north. They were rescued, but as it had been raining the whole day there was no chance of drying them, so we did not anticipate a very cheery night! After crossing the Saneana

we ran foul of numerous streams, now full, but usually too small to mention; but as they had all to be waded through I was extremely fagged when I halted half an hour for breakfast. Bad as was our journey before that not very exhilarating meal, its difficulties were not to be compared to those we had to go through after it was over. For a clear four hundred yards we had to struggle in varying depths of black mud and water; and on reaching Muntate's kraal, which is built within sight of the river, I partook of a portion of brandy and water, another ten grains of quinine, and changed all my dripping and tightly-clinging garments. It was, needless to remark, raining in torrents, and everyone sought shelter in the huts. These were square-built, about three yards each way, and made of reeds. Each hut had its fire, and the roofs with their black ned rafters made one think of far-away England and an old oak smoke-darkened ceiling I had known from my youth up.

The natives sleep on mats placed on a low stretcher; their walls are hung with bows, arrows, axes, and an occasional gun. The huts are never clean by any chance, and there is not much more to be said in favour of the cleanliness of the inhabitants. They are frankly dirty.

Muntate, the head induna, was away, and his head man, instead of giving me a guide to

Samogala's, as requested, only gave one to the next village, named Kaezala. When we reached this place, I saw one of the most grotesque spectacles I had ever, in the course of my African travel, beheld. A native appeared suddenly before me, with rows of white stripes all over his arms and body, causing him to resemble a zebra on its hind legs; over his left eye were two more stripes, which made his expression rakish to a degree, and his chest pattern was diversified by an imitation of the heavens, being picked out in stars of varying sizes!

Enquiring anxiously who he might be, I found he was sane but unwell, which I could easily believe! He was supposed to be suffering beneath the machinations of a zebra, that gay quadruped being regarded by them as an evil spirit of great malice, and some other demon, residing in the man's arm and chest. His idea appeared to be that the zebra spirit, being very powerful, would, if properly represented on his person, scare away the other, and then with a little water, once having frightened away the feebler demon, he could remove all traces of the other. He also constantly applied leaves to his afflicted person from an adjacent pot, and showed great depression of spirit, which was not unnatural under the distressing circumstances, and also from the fact that his friends of both sexes avoided him as if he had the plague while

he was under the spell of two such arch-fiends as those in possession.

At Kwala's we had another disappointment about our guide, as we could only obtain one to the neighbouring village. I proceeded in no amiable mood, and after a twenty minutes' walk arrived at the village of Lutende.

I found this potentate busily engaged in making a flour sifter; I apologised for my intrusion, hoped he would not let me interfere in any way with his domestic duties—which he showed no sign of doing—and asked for a guide. In the throes of his physical exertions while punching the sifter into weird and ever weirder shapes, Lutende gasped out that he had no one who could go, that it was late, and when the sun next rose he would discuss the matter. I pointed out that Eakaling, Kashali, and others were my "children," and had provided me with guides, and mentioned that I was a chief of no small importance from Lialui, all to no effect. Finally, I lost my fast-oozing patience altogether, snatched my 12-bore from Peter, and, jamming in two cartridges, told him in forcible language that I should soon see if no guides were forthcoming. Immediately there was a stampede, the women scattering in every direction, while most of the men found safety in the outskirts of the bush, there awaiting developments in gibbering excitement.

Lutende saved me, luckily, from further action; seeing I was not to be fooled he came up, meekly observing that my interpreter had misunderstood him, and he would be delighted to accompany me himself. Disappearing for a moment into his hut, he emerged again before my own carriers were ready, and we were soon threading our way through the bush, Lutende walking with surprising agility. I thoughtfully placed Peter, carrying the terrifying 12-bore, immediately behind him.

We were nearly two miles from the Zambesi bank, and by the time of our arrival there Lutende and I were the best of friends. Nearly an hour was spent in crossing the whole of our party over the Zambesi, and great was our joy when we arrived safely once more on the Nyakatoro side of the river. Lutende's two boys came later to the river and were brought across. They shared a hut with their father close to mine; I gave them food, pleased them by explaining the mysteries of the different guns, and thereby secured his services, or hoped to do so. When we had crossed the river we came upon our up-river tracks, and we camped four miles south of the place at which the boys had sulked and refused to carry their loads just twelve days before. The country here was thickly strewn with gardens, manioc meeting the eye in every direction. The natives seemed

happy, and as a pastime go in extensively for making hoes and other implements of the kind. Each village has its smelting shed and blacksmith's shop near at hand.

Native boys herding goats.

The morning after our arrival, I decided, in spite of soaking rain, to start. The guides who had stuck to us through the night very reluctantly answered to the order to proceed, first

complaining that they had no covering for themselves, and then claiming protection for their flintlock guns. Finally, they consented to move on, shivering, and clothed only by a few inches of calico.

For the first two miles we passed gardens; struggling on, wet through in half an hour, we passed the Chiombe river, which was quite a mile wide, but never deep enough to require swimming. Later we arrived at Mosshisse's kraal. He was most kind, and gave me a hut where I dried my clothes, and a goat. Finally, he presented me with a guide, who brought me to Samogala's kraal at 12.30.

This kraal is on the Loambazi river. It is surrounded by a ditch and breastwork, having two entrances, east and north. Samogala has an inner kraal for himself and his wives, which is again surrounded by a ditch and stakes driven firmly into the ground and rising to a height of ten feet.

On our arrival the village was in a state of great excitement, and for a time would have nothing of any of us, and insisted in thinking we were Mambaris. I was very wet and tired; it had rained incessantly, and since leaving camp in the morning we had walked ten miles under the most exasperating circumstances. I sent for Samogala, but the message seemed to have little or no effect. Whilst waiting I took posses-

sion of an empty hut, poked up the dying embers of the fire, and again stripping proceeded to go through the course of drying and ten grains of quinine. The stimulant picked me up, and I was getting quite comfortable when the chief at last appeared on the scene. Arrayed in my partly-dried clothes, I proceeded to our trysting place and was presented. Samogala was seated on a lion skin, surrounded by his indunas. He is a man of commanding presence, well made, and with a kindly large face under his partly grey hair. His head was also covered by a crown of gilt, whilst his hair was trained at the back into a small sugar-loaf shape, about ten inches long, which was again ornamented and covered by large brass-headed nails. His whiskers were tied into four small separate tails; his body was large and his huge deep chest shone in the welcome sun that had recently condescended to shine on our proceedings. I went through the usual greetings and received the chief's complaints of the repeated raids of the Valovale and Mambari, who came and stole his people and burnt their villages; it is due to his fear of the Valovale that he has, like other chiefs, made his village into a kind of fortress.

Samogala paid me a second visit, and I visited his harem. In this respect he neither stints himself in his selection nor spares trouble

for their accommodation. About twenty huts are set aside for the use of his wives, and no one is allowed to visit them without his special consent.

He promised me guides, and a welcome for a future visit. We were, by now, not more than three days' journey from Nyakatoro. I never thought I could be so delighted to return, yet such is the fact. I positively yearned to see it again. Since I had started off alone, we had never been short of native food, but the constant rain, the daily wetting, and the not very exhilarating nature of the rations, had, all combined, proved unspeakably depressing. Fever of course is aggravated by the life you are bound to lead. To be constantly wet from sunrise to sunset, in any climate, must eventually undermine the strongest constitution, and, under such circumstances, good food is of the utmost importance. I had spent my time for the last few weeks soaked with rain and waist high in inundated vleys and overflowing rivers, and being without any food but the native material, I expected an attack of fever any moment, but hoped to reach Nyakatoro without a bad breakdown, as there I could obtain a certain amount of comfort.

CHAPTER XIX.

Native food—Fetish huts—Sasa's followers tiresome—More wet weather—Peter and his hymn-book.

I HAVE mentioned native food once or twice, so may as well tell the uninformed reader of what it consists. In the Malunda country it comprises manioc, or, as it is called, "mwanja," and that alone. Mwanja is a plant particularly adapted to wet, marshy soil. I saw it first in Nyassaland, close to Bandawe, where it forms the staple food. It takes two years to arrive at maturity, and while growing requires very little attention. The root when full-grown is about the size, and has very much the appearance of a German sausage, though at times I have seen it much larger. One shrub has several roots, and the extraction of two or three in no way impairs the growth of the remainder. When newly-dug its taste is like a chestnut, and the digestion of the proverbial ostrich can alone assimilate it when raw; but when soaked in water for a few days until partly decomposed, dried on the roofs of the huts and

stamped, it forms a delightfully white soft meal, far whiter and purer than the best Canadian flour. Then it is bottled into a thick paste and eaten with a little flavouring, composed of a locust or a caterpillar which the natives seek in decayed trees.

Another way of eating this native luxury is by baking the roots, after soaking them, and eating it as you would a banana. Taken as a whole, it forms the best all-the-year-round native food; but I should advise all intending consumers to abstain from any other food for three or four days before giving it a prolonged trial!

Before entering Samogala's village I was particularly struck by the number of little altars, or fetish huts, which adorned every ant-hill or bit of rising ground of any good position. Leading to the right or left of your path you would notice a neatly-cleared road, about four feet wide, leading to a small shed, artistically made, beneath which you discovered a pot containing food for the dead or medicine for the dying. Here and there you find a grass animal of grotesque and abnormal proportions, supposed to represent some evil spirit of their forefathers, or some animal which they propose hunting—and this offering is to ensure success. Round these erections you also find the masks and skulls of such animals as have already fallen to the sportsman's gun. As soon as our guide appeared, stretching and adjusting

his limited attire, we had to cross the Loambazi river at once, taking a westerly direction. I was in no humour to get an immersion so early in the day, so as our guide had crossed in a small bark-boat I directed its owner on his return to come and punt me over. But our wishes did not coincide, and he pointedly went the other way and fetched another man.

This was more than I could stand; gun in hand I rushed at the unfortunate boatman and his fare, and before they could realise what was happening I sent one flying with the butt of the gun, and grasping his pole hit the other over the shoulder with such effect that he turned a complete somersault into the river. This induced him to see that I must be obeyed before his friends, and afterwards we had no further trouble.

On arrival at the Luachia river we roared lustily to the villagers, who were lining the opposite bank, for a boat to put us over, with no result. The carriers sought shelter from the rain, which had come on violently, by building temporary grass-huts. I pointed out to Sasa the undesirability of remaining where we were, and requested him to order one of his boys to swim the river and bring over a boat. The boys refused.

I asked Sasa what was to be done, and he replied, in an aggrieved voice, that he had done

what he could, and if his boys would not go he could not make them. This was a dilemma which I had foreseen from the first.

During the whole journey my own domestic boys had had to bear the brunt of the work. Sasa's ten followers do nothing but carry his things, make his hut, present him with food when the sun is down, and salute him when the sun rises as an excuse for delaying their start. Sasa would sit on his stool, with a self-satisfied air, arrange his linen, adjust his waistcoat over his shirt, which with the piece of calico and a beaver felt hat completed his costume, and receive all the attentions of his slaves with an air of intense self-satisfaction. When you have to feed the whole of this personal staff, it is a trifle irritating to find that they refuse you the slightest service when any is required.

Such was the case at present. Sasa's ten boys started last, camped first, were obliging and servile when there was nothing objectionable to do, but if requested to perform any service they disliked, they refused point blank. My position was unpleasant, to put it mildly. These boys were sent to assist me, to perform my wishes and do my work; but, inasmuch as they were not my own hirelings, I could not forcibly compel an order to be carried into effect if they objected to doing what I thought necessary. Owing to the bad example of these men it was with some diffi

culty that I made two of my own boys cross the river, and only then accompanied by Peter, whilst I myself went part of the way to direct the search, leaving Sasa and, of course, his carriers, standing on the bank under the protection of their newly-erected shelters.

After a wait of two hours, I having contrived with the help of a candle to light a fire meanwhile, Peter returned jubilant, not only with a boat, but waving over his head a letter which he had received from two Garanganze boys, who had arrived the previous night at the villages opposite. This letter was from my brother, who had dispatched these boys post-haste a few days earlier, with a few necessary things, such as tea and other luxuries (to us) of the kind. It was half-past eleven before we left the Luachia river, and after walking for an hour and a quarter in a scorching sun and knee deep in water, we reached a friendly village just as a thunderstorm, which had been lowering and growling in our rear, broke upon us. Hot tea and a change made life more bearable, and after a congenial warming in an old lady's hut, I started once more, fresh and dry.

Again we walked for an hour and a half through a large vley, flooded at various depths, till eventually, being entirely knocked up, we crossed the Malongesa river and camped at Malongesa's kraal. Here I wrote up my diary, vainly trying

to keep myself and my belongings free from the pouring thunderstorms that raged about us. Once more I spent futile regrets after my lost mackintosh; since losing it we have had far more rain than in any previous week throughout my journey.

The absurdity of the attempts of people to define the limits of the wet season in the tropics becomes more apparent with every day spent in those latitudes. I was told that during January more rain fell than in any other month; that February would produce an occasional storm, whilst in March rain ceased entirely.

I have never experienced a worse downpour than on the 22nd of March! Peter was a jewel. He followed me with his gun, and a coat which I don when it rains and he carries when not required. He would tear off my wet clothes and see that I had such food as he could offer. Only once did I see his equable temper disturbed, and that was when crossing the Chi-yong-holo river, when his feet were swept from under him, and my blankets, which he had taken from an unreliable boy, went floating down the stream, and his own special hymn-book, which always found a resting-place in his hat or breast-pocket, was washed from its usual abode and borne away on the current, its leaves separating as it went. "Abide with me" was afterwards discovered in a friendly bush, whilst "Shall we gather at the

river" skimmed away to meet the confluence of the Chi-yong-holo and the Zambesi. This two-fold catastrophe entirely subdued Peter's spirit, and it was not till I promised him another hymn-book that he regained his usual exuberance.

CHAPTER XX.

Return to Nyakatoro—Result of Expedition.

WHEN we did at last get off *en route* for Nyakatoro our pace was more rapid than usual. Everyone was in good spirits, and as we drew near our goal the carriers raced one another, cracking jokes as they did so.

We crossed the Lupachize river near its source, and eventually reached our destination at ten in the morning. When we were within a hundred yards of the station Mr. Schindler and Harding came down the road to meet us and welcome us back.

I was soon in a hot bath, and surrounded with every luxury possible.

Owing to the lack of good food during my journey I had got scraggy and footsore, but on the whole, and taking all the hardship and the difficulties of the way into consideration, I was well, though not very keen on walking for a few days.

The first part of my mission was accomplished, and on the whole I was content with the result. From a geographical point of view, we have obtained some valuable information regarding the source and course of the Zambesi.

Owing to travelling in the wet season, we have been able to proceed farther with our boats than any other explorers, though, of course, under very much less advantageous circumstances as to personal comfort than would have been the case had we gone in the dry season. We have located the Kapenda rapids, called by the natives Marunda-a-Makesh. We have explored foot by foot the river and the confluences of its tributaries from the Falls to its source, and though possibly not the first to arrive at the source, we have gone over entirely new country.

We have demonstrated without doubt the route of the Garanganze foot-path, and proved, contrary to the expectations of other explorers, that it never crosses or comes within five miles of the Zambesi.

Our observations, especially for latitude, have been most carefully made and repeatedly checked, both by my brother and myself, and have received the most careful revision ; our instruments were newly-corrected, and I see no reason why the result should be other than reliable and of the utmost value.

Since leaving Kazungula we have travelled no

less than 1,145 miles, and these distances are made up as follows :—

From Kazungula to Sesheke..	55	miles
From Sesheke to Lialui	230	,,
From Lialui to Nyakatoro ...	320	,,
From Nyakatoro to source of Zambesi following river ..	300	,,
And from source of the Zambesi to Nyakatoro overland	240	,,
	1,145	miles.

To this add 38 miles, the distance of the Victoria Falls to Kazungula, it will be seen that the distance from the Victoria Falls to the source of the Zambesi is 1,183 miles.

II.

Nyakatoro to Bihè

CHAPTER I.

Waiting at Nyakatoro—The Queen at home—Missionary work and missionary kindness.

THE old adage, "everything comes to those who wait," may, or may not, be the truth, but certain it is that to wait is, at times, exasperating. Fifty-three days ago I dispatched Johnny to Lialui for mules and horses; in the ordinary course of events they should have arrived three weeks ago, since when I have been fruitlessly gazing for their expected arrival. Harding left for Lialui with the majority of the boats on April 1st, and at the time of his departure John was overdue. The intervening time has not, however, been wasted, but rather zealously spent by Peter and the remaining boys in building a canvas boat, whilst between remittent attacks of malarial fever, I have found plenty of vent for spare energy in writing reports, or stealing and borrowing every conceivable thing from my generous host.

The idea of making a canvas boat was due to

the experience of native obstinacy in refusing to take my small party over the various rivers, which we had to cross on my visit to the source of the Zambesi. This idea, as I mentioned before, received the entire support of Peter, who, with the aid of a local shipbuilder and my waterproof sheet, constructed a boat on quite excellent lines. Being short of meat an ox was killed, and its skin was braided into soft, pliable leather straps, four feet long, and used for tying our loads; the meat was cut up in strips, sprinkled with salt and pepper, and hung in the sun to dry. The drying takes three or four days, during which time it is constantly turned over and examined. If properly cured, this "beltong" forms an excellent and nutritious food, eatable alike whether cooked or raw. Great care should be taken in cutting the meat into even strips, avoiding as much as possible all muscle and sinew.

Various important persons of the district called during my stay, and one day I walked, accompanied by Mr. Schindler, to the village of Nyakatoro. The Queen was at home and most glad to see us again. She was busy preparing her tribute for King Lewanika. Her house is hardly the prescribed residence of even a Valovale queen, and her garments consist of beads and dirty calico. Her people were busy shelling castor-oil beans, which are very much prized in the Valovale country, though, strange to say, the natives

have never recognised the medicinal qualities, which to us are alone discernible in this tropical plant. Here, on the other hand, the oil is used solely for the purpose of anointing the hair and body. Every kraal is surrounded with these shrubs, affording excellent shade from the sun and protection from the autumn winds. The beans are gathered annually, and the cultivators travel miles laden with their precious "pomade," dispensing it to those who are less fortunate in its cultivation, and receiving in return meal or fish.

My enjoyable stay at Mr. Schindler's enabled me to get a very keen insight into the Valovale natives, and I am bound to confess that they do not improve upon acquaintance. Their indolent habits are most irritating, their insolence unbearable; and, as far as I can discern, they have, with one or two exceptions, absolutely no respect for a white man. No good result of administration is apparent; true, as I have before stated, a fort is erected, but besides procuring food for the use of the garrison, their duties are nil. The white residents receive no assistance from the administration in any way. The missionaries run their own mail, procure their own carriers, and, with the exception of being obliged to obtain the Commandant's consent before making a road or some other trivial matter, receive no benefits from the Portuguese occupation. A few labourers are hired by the Mission station; these arrive on the

scene of their labour at 7.30, toy with a hoe or spade till twelve, and then spend the remaining part of the day contemplating how they can best avoid the labour of the following day. With proper organisation, this district could produce a considerable quantity of native labour. A generous firm government is all that is required; the rubber trade could be developed and native industry encouraged, and skilled instructors introduced to educate the natives and show them the art of carpentering and brick-making. The missionaries have made some advances in this direction, but there is still a considerable amount to do. Native timber of the best building quality abounds, and the houses, all of which were erected by Mr. Schindler, clearly show that the natives possess the useful qualities, and only want directing to make them thoroughly skilled labourers. Husbandry is rewarded by the most luxuriant results. Fruit trees of every description grow at a marvellous pace. Bananas and plantains vie with each other for ascendancy, and many kinds of vegetables arrive at maturity with great speed. The natives grow every sort of native grain and vegetable, and their gardens are beautifully kept and free from weeds.

Friday, by every right-minded person, is considered a most pernicious day to enter upon an engagement or to establish a precedent, however meritorious, for the first time; yet, recognising

this and forseeing a calamity in store, I actually allowed myself to start for Bihè on the morning of that dreaded day. Mr. Schindler and all my kind friends came part of the way to wish me God-speed, and it is difficult to estimate the kindness I received from their hands, or conceive what would have happened had I, so to speak, fallen amongst thieves. I had accepted the kind hospitality of the Station for nearly three weeks, and on my starting, it was Mr. Schindler's store that suffered for the benefit of Peter and myself, and it was Mr. Schindler's exceptionally kind nature that, receiving me nearly three weeks ago very much run down, now dispatched me with glossy coat and "full of beans," to resume my journey west. Mr. Schindler provided me with five Valovale carriers; these, with Sasa's ten and Peter's domestic circle, completed my staff; and driving the donkey in the van of our procession, we left Nyakatoro on Good Friday, bent for Chisamba Bihè, a distance of 560 miles.

My idea is to interview all important chiefs *en route*, visit the Portuguese forts, and report generally on the country. On arrival at Chisamba, the details of my return journey will be decided.

The provisions, in spite of many kind and valuable additions, are not over plentiful, but allowing for these small details, there is no reason why my tour should not be carried out without any extraordinary privations.

CHAPTER II.

Departure from Nyakatoro—Mode of carriers—The canvas boat—Arrival of John—My mail—The slave trade—Samasasa.

Our first day's journey brought us to an old Mambari camp, close to Samatui's kraal, where we halted for the night, and in the evening received a visit from Samatui's wife, who apologised for her husband's absence, and gave and received suitable presents. Our early halt was due to the fact that I have not yet given up all hopes of seeing John and the horses, and the fact that the first day the carriers have not got into their stride, and the loads want constant re-adjustment.

Different tribes have different modes of carrying their loads. The Valovale and the Angoni carry their burdens in the same way, viz., tied firmly between two long sticks ; this enables them to rest their load, as a mason rests his hod, without having to lay it down on the wet grass. The Barotse divide their loads, carrying half in front and the other behind ; but the Barotse are

Native carriers with ivory.

amateurs in this kind of labour, whilst the Valovale have carried loads for ages,* and, moreover, have come in contact with carriers from the east coast, who yearly walk from Zanzibar to Bangweolo with their 60 lb. loads, and from them learnt to perform this branch of labour with as little bodily fatigue as possible. Feeding a large caravan is by no means an easy matter. In the Lovale country the usual mode is to issue calico, beads and salt, before leaving for a journey, and thus allowing the carriers time to purchase a considerable quantity of their own food before starting.

Leaving Samatui's kraal, I erected my hut on the Ahaloju river, surrounded by Valovale fishermen, who have from every direction gathered at this place to furnish Nyakatoro, and other markets, with the white bait (minnow-shaped fish) that haunt the over-flowed river banks, and spend a mushroom existence in the flooded plains. They are caught in large baskets, and as the natives have no meat, they are usually sought after and eaten as a flavouring with their "cusava porridge."

The boat which Peter had manufactured was all this time causing a great amount of hindrance and bother, though intrusted to the care of two

* The Valovale never carried for white men until 1885; some accompanied me to Gurunzungulu. Messrs. Schindler and Fisher have taught them to carry.—F. S. A.

of the strongest boys. They were never in camp until hours after the others had halted, and they arrived in such a condition that two fresh boys had to take their place before proceeding. Peter was naturally the object of their displeasure, and, on arrival with their cumbersome load, they would immediately repair to where Peter was ensconced with various kitchen utensils, and roundly abuse the amateur boat-builder with all the energy at their disposal.

In crossing the Luvula, we first launched "the Lovale Lass." Though steadied by Peter and Zambesi, the other boat boy, each holding an end, my trip in this boat was hardly a success, and after a ducking, I was glad to change, when I clambered out on the other bank. Peter said, "I ought to have kept quite still."

The next morning I determined to try again, and putting Zambesi and others in as ballast, endeavoured to cross the Cikoleje. These boys were experienced boat-men, and really made some headway, till, getting into the current, the boat revolved at a marvellous pace and finally capsized; then the ten occupants were struggling in the water to save their blankets, and at the same time trying to obey my orders from the bank. Nothing was damaged, but Peter kept the river between the dripping boat-men and himself. After this the general opinion was against the boat and its "engineer," till

finally the stitches were unripped and the waterproof sheet restored to its proper use.

Four miles after crossing the Cikoleje river we came to a very large kraal, beautifully kept and enclosed by huge stakes, surrounded by a formidable ditch. The rightful owner, Schemba, a Valovale chief, was away, but in his place I saw the head induna, who gave us presents and sent us on our way rejoicing, till arriving at the Lombare river, we camped just in time to receive a letter from Dr. Fisher, announcing the arrival of the long-looked-for Johnny and mules.

The following day John, with his two mules and one horse, arrived about noon. The mules are old friends; the same animals brought my things from Sesheke to Lialui in November, whilst the horse, who rejoices in the name of Peter, is an old Police gee, and also another old friend. He is "salted," and in future will be known as Salt Peter, or for short, Nitre.

The delay of John was due to the King failing to procure guides, and also to the extra distance which had to be covered to avoid the flooded plains with the animals. John was altogether eight weeks from Kavongo. Ten days only were spent in going down, nine days there and the remaining time was employed in the journey back. The mules were wrecks and were unable to carry half loads. Nitre is very poor and has a sore back, so really my position is no better than

before. Mr. Bricker's donkey I returned to Dr. Fisher, and now I walk, affectionately leading my dejected steed and longing for the time when I shall be able to mount him. The indunas and guides sent up by the King returned yesterday. Needless to say their delight knew no bounds on meeting Sasa. They did nothing the whole day but clap and talk.

No down-country mail arrived and no letters, except from the Batoka country. The account of sickness is very depressing all over the country. From Monza I hear that Captain Carden has on an average four fresh cases of fever daily out of a garrison of thirty men. Moore at Batoka gives little better news, whilst poor Macaulay has been ill ever since I left Lialui.

John tells me that at a kraal on the Kabompo he saw slaves with yokes and shackles lying prostrate outside their huts. A Portuguese half-caste stayed near my camp a day ago; he was *en route* to Nyakatoro, and I was informed by his interpreter that they were going to Nyakatoro to buy slaves, and expected to pay 120 yards of calico for each.

I saw several traders at Nyakatoro, who also informed me that they had bought several slaves, and were soon returning to their homes near the Quanza with them. I had two interesting letters from King Lewanika, wishing me every success and a speedy return. Lewanika has gone to his

summer quarters in the hills. The rain has been prodigious this season and the valley is flooded above its ordinary height. John tells me that nearly all our camps, which we built on our way up, are now flooded, and at the Sapuma rapids most of the huge rocks are now under water.

Chepepa (a Valovale chief who has considerable influence in this district) came to see me and was received with every attention. I gave him a treat on the phonograph, reproducing Lewanika's message to Kakengi, and also Katembola's to Kangombi, which I obtained at Nyakatoro; he was delighted and sent a message to Lewanika, in fact made a speech, speaking in the most friendly terms of his allegiance to that chief of our Queen.

Peter is very unwell to-day and complaining of fever. I have dosed him, but up till now he seems little better.

We made a very early start this morning and covered six miles, when we met Mr. Schindler's mail boys close to Katembola's kraal. I opened his papers and was grieved to hear such a depressing account of the war. I felt a cur being out of it all, and yet goodness knows I did all I could to get attached, but to no purpose. The papers were dated December 15th, dealing with Buller's reverse and Methuen's disaster. After breakfast and re-packing the mail we trekked on, and then camped at another Ochilombo camp. Ochilombo

is the native name for the different camps, previously used by the Mambari, or Bihean slave-traders. I am constantly passing two or three such camps each day. They are the ordinary sugar-loaf hut thatched with grass, and as a rule there is one especially built for the white man, or "Ochindele," the name given for a white man in the Valovale country. We came in view of the Lutembwe, ten miles from camp, and for seven miles walked parallel with its course. On arrival at camp, Peter was nowhere to be seen, and it was quite an hour before he arrived accompanied by the dancing Zambesi, who had remained to keep him company. Peter was dangerously ill with a temperature of 109°–1, and had actually walked with that temperature. A fever powder, and hot brandy and water, brought it down to 105°, whilst a repetition of the same treatment at midnight again reduced it to 100°. Ten grains of quinine and ten on the following morning enabled him to walk a couple of miles to the Lutembwe river, where we had to cross.

CHAPTER III.

Crossing the Lutembwe—Narrow escape of John and myself—The following day—The Valovale carriers—Peter's illness—Bad going.

THE Lutembwe river will remain for a very long time in my memory. First we had to procure boats. Samansasa, the induna, who lived in the few dirty huts that flanked the river, was still in his hut when, accompanied by Sasa and John, I called with the idea of procuring the needful water-transport. He came forth stretching, yawning and adjusting his garment, in no way awed by my presence ; in fact he was most casual, and when informed that I required a boat to cross the river referred me to another induna, who in his turn acted on similar lines. Finally, I was introduced to the owner of the "mercantile department," and after a deal of haggling, I agreed to pay him eighteen yards of calico, his price for taking us across the river.

At this time of the year the Lutembwe is flooded and at least a mile wide, whilst in the dry season the river itself is not more than eighty

yards across. At the time of our crossing each side, for four hundred yards, was covered with long thick grass some ten feet high. The boat, which was very small, arrived after an hour's delay, with a remarkably large hole in its side. This was stopped with a clod of dirt. I intended crossing the mules and Peter first, and got into the boat, accompanied by Tom. Peter (the gee) was led by myself, whilst the mules followed in our wake; for the first two hundred yards we went in fine style, sometimes swimming and sometimes wading till the grass got more thick, the river more deep, and the animals more fatigued. The mules now tried to go in different directions. The boat got half full of water with the plunging of the horse, who by this time was exhausted by the entangling long grass, and the only policy was an ignominious retreat. The boat sank, and we were extremely lucky in getting back safe. We tried further up, where the grass was not so long. This time I had John in the boat, and we were half way across, when the tuft of grass which had been placed by the casual boatman to stop the leak became detached, the boat immediately filled with water, and for the next ten minutes John and I were again struggling in several feet of water. The tail of the horse saved John, who was not a good swimmer, from an awkward predicament. I stayed, choosing rather to sink or swim with my

precarious bark, and by standing on the side of the submerged boat managed to keep my head above water. The horse and mules soon swam to firm ground, the boat was brought to the sur-

Difficulties of crossing horses.

face, and the hole at length was effectually stopped by a waterproof sheet. Later, we again attempted to cross the animals. This time there was no friendly tail for John, and whilst I was in front

with the boat, vainly trying to keep the horse's head and the boat above water, John collapsed, and had to be carried out in an exhausted condition by one of the Barotse boys. The mules, after swimming, wading and struggling through water and high grass for three-quarters of an hour, were absolutely done, and must have been drowned, but resting their heads on the branches of the trees, and their fore-feet on the water-washed roots, managed, with the help of two Barotse boys, to keep themselves together, till with the boat I led them out one at a time. It was dark before the last animal was landed. I was heartily thankful, and gave the boys who had worked so well many presents of calico.

I found John when I returned to camp entirely knocked up, having developed a serious dose of fever. The majority of our things were still on the opposite bank. Opaque thunder-clouds obscured the light of a rising moon, while the huge drops of rain clearly foretold what we might expect, and we were not doomed to disappointment. Ere I was safely in my temporary shelter the rain descended in torrents. I had sacrificed everything for the sake of the horses, and our things were left unprotected in the inclement weather. Both my servants were now ill, and I was left to perform, or leave undone, all the duties of groom, cook, and overseer, and feeling at the time knocked up.

The following day boys were despatched to assist in getting the other things over the river, whilst with little inclination to move, I remained in camp, my legs and feet aching with the effects of the blistering sun, which had the previous day poured down on my unprotected body. Whilst waiting at Samangala's kraal, Samangala came to see me, bringing presents, which he offered with the usual generosity of the Valovale nation, but expected from me a present of beads or calico worth twice the intrinsic value of his so-called present. His wife is a daughter of Nyakatoro. The animals were very tired by their prolonged immersion in the Lutembwe, and, like John, profited by the day's rest.

The Lutembwe valley and river, which still keeps on our right flank, about four miles from our track, is dotted with native villages. These huts are square, beautifully clean, and in several instances covered with picturesque drawings and paintings similar to those ascribed to the ancient Egyptians. Square-faced ancients, grasping in their right hands the three-forked trident, stand erect, limned in blue, red and black on the white-washed walls of the native artists. A famous Nimrod, bestriding what may be anything, attempts to force an entrance in the adjacent window, whilst nude forms, in shape as grotesque as their attitudes are vulgar, meet the eye at every turn. These paintings are of different dates, and

naturally could not exist on these temporary walls for a period exceeding a few years. Each hut is the home of a caged song bird of different colours, and when the owner pays a visit to a neighbouring kraal, his feathered companion accompanies him, the cage fastened to a stick and placed on the ground whilst the owner pays his call. Besides being a companion, the bird acts as a decoy in attracting love-sick damsels and equally unwary birds, for besides being a cage the home is a trap, and unsuspecting victims are attracted by their feathered brother that sings and seems so contented inside.

The four Valovale carriers who act as my guides are great liars. They exaggerate the distances from one camp to the other to suit their own conveniences, and would never, if left alone, travel more than nine miles per day. The ordinary mode of travelling here is by machilla, doing only about ten or twelve miles per day; then the traveller erects a camp and remains till the following morning. Consequently, our idea of doing twenty miles per day hardly harmonised with the wishes of my carriers, but I gave way a lot, chiefly because my men are out of condition. And Peter, though better, has been very ill, and very difficult to get along, as he was unable to sit on a mule or horse. Yesterday we travelled twenty-five miles. Through travelling without boots and stockings, I find jiggers very

annoying. Tom, who undertakes my extremities, is daily engaged extracting these pests; they have a most friendly habit of burrowing under one's toe-nails, and there depositing eggs, which hatch in a few days, if not removed in their turn, and soon your feet are simply eaten into holes by these prolific insects. To-day Tom had a good bag, and dug out four; usually he operates on Peter and John, and likens my feet to theirs, digging away as carelessly as a man would dig potatoes. I have seen the smallest child submit cheerfully to this treatment by its parent. I didn't.

For my carriers yesterday was a great day of laziness, lolling about the camp, playing the Kaffir pianos and flirting with the native women, who ostensibly come to trade food, but invariably sit with my smartest boys till driven away. The mules and horses improve very little in condition, though nightly they have cut grass and meal; the latter is very difficult, as the natives grow nothing but their mwanja for their daily food. The mules are devotedly attached to Nitre, and if they lose sight of him while grazing, their distress is most noticeable, neighing and scampering away in all directions. If Nitre is led down a steep bank at an agle of 45° pell-mell, like the wild horses in Macbeth, the mules will follow, rushing over the boys who lead them. Trekking the next day the Katalama Tunga Valley gave us

very bad marching ; for six dreary hours without off-saddling we were struggling in various depths of water and mud, and when we arrived at our camping-ground, the mules and horses were all completely knocked out of time. I tramped most of the way, followed by Sasa. The Lutembwe rises about ten miles north of our path, and in a part of the same valley. We crossed Mr. Bricker's wagon road that leads to Katendi, a few hundred yards east of our camp ; in fact, just as we left the valley at this point it was running north and south.

CHAPTER IV.

Kasheshe's kraal—A native doctoress—A bad dinner—Katendi wagon road.

In the afternoon I visited Kasheshe's kraal. His wife, another daughter of Nyakatoro, was busy operating on her child, an infant of about twenty months. I could not gather the name of the disease, but the lady was busy making artistic gashes with her knife on her child's cheek, resembling a star, and then extracting the blood by means of cupping. Three of these things were in use at the same time, on different parts of the unfortunate victim's body. The poor little chap groaned and struggled as the mother removed and applied the suction, but to no avail. I tried to induce the mother to desist, but with the usual result, and after various arguments we parted, each holding different opinions of each other. Kasheshe, the induna, was most affable and obliging, delighted to see the big chief from the Vagenji country; he knew I was a big chief, because I had said Nyakatoro was to come back to her village.

He would get me food. I heard a pitiable struggle in the hen-house ; bye-and-bye Kasheshe returned, closely pursued by an enraged hen, and carrying with great care three eggs. These were handed to John, who critically examined them, and after getting no ominous sounds from continual shaking, pronounced them all right. The induna was given five needles and one piece of thread for each egg, a fabulous price, but they constituted my entire menu for 7.30, and one could ill afford to be too nice. I gave Peter the material for dinner, which he eyed very suspiciously, whilst I tried to while away the intervening time by reading. Tom always waits on me at dinner. The dinner was served, I was invited to the table, the eggs were brought on a soup plate, and in Tom's unsteady hand were chasing each other over the smooth enamelled bottom. I counselled steadiness, enquired if anything was to follow, and receiving a negative answer requested Tom to remove the tops. His most strenuous efforts were unsuccessful, and, avoiding any unnecessary delay, I returned to my book. I felt for *their* sorrowing mother. .

After leaving Kasheshe's kraal all the streams flow north into the Kassai, or, as the natives term it, the Kasabi river. We are on the watershed, and if this country will only continue my journey will be considerably shortened and

more agreeable. Numerous small villages vary the changing scene. The natives rush to meet us, carrying their baskets of small fish which they barter for four to eight yards of calico per basket. Each village reeks with the stench of half-dried putrified tapi (fish), which are displayed on mats, exposed to the drying rays of the sun. The Lehana-kahna river, which we crossed next, is about ten yards wide, and rises about 30°, west from where we crossed. It flows into the Kassai and is quite a formidable river by that time. Nearly every boy is now armed with a bundle of fish, which bye-and-bye forms his food, and his capital for purchasing more. Day after day I am constantly stopped by the Valovale carriers about noon, who declare some inaccessible obstacle would prevent my travelling further that day: first there is no camp or village within twenty miles, or no camping ground within thirty. Each morning I have to threaten, storm and swear, to induce them to move before seven, till to-night I informed Sasa that if he did not get his boys (they are also immovable) and the Valovale carriers away without all my talk, I should take the loads from the Valovale, and send them home without pay. Sasa informed them of my intention, and now to-day, Thursday, every boy was ready and away by six.

After lunch, which we had in an old slave

camp, we found lots of stakes and yoke sticks, forked and bored, through which a stick or chain is inserted, to keep them on their victim's neck; and later we came up to a Portuguese half-caste, who had travelled from Kapendi to meet some wagons belonging to Mr. Bricker's friends, Black and Co. We travelled on together for a few miles and finally came up to his wagons, and I camped quite close. The three wagons were in charge of three kindred spirits to the man we had just met, and who strange to say could speak Dutch, at which John was delighted. This man informed me that they had traded a considerable quantity of rubber, but the nine wagons were not full yet. Our trekk to-day takes us quite close to the Kassai river. Savoloko's kraal, built on a large stream named the Kavalu, is within two miles, whilst the Katendi wagon road is also quite near and running parallel. We came on the road again on Friday evening, just before camping, but only followed it for a mile or two, leaving it quite early Saturday morning, and taking a west-south-west direction for Kalunga Kameya, where we hope to camp to-night. Peter, since his attack of fever, has developed a very sore white mouth. I have given him lotion, aperients and beef tea, but he is decidedly ill, and he did not arrive at this camp, which is quite close to the Portuguese fort, until nearly

dark, though the rest were in by 2.30. He will not ride, as it shakes him. We had breakfast at the source of the Chivomazi river, which flows into the Zambesi. This morning at 6.15 I saw a stream that was flowing north into the Congo river, and now at 9.30 I am in sight and quite close to a river that flows into the Zambesi, and so into the Indian Ocean.

CHAPTER V.

The Portuguese fort—Kangombe's kraal—Description of local natives—Peter still ill—A night with Mambari slave traders.

THE Portuguese fort, Kalunga Kameya, is built slightly on a rise, which does not prevent it from being a very unhealthy spot. The fort is very well constructed, but mounted with an old Nordenfelt gun, antique, dirty, and quite useless. The ditch and escarpment are wide and well built, but lacking entanglement of any kind. With the numerous bananas that grow and thrive so well, the place looks delightfully cool and picturesque, but for a fort such formidable cover is I think undesirable. The garrison, which consists of twenty native soldiers, seems well supplied with women and huts, and apparently have a very good time. The officer commanding is a second-class sergeant who was for some time at Kakengi, and has been in the country some years. He was very polite, showed me the fort and assisted to cross my loads in his fragile bark boat. John

is down with a chipped foot, so I have to drive the mules, cook my food and in fact perform the whole work of groom and cook. With Peter ill and John lame, it is most trying, and in a way I am glad there is very little to cook. I long for the country flowing with mealies and mabele.

The Portuguese Commandant came over to my camp last evening; he asked me first to dine, but later put me off, saying he had no food for dinner, a fair reason for erratic conduct. I had prepared no dinner, consequently at 6.30 found myself greedily devouring a heavy piece of bread and beltong, being only too glad to get this. To make up for not giving me dinner the O. C. sent me an aged rooster, and very young pineapple, both most acceptable. He is out of tobacco and pipes. I am too, and had hoped to have raised some here; instead I gave him some of my native tobacco, which is impossible to smoke in cigarettes. The name Kalunga Kameya is derived from a local chief who was killed by the Portuguese Commandant of this fort some four years ago. All these people are under Nyakatoro, and all are friendly to myself and party.

Peter this morning is no better; he can hardly speak, but refuses to ride, saying it will shake him too much, so I am leaving a carrier to come on with him. We are trekking along the source

of the Chongo river, a most pretty country, and our present camp is opposite to Kangombe's kraal, who has built on the other side of the river. No Peter has yet arrived, and I am having an idle day in consequence, being obliged to send boys back to find him. I cannot leave till he arrives, and I greatly fear he is very ill and unable to walk. I have spent the day flocking my saddle, writing and cooking. The Chongo river runs east and west ; it is not more than ten yards wide at this spot. Each bank for a distance of forty yards is swampy and wet. Here the natives who live further back in the bush daily prepare their mwanja by soaking it in pools. We have travelled up its course since leaving the Portuguese fort yesterday morn, and the same scene meets the eye at every turn. Villages with their four or five square-built huts, surrounded with verdant plants or bananas, seclude it from adjacent neighbours. Here each headman with his domestic circle eke out their existence, nothing to do save to pay friendly visits to their neighbours, there comparing the different beads, calico, or other traffic which they have obtained from passing caravans ; there they sit, smoke and jabber till sun-down, then saunter back to their homes to enjoy the food which their more industrious wives have, in the meantime, prepared. No domestic animals, save here and

there a goat, which they prize, and would hardly sell for anything except a gun or powder. The sun is down, and from these numerous kraals the smoke of the newly revived embers hangs low round the surrounding huts. The endless sound of drums takes the place of the stamp

Native women gathering mealies.

of the persistent pestle, which during the whole day has irritated one with its continuous thud. The villagers gather round their fires, and are eating their evening and only real meal. Their lives are the same yesterday as to-day, and will be the same to-morrow, and to-morrow twelve months. Their toil consists of cultivating land

sufficient only for the production of their daily food, their recreation in enjoying it. Their red-letter days are when they have bartered a small quantity of meal for a proportionately large quantity of salt or beads, and whilst the one idea of the women is to possess and decorate their hair, bosoms and necks with beads to a prodigious and grotesque extent, the ambition of their lords and masters is to purchase a gun, bind its barrel with brass wire, cover its butt with brass nails, and as religiously as they leave their wives at home, their guns will accompany them on every hunting expedition and on every call.

It was my wish to have seen Kangombe, who is chief of this district, but he has been away for four days. Sakangombe, a son, who came to see me and represented Kangombe, is decidedly a clever fellow. He came accompanied by his head induna, whose appearance was not prepossessing. They were delighted to see Sasa, and sent messages and presents to the Barotse King. It was quite dark before Peter arrived, and, as I expected, in a very sorry condition; his mouth, glands, and throat were very much swollen, and he is unable to swallow or eat. His entry into camp was not dignified, borne in a temporary machilla made from one of his blankets, which had drawn together by his weight, entirely covering him, and screwing him up into the smallest possible space. He was

very much exhausted, and had to be revived by bovril and brandy, whilst his mouth was washed and throat gargled by a lotion composed of zinc sulphate and potash permanganate. The following morning he was better and able to sit on my mule, and in the evening I saw him smoking a pipe, which very much raised my ire. Since then he has not been so well, and to-day, May 3rd, three days since his arrival into camp in the machilla, he has constantly ridden, and been fed with the best things which I possess, but with no satisfactory result, and as I am writing he lies groaning in an adjacent hut, I fear unable to recover. We arrived here, Mosiko, yesterday about one o'clock, having endured three hard days' travelling, a distance of 75 miles.

I had the pleasure of staying at the same camp as some Mambari slave traders on Tuesday night, two of the most scandalous-looking scoundrels one could possibly hope to meet. They are going to the Lunda country, and will return, I expect, before the wet season. I should like to meet them. Every day I see signs of the slave trade, the trees literally hung with the shackles which are used to put the hands of the slaves in at night, some of them large enough to hold three slaves. These are left behind often on the corpse of its unfortunate prisoner. In the hut which I am using to-day I found one of these fearful instruments of torture.

CHAPTER VI.

Fort Mosiko—Hospitality of the Commandant—Cooking operations—Rubber.

On arrival at Mosiko, after selecting our camp, and making myself presentable, I went to pay my formal visit to the Commandant. He is in appearance a typical city man, dapper, short and rather stout, with a great idea of making himself comfortable (also a city characteristic), and doing himself "good." Large quantities of mealies, beans and other native produce fill his numerous stores. His garden contains every vegetable, and even the dear old monthly English rose. With justifiable pride the kind hearted Commandant disclosed to me his numerous hobbies and industries. Irrigation has taken up a considerable portion of his time, and all the gardens are progressing under its influence. His garrison is a heterogeneous collection of natives from different sources. I again met two or three boys who formerly lived at Delagoa Bay, and were taken from there against their will and brought here. They receive little

pay—there is no real engagement—but they will remain here till too old for service. These Delagoa Bay soldiers came to me and complained that they were brought here against their will, and were anxious to return to their homes, but had no money, and were not allowed to do so. Calico is their substitute in place of money, and for that, and that alone, must give the work of a lifetime. The Commandant entertained me to dinner last evening, a marvellous feast consisting of ten dishes, which for a time I thoroughly enjoyed. He has given me tobacco, tinned meats, mealies, and, in fact, everything I can want. Since Peter's illness the duties of cook have devolved on Tom and myself. Tom does the common or garden portion—porridge, tea, and coffee; but when bread has to be made or beans or "bully" to be cooked, then my superior talent finds some outlet.

Whilst staying at Nyakatoro, Mrs. Schlinder gave me a few crude hints about cooking, more especially making cakes, and besides the hints I also received from her kindly hands some essence of lemon, butter, and aniseed. The other day, when waiting for Peter, I tried my hand, or, as they say in Rhodesia, "chanced my arm," and giving an enormous price for three stale eggs, proceeded to mix the compound according to Mrs. Schlinder's instructions. It

was not a success, and I found afterwards that it was three teaspoonfuls of baking powder I should have used, and not three spoonfuls of essence of lemon. John and Sasa ate most of the cake, and for two days complained of pressure under the "pinny." Determined not to be beaten, I tried again yesterday, increased the baking powder and reduced the lemon; as we are short of dishes, I had to mix the cake in the baking pot. The part that was not stuck to the bottom rose beautifully, but John had to rake and shake the pot to such an extent that the cake came to pieces. John says I should have greased the pot. This is the third day since leaving Mosiko, and I consider we have travelled very close on sixty miles. The going is very much better, but even now we constantly get stuck in the mud. The mules, headed by the guide, start first in the morning; Tom leads the first and the others follow. Peter is placed on the last, which is led by John, whilst Sasa and myself bring up the rear. The animals have mealies, and are now improving in condition, but up till now, with the exception of carrying Peter, they have been worse than useless. The journey from Lialui to Dr. Fisher's seems to have absolutely knocked them up, and John apparently gave them nothing but sore backs. Now they get 6lbs. of mealies per day, but I don't know how long that will

last. Yesterday we walked round the source of the Luena, and within ten miles I was pointed out the course of the Lungubungu, about 25 or 30 miles south of our course. To-day we have found the source of two small tributaries of the Lungubungu, whilst our camp is within ten miles of the source of the Linda, even at this distance quite a large river. Every day I am seeing traces of the slave trade. The wayside trees are simply hung with disused shackles, some to hold one, some two, three, and even six slaves; skulls and bones bleached by the sun lie where the victims fell, and gape with helpless grin on those who pass, a damning evidence of a horrible traffic. Some are buried and surrounded and covered with wood, marked by a piece of linen or calico tied to a pole stuck in the ground, which shows that the dead man was more than an ordinary slave. Yesterday we met two caravans, and to-day one, all proceeding to the Lunda country for their living merchandise. Some of them were carrying spare guns, some calico, others powder. Small boys and young girls were alike loaded with trading material, whilst the half-caste or Bihèan trader walked in the rear attired in a startling costume, rascality written on every line of his face. The Mambari do their marching by easy stages; they travel with their women, and regard the whole game as a picnic. Time is no object,

as under no circumstances would they return to Bihè till December or January. I had an opportunity of seeing the natives making rubber at the first stage to-day. About ten of them were camped under a shady tree, all armed with mallets. The roots are dug and collected, then soaked in water for a few days, and next beaten till they are flattened into a kind of pulp. The woody portion is then extracted, leaving the spongy film or bark, which is afterwards boiled for several days, till all the bark is extracted. The rubber is then rolled into sharp, thick sticks about six inches long and four inches in circumference. Constant pegging along, starting at 6.30, breakfast 9.30, starting again at noon, and steadily trekking till three, at three-and-a-half miles an hour, is beginning to tell. The carriers are getting footsore, the mules are getting tender hoofs, and my temper is steadily but surely getting worse. I should have arrived at another Portuguese fort to-day, but had to wait three hours for the last of my carriers. It happened to be the dancer. I had repeatedly warned him without effect. To-day I decided to thrash him, but after the first cut I couldn't see his back for dust. Sasa was more fortunate with a Valovale carrier who had hitherto complained at the weight of his load, and now sauntered up with 20 lbs. of rubber tied to his burden, the purchase of which

had detained him for an hour and a half; he received much the same treatment. I dislike such drastic punishment intensely, but to-day there was no other course. Peter is in the same condition and hasn't spoken for fourteen days. Altogether I have given him 35 grains of calomel, 8 blue pills and 10 Livingstone Rousers within the last week. I have seriously reduced my small stock of medical comforts for his benefit, and walked religiously since his illness, driving Peter, his mule, and John who leads it, in front. The Barotse boys leave him very much to himself, and I have to be everlastingly telling them to fetch him water, or build shelters for his comfort against the cold nights. They have no sympathy and no idea of making things comfortable. I have done what I can, and I must say I shall be glad when he is better.

The nights are decidedly cold, the temperature as low at times as 44° and 46°. The country is very hilly, and bush at times so thick that the mules have the greatest difficulty in getting through with their packs. They get bumped from one tree to another, and fancying it is their duty to contest each opposing obstacle, pu'l might and main as soon as there is anything to obstruct their road. Something has to give way, usually it is the pack, and the contents are scattered on the ground. But they are improving, and one or two will stop as soon as

they feel any strain and patiently wait till they are relieved and able to proceed. The horse is still unfit to ride, and, though constantly fed with mealies, has not been ridden since John's arrival. I am afraid he has had a severe chill caused by fording rivers when sweating. This morning we met another slave caravan, numbering in all 86. This is the third, all going to the Lunda country, and all for the same dastardly purpose. Again to-day several of the carriers were mere children, and the three Mambari traders as usual had their women. Most of their trading produce consists of calico, but I noticed a lot of spare guns and powder. They hardly recognised me in a dirty flannel shirt, veldt schoens, and trousers now short at the knees, but gave Peter, being mounted, a most polite salutation, much to Sasa's amusement.

CHAPTER VII.

A serious incident—Unfriendliness of natives—Another Portuguese fort—Small garrison—More signs of the slave trade.

When waiting for carriers at breakfast time an incident occurred which might have led to serious consequences. Several of the local natives came to our out-span to trade, amongst other things, some honey, which would have proved a most welcome adjunct to our kitchen luxuries. After a deal of haggling the owner agreed to accept some large brass wire, which is used by the women for arm and ankle ornaments, and in consequence of its weight is a very expensive article. It had not arrived when these exacting natives turned up with their produce, and they refused to wait. Returning to his kraal, the man met the Barotse carriers, who tried to induce him to bring it back to the camp, knowing how glad I should be for it ; the boy got frightened, put the honey on the ground and flew to his kraal. The carriers took up the honey and brought it with them to the

camp, saying that the owner was gone to fetch more and would be at the camp shortly. I accepted their statement. In a few minutes the boy emerged from the bush, but instead of bringing honey he advanced, accompanied by about fifty followers, all armed. First they accused the boys of stealing the honey, and on being informed that the honey was untouched and waiting their arrival, accused us of stealing one of their baskets. They advanced in an unfriendly manner, and threatened to shoot any carrier who passed. This was awkward, as our path lay exactly in their way. Determined to avoid a scene, and accompanied by Sasa and John, who gracefully and unasked took up a position of rear-guard, I went in the direction of the would-be raiders. I was not sorry to see them retire as I advanced. I induced Sasa to call to them and inform them that I did not want war, or their honey. They accepted one part of my message at once, but still continued to accuse my carriers and myself of stealing their honey, and intimated that they wanted my gore. A great idea then seized them ; they knew that three or four of my carriers had not arrived ; they would go and meet them and rob them in lieu of the basket and honey. These were their words. It happened that the loads of the hindermost boys consisted of John's entire wardrobe. This quite altered the complexion of the whole affair, and yelling for

the boys in camp, John and Sasa set off to the rescue of their belongings. John carried a twelve-bore shot-gun, with a bandolier of Lee-Metford ammunition; Sasa was armed with a Martini rifle, which he carried in a skin case (his ten rounds of ammunition was safely in his blankets). Sasa was always most careful. Tom snatched up my sporting Lee-Metford, but returned shortly very hot for the *ramrod*, while the rest, armed with assegais and axes, followed in John's wake, each urging the other to hurry up and each endeavouring to be last. Our carriers, seeing this motley army advancing, entirely mistook their pacific and friendly intentions, and dashing their loads on the ground, ran in the opposite direction as fast as their tired limbs would allow. Luckily they kept clear of the local native warriors, who, seeing the determined demeanour of Sasa & Co., did not attempt to carry out their unfriendly threat, but returned in the direction of their villages. It took a deal of persuasion to recall and collect the scattered carriers, but finally they all returned to camp, whilst Sasa and John, who had not yet discovered their incomplete and incongruous ornaments, talked very big, and threatened to exterminate the whole country if their blankets were molested. We resumed our journey together, and for the remainder of the day I had no trouble in keeping the carriers in their places. It is no unusual

incident for loitering carriers of passing caravans to be robbed and captured by the natives of the district through which we are now passing, and though we were at the time of our scare within twenty miles of a fort, its influence has no salutary effect. The day following this incident we stopped at the Portuguese fort, named Matota, so called from being erected on the Matota river. The Commandant at Mosiko had given me a letter to the sergeant-in-charge, and though the first impression I created, arrayed as I was in quite a decent garment for me, did not produce on the part of this official any great outburst of respect, the letter soon brought him to attention, and his kindness and diffidence afterwards was most marked and genuine. This kindly officer prepared a huge breakfast after the Portuguese fashion, killing for my special benefit a most old and respectable cockerel, one that must have heralded the dawn with its clarion note long before the Portuguese occupation, and now came to a desperate death, through the arrival of a stranger, who had come to spy out the nakedness of his land. The deed was done ; and whilst I tore his corpse asunder, his hospitable owner waited on me and apologised for its age. Our interpreters were not a success. I asked my host whether he had much fever at the fort, but misunderstanding me he dashed into the adjacent room and returned with his arms full of quinine, Warburg's tincture

and pills. He wanted me to take them all; in vain I tried to assure him that I had no fever; and finally I compromised matters by accepting a bottle of quinine. The fort is in a most healthy spot, large and roomy, well watered, high elevation, open country for firing zone, wide and deep ditch, sound and inaccessible escarpment. But, alas! he has no garrison. Three lonely, ill-clad and dejected native soldiers were the sum total of his establishment and the garrison of his fort included. No natives reside within several miles of the fort, and daily they are edging further and further away. I remained with my kind host only a few hours, and then, accompanied by Sasa and John, hurried on to overtake the carriers that had started some time previously.

It is a month to-day since leaving Nyakatoro. There is nothing new. The same hour I rout out John, the same hour for him to abuse the boys into a move, the same waste of time in the yawning and stretching, the same protracted period in rolling up the blankets and binding their loads as when we started a month ago. But I manage to get more work out of them than formerly, and now we are averaging twenty miles daily. Three hours' trek and two for rest, and again the same time trekking, and the day's work is practically speaking finished. When trekking, John, Sasa, his son and myself, pound along at a good three and a half miles an hour, irrespective of the

carriers, and generally the mules are off-saddled and grazing some considerable time before the last carrier arrives in camp. On arrival at our camping-place about three o'clock, the boys after resting collect firewood, cut grass for the mules and horse, and erect shelters for the night. The sun is down, and now the trees are lit up by the flickering camp fires. Divided into their own special group or gang, they cook their food, and after dinner chat away for an hour. One by one they arrange their blankets, and with their heads or feet almost in the embers, and rolled into ludicrous shapes, are soon asleep, awaking only to add more fuel or draw themselves, if possible, nearer to their dying fires. Every day I have one or two on the sick list, but with the exception of Peter there has been no serious case. He remains in the same helpless condition. With the greatest difficulty my poor cook is placed on our only rideable animal, and only kept there by threats and pleadings. Yesterday he fell from the mule, and when trying to put him back in the saddle he made a grab for a rifle that was near, and tried to shoot himself. Luckily he could not open the magazine before the rifle was snatched from him. For more than three weeks he has been in this helpless state, and I am longing for the friendly aid of a missionary whom I hope to meet in four or five days' time. Each passing day brings repetitions of these horrid wayside scenes. To-

day I saw the remains of five natives in every stage of decomposition. If five were visible from the foot-path, I dread to think the number that must have been dragged a short distance away and there despatched. One poor fellow had not been dead long. Lying by the remains of the fire he had ignited before his death, his gaping skull resting on his fleshless hands, his spirit had passed away without pain and without a struggle. No one ever recognised his life, no one mourns his death. Other remains are found ; here the skull is battered in by the trader's axe and the body clearly exhibits signs of the greatest torture and pain in the throes of death. Every sick man in a slave caravan who cannot walk is despatched in this way. In doing so they minimise the percentage of sickness and stop effectually any malingering. A man who knows that being unable to walk means instant death will do his utmost to struggle on to the end, thus often preserving his poor body for a worse fate. Occasionally I have seen proper graves railed in by upright stakes, and marked with a piece of the dead man's calico. One was surrounded by the effects of the deceased ; a pot, straw hat, a bottle, knob-kerry, and an old candlestick adorned the grave of one deceased native. This must be the resting-place of an induna or chief, or his industrious undertakers must have scoured the country for odds and ends, as an ordin-

ary native possesses neither hat nor candlestick.

It was with the greatest difficulty that I could induce the sick Peter to start this morning. First he refused to dress, or, rather, to put on his shirt; then between Sasa's persuasion, John's satire, and my orders we induced him to leave the hut. He drew a diagram of a grave on the floor, pointed with his finger upwards in token of immediate transportation thither, and made every endeavour to induce me to go on and leave him. Though he had really been a great trouble, and though he might possibly come on later with his nurse, one named Sterrick (which translated means strong), nothing would induce me to risk it. So telling John to call in the boys, Peter was removed by force. He was much stronger than John anticipated, and immediately he was carried outside the hut, he seized a formidable stick, and hit John no end of a jar on the head. John retreated, but the stick, with all the invalid's strength, was thrown after him, and was so successful in its pursuit that it somehow got between John's legs, causing his complete and undignified collapse. John's appealing look to me was met with roars of laughter. The situation was too funny. I called John back, and after telling Peter to stay and die, if he liked, he consented to be lifted on the saddle, John in the meantime evading Peter as much as possible, and

saying, "He is not so bad as you think, baas. See my head."

We started at last, John, Peter, the men and myself bringing up the rear. The course of the Quanza river was easily distinguished some fifteen miles on our front, and the country was completely changed—more valleys, less bush, more plains and fewer hills, till, at 3.30, we camped at the Portuguese fort of Quanza. Shortly after camping, John, Sasa and myself went to call on the fort officials, and found three white men busily engaged buying rubber from some twenty natives, who were shouting and jabbering in the fort. I introduced myself, and the Commandant, Senor Antonio Candido Laforte, was, as is every Portuguese, extremely polite. I was invited to dine, given mealies for the mules and tobacco for myself. I went back to the camp in time to find Peter in a state of collapse, so immediately opened a pint bottle of champagne, drank most of it myself, and gave my sorry cook the remainder. The result was marvellous. I was rather knocked up after a twenty-eight mile walk, and felt, as every confirmed drunkard occasionally feels, that I wanted something. The dinner at the fort was immense and various, and really a treat. Poultry, fish, and an excellent curry was followed by fruit, liqueur, coffee and cigars. Clearly the Portuguese are at home in this respect. The Commandant was of a different stamp to the Com-

mandant at Mosiko. Here I was asked my age, requested to state the history of my solitary medal ribbon, catechised regarding my uniform, and not provided with a napkin.

CHAPTER VIII.

Fort Quanza—Things look bad—A slave caravan—Arrival at Chisamba—The American mission.

THE fort at Quanza is situated on a most pleasant and picturesque site. The Quanza flows close on its east and south and north, forming almost an island and quite a peninsula. The fort is very much decayed, and, as far as I could see, very badly kept and in the most dirty condition. Horse, mules, and carriers were all crossed within an hour, and on the other side I met another huge caravan flying the Portuguese flag. The carriers were loaded with calico and spare guns, whilst the traders were decorated in the most gorgeous and grotesque of costumes. It was my intention to reach Chisamba the same day, but after travelling eighteen miles, I learnt that Chisamba was still far ahead, so decided to accomplish the first half of my journey comfortably the following day. Peter was safely stored in a hut, so the rain which fell heavily during the night did not harm him. We passed

several stores kept by half-caste Portuguese *en route* from the Quanza to Chisamba, and a large number of native graves, and some of the worst bogs on record. It was morning before we reached our destination, the horse and mules doing a five hours' march without off-saddling. The first white man I met on arrival was Mr. Currie, the head and most influential member of the mission. He was extremely kind, and ushered me at once into his comfortable house, gave me the latest papers to read, which were dated March 17th, and wherein I learned that Ladysmith and Kimberley were relieved, Cronje and 4,000 men captured, and other delightful news; and later Mr. Currie sat me in front of a clean, well-arranged table, and made me more comfortable in half-an-hour than I had been for weeks. The carriers did not arrive till three o'clock. Peter was better. I was tubbed and housed, my carriers were put in comfortable quarters, the fatted calf was killed, and the pleasure of greeting white men again was enhanced by the cordiality of the welcome of Mr. Currie and his colleagues.

The American mission has been established some nine years, Mr. Currie having had to bear the brunt of the work himself for the first period; and it is only within the last four years that his labours have been shared by two plucky Canadian ladies and a medical man and layman from the

same country. Chisamba is a small village, composed wholly of the American mission and its Christian natives, both male and female, the latter being under the charge of the two ladies referred to, the Misses Melvile. The boys are taught carpentering, brick-making, and blacksmith's work, besides their religious instruction. They have built comfortable square houses for themselves and their wives; they have led a stream some two miles from its ordinary course to irrigate their gardens, and have built several houses, including a gigantic school-room, for the general benefit of the station. I was taken to church last Sunday, and, though unable to understand the language, was equally surprised and impressed by the attention of the congregation, and the number who had travelled some fifteen miles to attend the service. Daily the surgery is opened, and night and morning some twenty or thirty natives avail themselves of Dr. Massey's kind sympathy and skill. By no means a sinecure is the trying duty of their medical adviser. Sometimes patients in the throes of death are for the first time brought for him to cure, whilst at other times, without any discernible complaint at all, a patient will daily block the doorway, in the hope of having a little attention and extra food. They fondly believe the thermometer is a part of their cure, and will return quite contented to their homes without further treatment

if this is only used. The other day the docto photographed a man who was in robust health he returned the following day for another dose saying he felt much relieved since he had watched the box. Altogether it is an agreeable sight t notice proofs of the good work that Mr. Currie an his associates have done, and in every way he i to be congratulated and should be encouraged The mules and horse have now plenty of mealies each of the former getting six pounds per day whilst the horse has eight pounds. The carrier are resting, and everyone is improving for th change. Daily I am busy writing letters an reports. I find it takes fourteen days for th mail to reach the coast, and about thirty from there to England in a fast steamer. There ar several stores kept by Portuguese within a radius of thirty miles ; each one has its little gold min in the shape of a distillery, the product of which the natives are often forced to take, in lieu o their wages. Fruit abounds, and I was regaled with oranges and limes. Bananas line the streets giving the place a delightfully cool appearance and affording excellent shade. The phonograph was in great demand, the chiefs coming great distances to hear. My trading goods, food and everything else, had dwindled to most inadequate proportions, and had not Mr. Currie helped me from his store, my return to Barotseland would have been uncertain. Besides this I am assisted

with two of his schoolboys for guides and carriers, two more I am to get from Konjunda, the local induna. These replace the Valovale carriers, whom I have paid and am returning to their homes.

CHAPTER IX.

Konjunda—A good native—Departure for Lialui.

KONJUNDA, the local induna, is a true type of a Bihèan—intelligent, industrious and autocratic. He had visited me on the day after my arrival, and was very much interested in the account of my journey. In former days he had "dabbled" a little in the slave trade; he knew every place I had visited and remembered the names of every man. He is now one of Mr. Currie's strongest and most influential supporters, whilst the majority of his close neighbours and followers have emulated his improved character. His kraal is about twelve miles from Chisamba, and it was there, on Tuesday night, 22nd, after saying good-bye to my kind and generous friends, I slept. Konjunda would in no way allow Mr. Currie, his spiritual adviser, to outshine him in point of hospitality. On arrival at Chichas, the name of his village, Konjunda came forward to meet me, and capturing my rifle escorted me to the most neat and comfortable of native abodes, con-

sisting of three rooms. A bedstead, of huge suggestive dimensions, was reserved for my repose, water and clean towels were waiting my attention, whilst in another room a laden table was ready to satisfy the inner man. Konjunda had removed every sign of his occupation, and for the

Bihèan women grinding corn.

time handed over his house and contents for my own special use. With many apologies for not providing more, several huge baskets of the most beautiful white meal were brought for my carriers, an ox was killed, mealies stacked for my mules, and no lack of any conceivable food was dis-

cernible. My offers of presents were kindly but firmly refused, with the reminder that I had a long journey before me, and should require all I possessed. I did not press the matter, as I knew his words were too true, but promised him a present when he arrives in Barotseland, where he will be journeying to see Lewanika.

The following morning, after dividing the meat and meal and giving Konjunda a haunch for his own use (a native custom), we started finally on our return journey. Our caravan, numbering in all about thirty, seemed quite a formidable party winding its way in Indian file over the adjacent hill. Thoroughly loaded with meal, meat, and mats containing the blankets of the Bihèan carriers, it was some time before we could get well under way. Konjunda accompanied me till mid-day, insisting in the meantime that I should use his machilla, whilst he trotted along by my side. John and the carriers were in excellent spirits, their heads were in the right direction, and soon they would be in Barotseland tending their pigs and cattle. In mentioning cattle, it was strange to see the Barotse boys quietly milking one of Mr. Currie's cows that had not been milked for five years, his boys affirming it was impossible as she was such a kicker. Now quite happy she stood over the crouching form of the naked Barotse giving her welcome contribution

to our mealie porridge, knowing quite well that no Bihèan novice was operating.

After Konjunda, with every sign of friendliness and respect, bade me good-bye, we trekked on about four miles, and then off-saddled for the night, close to the Lukuman river, which we had followed since crossing at mid-day.

I am now surrounded with a halo of sanctity. The carriers given me by Konjunda vie with those obtained from Mr. Currie in singing and other forms of divine worship, and this morning before starting a short service was held, when forces were united with a most agreeable effect. Since I was a mere child it has always been my lot to be associated with missions. My earliest introduction was to the mission box, which, covered with pictures of palm trees and grotesque forms, reposed, when unmolested by myself, on the hall-table. At times I would be the rejoicing recipient of three coppers from a zealous and fond parent, with the information that the poor missionary would derive untold advantages if two-thirds of my donation were placed in the box, and this would be done under the delighted eye of my mother. The remaining part of the day I passed in some secluded corner with the inverted box, till not only my two coppers returned to their rightful owner, but several other smaller but more valuable coins found their way into my private treasury. At other times when bed should have

been my retreat, I was dragged to a cold, dreary parish school-room, there to support the missionaries by my august presence. Here I watched the apparently stationary hand of the school-room clock, yawning away the two dreary hours that I was supposed to enjoy and from which to derive untold blessing. Once I had received sixpence for the collection, which remained in my pocket, and a penny by mistake afforded relief to the far-off helpers of our Church. I claim no credit for the last display of diplomacy, as the idea was conceived and prepared by a brother who shared the spoils, and to-day is sharing my hardships. Now I am looked upon by my zealous Christian carriers as a fully-fledged Moruti (missionary). The bogs, a refractory mule, and a bad liver will soon, I fear, dispel such unfounded illusions.

CHAPTER X.

The Quanza river—The Baluchazi—Kovongo's kraal—The rubber plant.

Two days from Konjunda's village brought us to the Quanza river, which appears at the spot where we crossed to be entirely different to what it was at the Portuguese fort some forty miles further up. Whilst at the last-named place the banks are high and well-defined, here one has to navigate nearly a mile of swamp and high grass on the west bank before the actual river, about forty yards wide, is discernible. Luckily for us the swamp was nearly dry, and the animals crossed it without much bother, but the river necessitated the use of boats. The Baluchazi chief on the opposite bank had to be courted and every term of endearment used, our family history fully explained, and references produced. He, the Chief Okewa, must have cash or its equivalent prepaid. Konjunda's boys explained that we were Vanjenji or Barotse people; then how did we get that

side of the river, was his ready rejoinder. That mystery being explained, and after half an hour's useless palaver, he consented to send one of his boats to fetch the calico in payment, and to bring our one, only one, Bihè boy to more fully explain our quest. Nothing could dispel the idea that we were Portuguese endeavouring to procure slaves. But the carriers' *tête-à-tête* vouched for our respectability. The horse and mules soon crossed after the arrival of more boats, and in half an hour all were on the east bank and preparing camp. Okewa soon dissolved and came and chatted away as if we had known each other for years. He was delighted to see people from Barotse, the Baluchazi were of the Vanjenji. Meal, mealies, and every conceivable form of native food was brought, including two fowls. The village came in force to see us off, the women shrieked and clasped each other when a mule shook his head, and cleared in all directions when one went towards them. We did a reasonable day's trek through a hilly country before reaching Choundua kraal. Here again their hospitality was most marked. Gifts of mealies came pouring in, and polite speeches on either side ended in sworn eternal friendship.

After leaving Okewa's we did a good trek of nineteen miles through a charming country, following the river Hundo. Each side of the

river the hills make a gradual slope to the banks. One might well fancy that the South-down Hills had been transplanted to Central Africa. We had breakfast at Kovongo's kraal. Kovongo is a big chief, and knows it, and it was some considerable time before he would choose to recognise that our visit was pacific; but finally things shaped themselves and Sasa's polite manners were at last appreciated, and Kovongo did us the honour of visiting the camp, where Tom was busily preparing the break-fast, which consisted only of mealies, porridge and bread and butter. This has been the extent of any morning's meal since leaving Nyakatoro, and I see no chance of improving it just now. The Baluchazi are a finer race than the Valovale. The women wear their hair long, coming down two or three inches each side of their head; on the top it is ornamented with small sea shells. They have intelligent faces, without the thick lips and broad nostrils so noticeable in natives as a rule. Their necks are covered with red beads and their ankles encircled with brass anklets. The principal food is mealies or chovongo, as the Bihèans term it. Nearly every kraal possesses its herd of cattle, whilst pigs are poking their dirty noses into every hut. They act as scavengers, and in that respect deserve attention. On arrival at Kovongo's kraal, after the usual salutation the indunas

retired for a private council of war, no doubt with the idea of determining what attitude they should pursue towards our visit. In a short space of time, during which period I was endeavouring to roll a cigarette manufactured from native tobacco, they returned, one carrying a chair, whilst two bore calabashes full of Kaffir beer. These they placed at my feet, first tasting it to assure me it was not poison. I was not very thirsty, so gave John and Tom the entire charge of it. The Kaffir beer is made from mealies, not arsenic, and, if not too new, is quite a refreshing and sustaining beverage, far better than half the injurious concoctions sold in England.

We are well in a rubber district now, and on approaching a kraal, the drum-drum thump of the native mallet crushing the root is constantly heard, though seldom seen, as on our near approach the majority of the natives seek refuge in the neighbouring bush till they are satisfied that our intentions are not hostile or rapacious. When assured that we mean no harm they return in a sheepish sort of manner by twos and threes, joining the one or two prominent headmen of the kraal, who alone have remained to "see it through," then join in the laughter against their own fear, and participate in the indaba or talk. The natives as a rule of the Baluchazi tribe are most intel-

ligent, and better clothed than the majority of their Valovale brothers. This is due to the fact that they are nearer the west coast, where calico is cheaper than it is possible to be in the interior, and, secondly, because they have a marketable produce in the shape of the rubber at their very doors, which they can barter for cloth and beads. Each district has its various fancies in the colour and shape of their fantastic beads, and whilst in Valovale there is a run on small red beads, here large white ones are very much worn, and a Baluchazi belle would willingly ignore and scorn to wear the fashionable garment in the shape of beads which the Valovale wear near the Zambesi. This also applies to calico ; in some places white is used, whilst here blue is the recognised aristocratic colour, and the women in this district resort to its use besides beads, which is not the case in the Mashengombe country. There, there is no mock modesty, and a string of beads forms the entire costume.

Tree rubber is far superior to the coast fibre, more easily worked, but, unfortunately, less plentiful. In the latter case the rubber tree or vine is cut, and the white milky juice collected and forthwith rolled into balls, or other shapes more suitable for transport. I am quite convinced that with proper treatment there is a future for the rubber industry of this country,

but should the present system of destruction be allowed, the rubber plant will soon cease to exist. It is possible with care to remove a large number of roots from under one plant, without seriously injuring the permanent growth of the plant itself. Natives have no thought for the future; their idea is to root up the plant, discarding and wasting the small roots, and when one district is destroyed they repair to pastures new, and there carry out their policy of wanton destruction. The political state of the country is different to any that I have visited. The Baluchazi recognise no direct head or king to their extensive kingdom. Admittedly, some indunas are larger than others, but a real and recognised head is neither recognised nor sought after. They build their kraals and surround them with trees, if there is no natural shade. Their cattle live in the same enclosure as their huts are built, and contribute materially to the filthy condition of the various kraals. Their gardens are often miles away from their homes, and thither daily the female portion of the village repair either to collect their grain or to prepare the soil for its reception. Since crossing the Quanza we have been well supplied with mealies and other native grain, but after to-day we shall see no more till our arrival in Barotseland. I am inclined to think the rain, like the poor, is ever with us. Yesterday morn-

ing I woke to hear it pattering on my temporary tent. It cleared up for us to start, and then came down in torrents. I was wet to the skin, cold and uncomfortable.

CHAPTER XI.

The Kwito watershed—A healthy locality—Source of the Kwando river—Sakavonga—A phonographic message to King Lewanika.

We are as yesterday still following the course of the Honda river, which we leave in the morning, and immediately strike the Quito or Kwito river. We are practically on the watershed of four large prominent rivers, all flowing in (as most natural) different directions. Roughly speaking the Honda, a tributary of the Quanza, flows north, the Kwito south-west, the Luando south, the Lungubungu east; the sources of all I think would be within a radius of fifty miles. It would be difficult to find a similar position in the whole continent.

I forgot to mention that by the time I left Chisamba, Peter was quite convalescent, but not strong enough to undertake the return journey on foot to Lialui. Mr. Currie is sending down later, and Peter till then will remain with the kind missionaries. He made a point of thanking me, and appeared quite touched, and

said he owed his life to me; that may or may not be, but at least he owes two pairs of boots which I wore out for his benefit. I am glad he will recover, and feel quite proud of my nursing capabilities. The doctor at Chisamba said my treatment was perfect, though the liberal use of calomel was rather excessive. This I am certain is mere jealousy, as I never gave Peter more than twenty grains at a time, and on only one occasion did I prescribe a dose more than twice a day! Another of my personal servants has developed the usual complaint, and is unable to carry his load, or attend his daily vocations, so again I am delayed. We are travelling through a totally different country to any I have seen since leaving the Batoka in November. High hills or low mountains are duly ascended or descended to cross some small river or ascend another similar stream. To-day we were the whole morning crossing one of these obstacles, as it was on the summit some ten miles under a beautiful plateau, sandy, full of rubber, healthy and most picturesque, but lacking unfiltered water. Whilst trekking we met a huge caravan loaded with rubber, some sixty carriers. Estimating the value at 3s. per lb., and each carrier carrying 60 lbs., would make the caravan worth £180. This afternoon a man brought a small quantity which he wanted to dispose of for a cooking pot. I

wanted a sample of the Kwito rubber and offered him calico for a very small quantity, but nothing would satisfy him but a cooking pot. Finally he left in a hurry closely pursued by his rubber.

Yesterday the small rivers were flowing south to the Kwito. To-day we are out-spanned close to a large stream flowing north into the Lungu-bungu. The Bihèan carriers are up to the present doing well, carrying the 60 lbs. load for seven hours daily, and then when the sun has like-wise completed its daily task, they come to my tent, and settling round my fire, hold their daily service. I cannot understand a word, and whether they are sincere or not I am unable to judge, but anyhow they do their daily duty cheerfully and well, and I trust their religious convictions are as thorough.

After a very trying day, in which we covered twenty-eight miles, we arrived at the Kwando river; the carriers stuck gamely to their loads, and except being a little late, and consequently uncomfortable for the night, are nothing the worse for their long day. After ten days' hard walking, without intermission, the fact that they can cover nearly thirty miles carrying their 60 lbs. load, not including food, which weighs another 10 lbs., speaks volumes for their endurance and strength. I was completely knocked up carrying my compass only, and was

exceedingly glad to have a feasible excuse in the shape of a visit from Sakavonga, the chief of this district, to delay my usual early departure. This worthy, with his numerous staff, came on my special invitation to hear the phonograph, and sent a return message to King Lewanika. He was delighted with the novelty, and sent quite a respectable loyal message to his lord and master. The Baluchazi women also attended in great force, having for once left the rubber to soak in the Kwando. Daily we are meeting caravans going west, loaded with the local produce. Yesterday Sasa was overjoyed to see some Barotse boys who were going to Benguella loaded with rubber belonging to a half-caste Portuguese trader living at Kalomo, a rubber trading station which I hope to reach in four days' time. They paid their chief more attention than has been bestowed on him for many days, and seemed delighted to see men from their own country. The country is extremely pretty, and one forgets, surrounded by the numerous wooded mountains that rise and fall on either side, that one is in Central Africa. Bracken and a kind of heath are frequently seen, and one looks for and expects to see the usual occupants in the shape of the English rabbit looking over the tops in the morning sun. But in vain one looks for such welcome vermin, which now, in the scarcity of meat, would be

most opportune, and the most useless thing which I have carried is a shot gun. With the exception of the unfortunate duck that fell a victim some few weeks ago, no other game has been seen, and in vain I have looked for some trace, till to-day, when I saw the spoor of a sable antelope, which had visited the Kwando for its morning drink. The source of the Kwando, which we crossed this morning, is in the side of a hill. The valley through which it first winds its course is pretty in the extreme: each side an open space two or three miles wide meets the eye, while further away hills and thick forests terminate in a gradual slope. The banks are lined with small tempting camps, the casual dwellings of the rubber grubbers. The waste of this precious root is most apparent.

"John, have you fed the mules. Tom, box up the fire," is the first greeting that daily at 5.30 a.m. comes from the two waterproof sheets which conjointly have formed my temporary tent and dwelling-house for the last three months. These questions are usually answered in the affirmative, and adjusting a worn-out uniform of khaki serge, helmet, boots and other garments in a similar state of decay, completes my toilet. The boots, or rather the shoes attached, deserve some sort of description. They are of native make and origin, and formerly in their more useful state played their part in

the permanent country of the sable antelope. The leather was tanned in the same crude way and by the same enterprising natives as they were made. If simplicity is perfection, then the said shoes are indeed hard to rival. Two pieces of leather, sewn together by small strips of the same material, form the whole. No last was ever used, and to insure their shape they adorned the lower extremities of the local shoemaker for a week before they became the becoming property of myself. They have this advantage, that when John and the mules stick in the numerous bogs I walk serenely and safely over. Even this virtue has its drawbacks, for the other day when walking in front to test a treacherous piece of ground, which I unhesitatingly pronounced sound, John, the mules, Sasa and Tom, who followed in my steps, sunk in the mire, and for two hours, assisted by the remaining carriers, we were hard at work extracting those unsuspecting victims. Since then I have walked in the rear. After my toilet, cocoa, bread and butter (if I am lucky), before a blazing fire, as the mornings are extremely cold, and then, after numerous appeals, threats and what-not, the caravan gets under way. I remain till they are all on the move, then forging ahead, pass the carriers one by one till John is overtaken, who started first with the mules next the guide. Three and a half miles

an hour for three hours, and then breakfast. I get down to my diary, map my route, tend the sick and footsore, superintend my only meal—we will call it dinner—and interview the local chief if he is at home; such is a general routine, and upon state occasions a wash. Harding was a marvellous fellow in this respect; for four or five days he would go dirty quite comfortably. Then suddenly, without any rhyme or reason, he would say, "Tom, bring me water to wash." Tom, with a most incredible and bored look, would fetch the disused dish, and Harding, regardless of the effects of fever, would remove his shirt, and disregarding my protests, unheeding my cautions, would pursue this suicidal policy as if he enjoyed it. Thank goodness he has returned to Lialui, and now I am saved from such shocks. Some day, perhaps, he will remember my advice.

CHAPTER XII.

News of Sergt. Macaulay—The meeting—Kalomo—Arrival at Lialui—A letter from King Lewanika.

For two days we followed the Kwando river before taking an easterly course, and after passing through some twelve miles of bush and valley, came to the source of the Kubangui river, and breakfasted two miles from its source at Munele's kraal. Here we heard the gratifying news that Sergt. Macaulay was at Kangomba's kraal, looking for myself and party. I can hardly describe how delighted I was to hear of his welcome arrival, for our meat and meal were finished, and the other necessaries were in the same unsatisfactory condition. The Barotse boys were no less elated than myself at the prospect of again seeing their friends, and enjoying the sound of their natural voices. It was a most excellent pick-me-up. Having no mwanja flour did not matter now, and shouldering their loads without being told, the carriers started away with tails erect for Kangomba's.

That day we trekked twenty-two miles, and the next twenty-seven before Kangomba's kraal was reached. On the road I had an amusing incident with a native, who had just arrived from the former place. He was at once interviewed and questioned about the arrival of the ocindele, or white man, at Kangomba's, and in reply assured us that no white man was there. I was sketching at the time, and getting irritated at our cross-questioning, he replied, "Why don't you look in your book, and see what that speaks?" I told him I had looked, and it said that when the sun was down I should meet a brother, and producing a sketch of Macaulay, said, "Here he is." He was delighted, more so than Macaulay would have been, and said, "Truly that is a white man. Still, my heart tells me there is no one where you seek, but perhaps he is coming." The Mabunda was right, and at sundown, on arrival, we found that Macaulay had been there three days previously, but had returned. This was a sore disappointment to everyone, and I could not understand Macaulay's haste to return, until the following morning, about eleven, Kangomba strolled down to the camp in a casual manner, bearing a letter stuck into a split stick. Our greeting was soon over, and grabbing the letter, found that Macaulay had returned to Kalomo, a place some eighty miles

distant, where he would again make enquiries and try to get some information of our party. Apparently he had become very uneasy about my safety, as the country through which we had passed was most unsettled.

Three days' hard walking, and by sundown we reached Kalomo, and my hand was warmly shaken by my delighted non-commissioned officer. Macaulay and I had not met since January, and naturally our pleasure on seeing each other was mutual. He brought me home-letters and numerous papers, my first direct news since November. I learnt that Harding had arrived safely at Lialui, and acting on his wish Macaulay had at once started on foot to meet me, and so well had the time of my expected return to Kalomo been kept, that I had arrived only three days later. Macaulay had walked 250 miles, under most trying circumstances, and I shall ever feel grateful for his kindly self-denial and exertions on my behalf. This is quite outside the ordinary duty of a British South Africa policeman. We remained three days at Kalomo, buying food and accepting the hospitality of the Barotse induna who is stationed here. The Portuguese trader who lives here has evidently traded a considerable quantity of rubber, for besides meeting a loaded

NOTE.—Sergt. Macaulay has since been promoted, and after obtaining a commission in the Barotse Native Police was made a District Commissioner.

caravan *en route*, I noticed that his store wa full. Ten days' hard, uninteresting walkin brought us to the Barotse Valley and Lialu where I was welcomed by a most flattering lette from King Lewanika, who sent boats unde the control of his principal induna to meet me "You have travelled far and are back safe my heart is glad for your safe return"—so ra Lewanika's letter from the Barotse Valley Mongu, our head-quarters, is quite close. I ha previously sent Harding a message, but as th messenger loitered on the road, I reached th camp first. Harding was on the verandah looking fearfully ill and very much worrie about my safety, as since leaving us at Nyaka toro, in March, he had had no news.

As I have before mentioned, the distanc from Nyakatoro to Bihè was estimated befor starting for my journey at 560 miles; by th road which I travelled I consider it not mor than 522 miles, whilst the distance from Chisamba to Lialui is 568 miles, a total of 1,090 miles. Th distances are made up as follows :—

From Nyakatoro to Kalunga Kameya (Portuguese Fort) ...	255	miles.
From Kalunga Kameya to Mosiko Fort	64	,,
From Mosiko to Matota Fort....	125	,,
Matota to Quanza Fort	43	,,

Quanza to Chisamba Mission Station, Bihè	35	miles.
Total.....	522	,,
Chisamba Mission Station to Kalomo West	356	,,
Kalomo to Lialui, Barotseland ..	212	,,
Total.....	568	,,
Total Mileage from Nyakatoro to Chisamba, and from Chisamba to Lialui, Barotseland 1,090		,,

During the journey we trekked 55½ days, making a daily average of 19.6 miles per day. The remainder of the time between April 13th, the day we left Nyakatoro, and June 20th, the day we arrived at Lialui, was taken up with interviewing different chiefs and our stay at our kind friends the Missioners at Chisamba Station.

The day after my arrival at Lialui, Lewanika and his principal indunas came over expressly to thank me for taking the journey, and to congratulate me on my safe return, as he remarked: "No other chief has seen my country like you, and from my heart I thank you." Again I would mention the services of Sergt.

Macaulay, and my great appreciation of hi kindness and help to me from the time whe I met him at Kalomo on my return journey Harding during my absence had had continua attacks of fever, which accounted for his sickly

The day after my arrival at Lialui, Lewanika and his principal indunas came over expressly to thank me for taking the journey.

appearance that struck me on my arrival. Sasa returned to his home, and since that journey has never attempted to make another, but prefers to rest on his laurels.

The indunas who refused to proceed with me when leaving Nyakatoro for the source of the

Zambesi were reported to Lewanika, and he severely punished them, and besides made them pay five head of cattle, two of which he kindly gave to me with the remark: "I do not think they will again disobey you."

NOTE.—Sergt. Macaulay is now District Commissioner of the Kasempa District.

III.

July to September, 1900

Colonel Harding's Journey from Lialui to Victoria Falls, Kalomo, Monze, the Zambesi and Junction of Kafue Rivers

CHAPTER I.

Arrival at the Victoria Falls from Lialui—Gifford Moore's hospitality—Journey to the Batoko Plateau—Farming prospects.

AMONGST the letters which I received on my return to Lialui from the west, was one containing the wish that I should start without delay for the Zambesi below the Falls, and another that I should proceed along the road to Wankie, whilst King Lewanika was very keen that I should pay a visit to the Mashukulumbwe country, where, according to native evidence, internal and extensive broils took place daily between one tribe and another. It was impossible to carry out the wishes of all my friends, so, accompanied by Sergt. Macaulay, I decided to visit the Zambesi, taking the Falls, Kalomo and Monze *en route*, going as far as Kazungula by boat, and arranging from there for horses as my means of transport during the other part of the journey.

The two days spent at the Falls were of a most enjoyable description. Moore, who was in charge, came with me to N.W. Rhodesia last October,

and, strange to say, we had not met since tha time. He was most kind and hospitable, fed m up with milk and eggs, provided two good horse for my further journey, and solved the difficult of further transport by giving me six donkeys an a cart. It is a well-known adage that to look gift horse in the mouth is bad form, but I am con vinced that had I devoted a little attention t the dessle-boom of the cart, and reviewed, how ever cursorily, the bits of patchwork designate by Moore as harness, I should have refused hi kind offer with thanks, and saved the energeti and hot-tempered Sergt. Macaulay, who wa accompanying me, a considerable amount of hard work and equally strong language. I acquainted Macaulay with Moore's acquisition, and directed him to get ready and start the following morning. He was not so enthusiastic as he might have been, but too polite to offer any remark. I had not viewed the donkey cart or harness, but took everything for granted, until I arrived on the scene, when the following morning Macaulay, Moore, and a score of natives were trying to fasten the raw hide and string designated as harness on the patient donkeys. I thought that Macaulay was delaying a considerable amount of time before getting away, but my irritable temper was soothed immediately by seeing him struggling with a donkey, unravelling the intricate bits of confused leather, and vainly endeavouring to get

Sioma Rapids (Zambesi River between Lialui and the Victoria Falls).

the animal to direct some of his interest from the surrounding tufts of green grass to his leather fetters, but all to no purpose ; rope traces of no uniform length, except that they were all too short, a short end of unbrayed hide for halter and blinkers combined, and a wallet strap for collar and breast-strap, completed the harness ; breeching there was none. I ventured to bring this discrepancy under Moore's notice, but my uncalled-for criticism was soon squashed by Moore's knowledge of such things, and in the course of two hours the animals were inspanned, and driven out at a trot by our " universal provider." After Macaulay's departure with his irregular team I decided to wait a day or two before attempting to catch him up ; consequently, I remained the following day at Moore's hut, and left amidst every good wish for my journey. I had no idea of overtaking the donkeys that night, but, sticking to my blankets, intended to sleep about ten miles from the starting point. What, then, was my surprise when, after performing about half of my expected journey, I found Macaulay's caravan toiling painfully along, the donkey's shoulders and sides raw with the rubbing of the knotted harness, and, thanks to a cracked dessle-boom, the back part of the cart within a foot of the sandy road, and the after donkeys nearly in mid-air. We camped that night where I met this funeral procession, and the next morning,

by the aid of the skin of an eland, the fractured dessle-boom was securely fastened, the donkeys re-arranged according to their merits, and a fresh start under more favourable circumstances ensued. Besides the ordinary duty of seeing and holding indabas with natives *en route*, we were

Kit inspection of Barotse Native Police.

busy recruiting for the Barotse Native Police, and with such success that before arriving at Kalomo five days later, we had selected thirty or forty Napoleons in embryo, who were very fine, well-set-up men, and all most keen for their future employment, being especially anxious to don the

Barotse Native Police—Bayonet exercise.

smart uniform at once and to be armed with a rifle without delay. They little knew what was in store for them before such requests were acceded to. The days of right and left turn, the weeks of "fours right" and "fours left," and the months of wheeling and marching before they would be trusted with a rifle, or allowed to wear a uniform; but after a time the tuition of warlike evolutions is to the patient instructor a pleasure. The natives are keen to a degree, get really fond of their drill, and well repay the trouble taken with them. They are never still, and after returning to their huts from parade, will invariably seize a stick or some weapon resembling a rifle, and rehearse the manual or firing exercise. A good idea in trying to make them distinguish the right from the left is to exemplify your wishes by referring to the hand they eat their food with, viz., the right.

On arrival at Kalomo the recruits were dispatched to Lialui.

Nowhere in South Africa have I felt the cold to the extent I did whilst staying at Kalomo for those few days. The camp is on a plateau of some 5,000 feet, with no trees to break the north-easterly breeze that regularly sweeps the summit of this barren spot. I constantly found myself shivering with the cold under a sweater and fur coat.

The Batoka natives are different in habit and

custom in several ways to the Barotse. They are less used to cattle, have little knowledge or inclination for husbandry, but invariably migrate to Bulawayo for work, returning to their homes in the course of a year, attired in every conceivable grotesque garment, with a vocabulary full of pernicious adjectives which have been diligently repeated and used by the white "bosses" under whom they have worked. The male population are of fine physique, and in their ordinary costume of calico, or clad in the skin of a wild cat or hyena, produce an artistic effect. The women are extremely moral even for natives, providing we accept polygamy as no breach of morality; and whilst the Barotse are known to emulate the Roman matron in taking abortives manufactured by themselves, the Batoka ladies seem to rival each other in the competition for the production of small Batokas.

In spite of the cold, which, as I have previously mentioned, is intense, the Batoka plateau, which is about fifty miles square, would prove an excellent investment for the farming community. Good water, good grazing and the healthiest of climates, in a district some 4,500 feet elevation, with excellent shooting for the keenest of sportsmen.

CHAPTER II.

Departure for Monze—Usefulness of donkeys—Inhumanity of native methods of slaughter—Capt. Carden—Fever and its preventatives—Monze suppression of slavery—Tozzo.

AFTER two days' rest at Kalomo, during which I inspected the new camp, whilst Macaulay strengthened the dessle-boom with brass wire, we left for Monze with our team and a few fresh carriers. Travelling over the best of roads newly made, enjoying the best of shooting, the four days' journey was a delightful picnic. The donkeys, fed with mealies night and morning, surpassed themselves, doing the eighty odd miles without turning a hair ; no unseemly demonstrations in harnessing now, no high-flown adjectives from Macaulay, the old sores were healed, and eager for their mealies they would never leave the cart when outspanned. No man who has ever used donkeys with any consideration will abuse them ; no animal repays extra feeding and kindly attention more than the much-abused donkey ; they never stampede, a native can drive them, and they never seem to die ; one grows quite

fond of them and their patient demeanour under any circumstances.

Within a few miles of Monze camp we shot a zebra ; it was alone, and seeing our horses immediately came to inspect his fellow quads. It is very poor sport killing such lovely animals, and immediately after the deed one feels a bit ashamed and guilty of doing an unsportsmanlike action ; and seeing this grand beast with its broad diagonal brown and white stripes lying struggling in the last throes of death, even then free from vice or wish to harm. Of course, the natives were delighted ; they were short of food, and in an incalculably short space of time the zebra was skinned and divided amongst its hungry consumers. All natives revel in destruction, and yet they are not all cruel ; in this respect they are a personified enigma ; if allowed they will carry fowls suspended from a stick head downwards for days, and never think of giving them food or water, and when ordered to kill them, in all likelihood would pluck the unfortunate birds first. I remember on one occasion being presented with a pig from some admiring induna ; I ordered Peter, who volunteered the information of his ability to do so, to kill it. Shortly afterwards I heard the splashing of boiling water, the fiendish jubilant cries of the butchers, and then a squeak-squeak in prolonged agony from the scalded half-dead animal. My wrath knew no bounds, and

Major John Carden and detachment of Barotse Native Police.

Peter (who is a Christian and should have known better) took his meals in a standing position for a month. But when one reflects that a few years ago, or even now at times, unfortunate women, if detected, are captured, tied to a stake and burnt for no other crime than surmised witchcraft, the astonishment is not so profound, and the desire to doubt such atrocities greatly lessened.

We arrived at Monze to find Capt. John Carden, the energetic O. C., aproned and affectionately handling the hoof of a docile salted gee, under the pretext of, as he informed me, tacking on a shoe ; of course, Carden saw me coming, and wishing to appear energetic, had seized an apron and the horse's hoof from the perspiring blacksmith and assumed this industrial attitude. We were glad to meet, after a lapse of nearly two years. Capt. Carden with his little garrison has been at Monze nearly eighteen months, and during that time had done excellent work, in spite of the malarial microbe that thrives and vegetates with unparalleled vigour round the spot selected, with more haste than consideration, by his predecessor as a suitable site for a permanent fort. Only a few months ago the indefatigable Sergt.-Major Norris succumbed to black-water fever, and no less than two fellow troopers are laid to rest in the neat, sad enclosure, whom Sergt.-Major Norris had previously helped to inter. Fourteen others were invalided to Bulawayo a few days prior to my

arrival. Truly you might say of an up-country B. S. A. policeman, that his life is a campaign, his home a camp, and his existence one continual war against the common, unrelenting enemy, fever ; an enemy destitute of mercy, prodigious and unconquerable. There are no prizes for the successful, no glory for those that succumb ; his name appears in orders as a matter of course, and is forgotten ere the news of his untimely end reaches and lays prostrate his sorrowing relations at home. How different would the feeling be if out of half a company drawn from any line regiment fifty per cent. were invalided home, and ten per cent. were to succumb ; debates in the House of Commons, questions in the House of Lords, columns in *Truth*, and leaders in the *Times* would be the consequent result. The Secretary for War would be abused like a pickpocket, and the War Office authorities would be threatened with extermination ; here it is the usual result, the natural outcome and finish of a foregone conclusion, and no one is horrified. That a pioneer force has its advantages is an undisputable fact ; the troopers shoot, fish, and are allowed far more latitude than is the case at Bulawayo, and receive other advantages unknown to the depôt troop, and I have no doubt that the mortality and sickness could be curtailed by obvious conditions and improvements. No man, for instance, under the age of twenty-five should be allowed to serve north of

the Zambesi ; impaired constitutions, either by excessive alcoholic stimulants or pernicious sensual intercourse, should be immediately tabooed, and not, as I believe, encouraged, men being often sent to this country with the view of disposing of an objectionable character. Stationed in the country the men should be constantly on the move, with their minds fully occupied by various incidents and amusements, and their constitutions supported by the best food procurable. Large airy huts, accommodation for two at the utmost, with stretchers and mosquito nets, should be part of the recognised furniture, and their constant use a standing order ; and when travelling tents should be always carried and constantly used. Hot baths when possible will often stave off an impending attack of malaria, whilst cold dips in inviting streams, putting aside the possibility of crocodiles, are dangerous, and have a tendency to encourage and foster the fever in its early stages. We are liberal with our brandy and champagne and other restoratives, but never think of providing pyjamas, blankets and mattresses for hospital use ; yet these things are more essential and at times go further to improve the patient's welfare and comfort than the choicest wine or the oldest spirit.

My two days at Monze were completely employed in taking over the station, and making arrangements for Capt. Carden and his garrison

to leave the country. By this time they are on their way, and Macaulay and his Native Police fairly established in a more healthy spot, where he is deputed to carry out the duties of the late troop.

Monza is the chief of the district, and an induna under the Barotse oligarchy ; he paid me a visit immediately after my arrival. He came clad in a heterogeneous costume of discarded police uniform, wearing boots which must in their tightness have inflicted tortures equalled only by the boot of historical reputation. With him, also attired in incongruous habiliments, came other indunas of smaller repute and personality. Some brought meal, others fowls, whilst a more thoughtful Batoka came carrying a huge pot of kaffir beer, their native beverage ; these offerings were all placed in a row at our feet opposite the donor, and the usual hand-clapping, the Batoka salute, being concluded, Monza was introduced to myself and the King's indunas who were accompanying the expedition.

The visit of the Barotse indunas was not hailed with any exuberant demonstration by Monza and his followers, who had collected to greet me as the Governor *pro tem.* of their country. Without ignoring the prerogative of the King, I explained to Monza that Lewan-

NOTE.—Since writing the above the White Police have been substituted by Native Police in Barotseland.

ika was under the same Government as himself, was a child of the same father, who built in the same country, but that the Barotse King was an older child and, consequently, a larger man in official eyes than Monza himself. "Yes," he replied, "that is good; but why should I pay tribute to Lewanika when I am under the White Queen? Does Lewanika pay tribute? I am a Batoka; I lay my presents at the feet of the White Chief." In vain I suggested that he could send a present to Lewanika; he was obdurate, and, after promising to provide carriers and an induna for my future journey, adjourned to a shady tree, where an animated discussion was held, which the Barotse indunas, with more discretion than temerity, thought wise to ignore.

Sending on my loads with the interpreter, who had recently sought employment at our hands, in charge, I decided to wait at Monze camp and overtake them in a couple of days, during which time I was overwhelmed by the kindness of Capt. Carden: everything in the fort, private or otherwise, was at my disposal, till at last I felt positively ashamed and unable to accept more from the kindly hands of my host. Cameras, books, furniture and wine were pressed upon me. We talked and compared hunting notes to the small hours of the morn, and then retired to dream of bygone runs and happier times spent in the shires. We had hunted in the same country

and jumped on the same hounds, received and recollected the accompanying adjectives which came from the same enraged master, adjectives used advisedly and deservedly. I read the latest war news, admired and envied the pluck and spirit of "Tommy," and felt grieved for the many good, intrepid fellows who had ridden straight to hounds and straight to death. I read with amusement the wailings and onslaughts against "bully beef," and thought the men who deserve pity are not those who *can* eat the preserved Libby and grumble, but rather those are deserving of sympathy who can find no beef to eat, and those who, possessing it, are too ill to consume it. I saw the sketches of beautiful women and others dispensing tea and luxuries to the wounded officers, and thought how they, poor fellows, must long to be again at the front.

After procuring three good horses and saying good-bye to Carden and Macaulay, I left as arranged, two days after my interpreter and carriers, and, accompanied by a mounted native servant named Breakfast, rode out on August 5th, eventually overtaking the carriers after a forty-three mile ride late in the afternoon. A most welcome sight after my long ride was to see the tent pitched, dinner prepared, and my usual sun-down tonic in readiness on the table. The interpreter, who rejoices in the name of Tozzo, is an educated native, formerly in the employ of

the Nanzela Missions, and I regret that his leaving his late employers caused them some unpleasantness.

He is of massive bulk, speaks four Kaffir languages as well as the natives, whilst his English generally is better than that of some white men

Breakfast.

whom I have met this side of Rhodesia ; he is a bit of a cook, and altogether a handy man. Breakfast, the groom, is an old servant of Capt. Carden's, superbly dressed, immaculately clean, and possessing a wardrobe, the wonder of his companions and envy of myself. The word com-

panion is a misnomer. Breakfast has no one, and can find no one, of sufficient tone with whom he can, without injuring his social position, mix ; his other good qualities are still hidden, and I am daily getting anxious and hourly hoping to find them. Besides the above-mentioned autocrats, accompanying me as a body-guard, are ten of the Barotse Native Police and four indunas of high repute, who were sent by Lewanika to represent and personate his august majesty. For carriers we have secured some of Monza's followers ; these, thirty in all, were lightly loaded with sundry trading material, rations and personal kit. Breakfast had retained his own personal staff, who came perspiring under the weight of sundry brown boots reeking with newness, and burdened with blankets of various hues and designs of the best quality.

CHAPTER III.

Reasons for patrol—Batonga tribe—Burying rites—River scenery—Unauthorized "police"—Rhodesian labour—Friendliness of natives—Hippo—Dangers of boat travelling at night.

In a previous chapter I mentioned that on my return from Bihè I received instructions to arrange with the Native Commissioner living in the Sebungwe district, which is bordered on the north by the Zambesi river, to meet me at a certain spot, and, assisted with a section of Native Police, to work conjointly with this official, who would at the same time patrol the southern bank and capture the natives who had migrated to my district, with a sensible view of avoiding the payment of hut-tax. This is collected annually from all natives south of the river, whom I should drive back by patrolling the northern bank. The originator of this patrol, after giving a graphic and exaggerated prognostication of the beneficial results likely to result from its successful performance, at once applied for six months' leave; this was granted, and

after taking the greatest precautions in advising me of the proposed scheme, he left without taking the trouble to acquaint his successor of the proposed plans, or of the time of my proposed visit; in fact, issuing no instructions to him whatever. Consequently, when I arrived on the river, a distance of eighty miles from Monze, which was covered with the speed of an energetic travelling courier, I found no trace of my colleague or inkling of his whereabouts, and had it not been for native testimony, which informed me that "Long-One," his native name at Binga's, had left, my energy would have been wasted and the proposed trip would have culminated in a wretched farce.

The natives on the river are different in many ways even to their neighbours, the Batokas, and possess absolutely nothing in common, either in language, habits or customs, with the Barotse tribe that inhabit the river above Sesheke and Kazungula. These Batonga tribes are reputed to have originally existed on the Kafue and trekked across country, some settling with the Batokas, whilst other more venturesome spirits selected the banks of the Zambesi as their future home. From the north bank some have crossed and built huts and cultivated gardens on the south, but as far as I can see the Batonga on the south bank are aliens, and should be returned to the northern bank, instead of sending back those

who have really returned to their original homes north of the Zambesi.

Years ago the Batonga were the happy hunting-ground of all enterprising slave-raiders. First,

Matabele war dance.

the Barotse, as their rightful prerogative, would raid them from the east ; then the Matabele, as the stronger tribe, would make sundry excursions and alarms from the south and return to Lobengula with a well-chosen and selected batch

of young girls, who would be utilised by his many wives for domestic duties, or divided amongst his followers for more immoral purposes.

The costume of the female Batonga consists of a skirt called a "bwaya," made from the bark of the musanta tree, cut to resemble in some respects the ordinary dress-coat with long tails, and extremely little material where any ordinary observer would expect to find it; in fact, just sufficient to excite rather than allay curiosity. Their heads are anointed with a composition made of "musela," a kind of stone, finely-powdered and mixed with fat derived from their numerous sheep. Their food consists mostly of mealies, which here, unlike any other parts of the country, grow to profusion all the year round on the river bank, whilst as delicacies they periodically revel in the bean from the shady "maseka." The kraals of the larger indunas are well stocked with goats and fat-tailed sheep, the former being kept for their milk, which is reserved for the younger members of the family, and should an exceptional occasion arise, such as a marriage or death—both states are apparently treated as calamities—a sheep is led bleating to the slaughter. In the case of a death the corpse is buried close to the deceased's late residence, and interred in a reclining position, and not in a sitting posture, as is usually the case with the Barotse natives; the grave is covered with stones and a basket of

Kaffir corn or mealies placed on the top for future consumption. They are full of devices for native medicines ; the bark of the matunda is pounded, soaked in boiling water, and used as a fomentation for head or stomach aches, whilst for a purgative they rely on large draughts of Zambesi water.

Altruism is not a virtue usually found amongst natives, and with the Batonga native we find selfishness personified. Living in small kraals they have no respect for their indunas and the induna has no control over his scattered flock, and unless he is happy in the possession of a dutiful son, or some other relation, he has no one to carry out his wishes, and no one to execute his household work.

The river scenery is exquisite. At the time of my writing, some twenty miles east of the Kariba gorge, either bank is lined with small patches of thriving mealies running down to the water's edge at various intervals. Each little kraal has its garden, where the women, armed with the native hoes, perform their daily duty, either in weeding or hoeing, whilst at night, and accompanied by their spouses, they rest in a kind of a pigeon-loft or sentry-box, built on four long poles, and ascended by the most rickety of ladders, keeping guard over their gardens against the depredations of serenading hippos, who, in the witching hours of midnight, land for meals. These patches of gardens are extended as the

river declines, their crops quickly vegetate and arrive at maturity before the river overflows its banks at the appointed season, replenishing and manuring the gardens for the succeeding crop. The Umsigile, with its black foliferous branches and papilionaceous fruit, line the river's edge, affording a striking contrast to the parched grass and stunted mimosa that forms the principal shrub in this district.

Mawemba, induna of the kraal where I camped, brought the usual present and received from my hands the usual presents in return. His women were duly deputed to clear my camp, constituting themselves into a chattering fatigue party, fetching water and wood for the requirements of myself and party.

On the third afternoon after my arrival I was gratified to see Mr. Carbutt, who was to assist me, arrive at the camp. He had received my note whilst at Sebungwe, and losing no time rode through during the night, accompanied by his little army of native messengers.

Early the following morning I received a message, entrusted to one of Mawemba's indunas, to say that his induna had sent him to tell me that "since his visit to my camp the previous day, six Matabele boys had arrived at his kraal from Bulawayo in search of labour, and passing themselves as Native Police," demanded food and shelter. I decided to visit Mawemba's kraal,

and accompanied by Mr. Carbutt, after sending the smaller boat on ahead (we had two), a start was made for my old camp, intending to see the complaining chief and the six impostors *en route*.

Crossing goods at Mawembas on the Lower Zambesi.

Mawemba's kraal was not more than three miles from our starting-place, and arriving about seven we found the terrific Mawemba surrounded by his shouting indunas before a fire patiently awaiting my arrival. His complaint I found to

be true ; these six "Matabele Raiders" (I use the term "raiders" advisedly), armed, uniformed, and posing as police, were at his kraal, and, carrying an unauthenticated pass issued at Bulawayo, were threatening, blustering and coercing the unfortunate Mawemba, without let or hindrance, into supplying them with labour. The tactics of these blackguards are obvious : armed with this brief authority, improperly provided with food, or insufficient trading material to honestly purchase their daily bread, they have either the alternative of starving, or, in an intimidating and often cruel manner, forcing the different indunas, whose kraals they visit, into supplying them with their necessaries ; should he refuse, their requirements would be forcibly extracted and the induna thrashed. It is through such actions, committed by unauthorised persons, that the first seeds of discontent and rebellion are sown, and it is impossible to overrate the damaging extent of such a policy if permitted to grow unchecked and unrecognised. There is no difficulty in procuring considerable quantities of labour for work in Matabeleland, and the authorities are always anxious to assist in explaining to the indunas the advantages their people would reap by seeking employment in Rhodesia, providing there is a guarantee that such men will return to their homes after the specified time of service is expired, and that their treat-

ment will be fair and humane whilst their engagement lasts ; but the native population are adverse to being driven down like sheep or cattle, and often being left as such to die unattended by the roadside should they contract fever, possibly by the want of food, or other diseases *en route* to their destination. The native is most sensitive and appreciative, or otherwise, of the action of his master towards him when ill, and often a servant will become a slave for life and never leave through some slight thoughtfulness or kindness. Whilst engaging carriers at Nyakatoro the first question asked me by the "native Capitao" was, "Will you leave us to die if we get sick?" I pointed to the carriers who had accompanied me, and replied, "Have they been left behind? Ask with your own tongue!" They were satisfied and I was never short, and when one was sick his load was divided amongst his brothers, who bore the extra burden cheerfully and without a murmur.

After a short inquiry the Matabele boys were given food by ourselves and forthwith despatched to Bulawayo, whilst we proceeded on our journey. The journey from Binga was covered in two days, being a distance of forty-five miles. On either side of the river villages abound, the inhabitants of which would descend to the water's edge, and on their knees give the hand-clapping salutation. At every kraal where a halt was made the people

would bring in their grass baskets, mealies, or other produce of their gardens or kraal; these presents would be placed in a row, and after the ladies, sitting down, had to their own mind satisfactorily and securely arranged their limited attire, they would clap their hands, yelling at the same time, "Inkossi!! Inkossi!!!" the Matabele word for chief. After the salutation, snuff would be freely discussed, and Tozzo, with a shocked and assumed surprise at the indelicate figures in waiting, would explain that the induna had sent me a present, and that the remainder was the property of the individual women who sat before me, and who were anxious to dispose of their produce in consideration of a few beads. The indunas present would be rewarded by another present of far more intrinsic value given in return. The deputation would after a time re-form, and securely tying their beads in a bag by the aid of some bark, return to their kraals, the baskets would remain till after our departure, and then with sundry jam and meat tins be collected by their different owners.

Near one of these kraals Carbutt was lucky enough to shoot an enormous hippo. Six or seven of these beefy masses were sunning themselves on a sandbank, resembling to all intents and purposes huge boulders of rock when viewed at a distance. It was a good shot, and though he disappeared with the usual quiet splash, he was

floating stone dead within two hours afterwards, and required the combined energy of the two boats to tow him to a convenient spot in the bank where the skinning process was performed. All the people at the kraal were soon engaged with ravenous rapture in this performance. Women

Cutting up hippo.

more naked than usual, waist deep in water, were with Carbutt and myself in like condition, struggling, lifting and perspiring, vainly trying to lift the huge animal nearer the bank, where the skinning performance could be carried out more easily, but all our efforts were of no avail, and it had to be dissected in its original position. By

the help of assegais the hide, which is in resemblance like a side of bacon, was cut into strips some three inches wide and given in charge of the induna. The meat which we required was placed in our boats, and leaving the remainder with our fair helpers, we started by moonlight for our proposed sleeping camp some ten miles ahead.

Travelling by moonlight on any other river but the Zambesi would possess a certain amount of romantic rapture, but in our case, cautiously proceeding by the uncertain and waning light of a "lunette," surrounded by snorting hippos, who would come rushing down from the steep banks, doing their best in their frightened state to capsize the boat, we ceased to experience any romance whatsoever, and one and all were delighted when about ten o'clock we arrived at our camping-ground intact, and I have vowed never under any circumstances will I undertake a journey down the Zambesi under similar conditions. Boats are repeatedly upset by these huge monsters in Barotseland, and what with the chance of being eaten by an obliging crocodile, or being unable to reach the banks through exhaustion, it is unwise to proceed after sunset.

CHAPTER IV.

Pursuit of Mora—Carriers' energy—Pleasant travelling—Mr. Gower—Kariba gorge—Difficulty of feeding carriers—Manipa's kraal—Siete—Tshette gorge and camp—Fine view but unhealthy situation—Reception of indunas—Mora—Marshali—His offer.

The following day after rowing for five hours, and passing through very rugged and imposing scenery in the Tshette gorge, we landed for a short time at the B. S. A. camp, known and named after the gorge. Truly the originator of this camp must, in seeking a suitable spot, have borne well in mind the Biblical proverb, and discarding sand, gone to the other extreme and founded his house on one of the highest and most unclimbable hills in the country. We were half an hour reaching the summit from the river, but, like the historical descent from Majuba, we came down head first, unable to keep in a perpendicular position, in about thirty seconds. The view from the top is exquisite; for six miles the course of the Zambesi is before one, and enraptured with the scenery you wipe your perspiring brow without a murmur, feeling that all the fatigue is well and

handsomely rewarded. Strange to say, that in spite of, to all appearances, the healthy locality of this camp, the three police stationed there are in a very sorry condition, looking very dejected and wretchedly ill. Left to their own resources, stationed miles away from their commanding officer, with no reason to keep themselves clean and smart, their life is one continual endeavour to kill time with as little exertion as possible.

On reaching my old camp late in the afternoon, we found the carriers and Native Police revelling in the remains of another hippo which Tozzo had shot ; they were busy making rods for their own backs by making the hide into cutting whips. Everything was in order, and gathered around the tent were some thirty or forty indunas and others who had come to welcome me on my return. A hot bath, tea and a change put me in the best of humours, and quite pleased to meet my new acquaintances. Each brought his share of food ; each was, according to his importance, presented in turn, and gave the customary hand-clap and returned to his former position. I mentioned in a preceding chapter that the idea of our visit was to induce refugees, who had crossed from the southern bank, to return to their homes on the Matabele side of the river. One of the principal offenders was a chief named Mora, who some eighteen months ago, failing to appreciate the Native Commissioner or his native mes-

sengers, quietly decamped for pastures new. Carbutt had known Mora in days of yore, and I am inclined to think that Mora had very good reasons to remember Carbutt; consequently, whilst calling at every kraal on either side of the river *en route*, and digging out several who were on a prolonged visit, our great object was to pounce on the wily Mora unawares, put him in a boat and land him at his own kraal. My information *re* the whereabouts of Mora was nil, whilst Carbutt, being new to the district, could add very little reliable information to our meagre store; consequently, we had to depend upon the information we could gather from native sources. One of the most reliable informants was a *bonâ-fide* induna whom Carbutt had procured from his own side of the river, Marshali was his name, and he was an officially recognised induna; by officially, I mean that he was subsidised by the Administration, receiving an annuity of £25 per year to help the Native Commissioner in the collection of the hut-tax, and also, in case of need, to enrol his followers in the service of the Government. I am not in a position to state whether this idea met with all the success which the promoter anticipated or not, but it strikes me that in a case of civil dissension blood would be thicker than water; and whilst now, having no unpleasant work to perform and drawing his two pounds per month, he can afford to be obliging and

servile If asked to produce one of his own people, who, for the committal of some offence or the other, was to receive condign punishment, he would either decline or vanish into thin air and be no more seen; in other words, cross the Zambesi and live a secluded life amongst the interior hills.

Marshali was produced, examined and cross-examined without any important success. Yes, he knew Mora, knew where he used to live, but now he was gone. No information could we get from this gentleman; of course, he knew exactly where his late neighbour had hidden himself, but would not under any circumstances give us the desired information. I should have pursued the same policy had I been similarly placed, and, whilst we were most annoyed at his reticence, inwardly one admired his stubborn demeanour. To keep Marshali longer was useless, so leaving him behind we decided to row to the scene of Mora's old habitation, and trust to the possibility of gaining our desired information from natives dwelling adjacently. We arrived at the old kraal the following day; everything was in a most tumble-down condition, and apparently Mora, with his people, must have left some eighteen months previously.

For four days we went in pursuit of Mora and travelled between eighty and ninety miles over an impassable country, through a district un-

known and unvisited by any white men; but without success, and finally returned to our boats on the river.

Whilst Carbutt and myself were leisurely pro-

Road cutting.

ceeding down the river in boats, Tozzo and the remaining carriers were chopping a road by the river side, two of the police being sent ahead with notice to the principal indunas *en route*, re-

questing them to turn out their subordinates and assist ; consequently, the work left to Tozzo and his party, who were proceeding in the rear, was reduced to a mere bagatelle. At some villages, thirty or forty boys armed with their small but well-tempered axes would be engaged at one time, working with the enthusiasm of released school boys, tumbling over one another in their excitement and anxiety to cut an inviting tree, or lop some unoffending branch ; they would commence a road three times the required width, and as their ardour evaporated, the cleared patch would grow considerably less, to end entirely before half the prescribed distance had been rendered passable, unless watched over and spurred on by the lynx-eyed Tozzo.

Assisted by the three-and-a-half mile current, the boats invariably arrived at our camp some considerable time before the land party, giving time to hold indabas and select a suitable spot for the tent.

Compared with my west coast trip this is a delightful picnic ; the weather is beautifully fine, and with the exception of a few hours in the middle of the day, which, as a rule, is spent under the shade of a sekeli tree, the heat is not by any means unbearable, whilst the evenings are cool and most refreshing. Truly, we are not blessed with an abundance of luxuries, such as candles, sugar, jam and milk, but flour we have in abund-

ance, and the kindly indunas have up to date entirely supplied our larder with numerous fowls and an occasional goat. Crocodiles and hippo afford excellent shooting, whilst guinea-fowl and Zambesi geese were repeatedly slaughtered for the pot.

Four days' travelling after leaving Mora's brought us to Kariba gorge; here we met Mr. Gower, Assistant Native Commissioner. Mr. Gower had been despatched some days before Mr. Carbutt heard of my whereabouts, and though the latter had an idea that possibly we should all meet at the Kariba, Gower was naturally surprised to see two white men at this outlandish spot; we soon joined forces, and for the two days spent at Kariba we were delighted with each other's company.

The Kariba gorge is named after the mountains that on either flank intrude to the water's edge, cramping the river, so to speak, into a confined space of not more than sixty yards in width. Naturally the current is very strong, running six miles an hour, and though with ordinary care I see no reason why a Canadian canoe could not shoot the rapids, I am quite convinced that no ordinary boat could be piloted against this racing torrent. In our case we were quite content with taking the boats to within half a mile, not having any wish to incur the risk of ruining Government property.

The Sanyati river, which flows into the gorge from the southern bank, forms the boundary between Mashonaland and Matabeleland, and as Mr. Carbutt's district terminates at this junction, we were reluctantly obliged to part ; he with the intention of collecting his tax and returning to Binga, where we had met just a fortnight previously, whilst I had arranged to proceed further down, to the junction of the Kafue and Zambesi, following up the course of the smaller river, if possible, to its source. Though working in entire harmony, my native police and Carbutt's messengers never made friends. Possibly the Barotse remember the olden days, when the Matabele raids were prevalent, and in all likelihood the Matabele messengers thought of the same subject, and ridiculed the want of pluck of the Barotse, whom they raided accordingly ; in either case the fact remains that they did not fraternise, and there was no weeping on each other's necks when the signal came for the messengers to proceed.

The scenery of the gorge is unique, and no other part of the Zambesi can in that respect compare with this unfrequented spot. Worn black by endless ages of periodical submersion, the huge boulders on either side of the river's edge form a pleasing contrast to the bright and sparkling waters that flow beneath, whilst a formidable range of hills, several thousand feet high, lend a

grand and majestic appearance to the whole scene. Before leaving, I walked for a short distance down the gorge, and struggling to the summit of one of these mountains, obtained a superb and extensive view of the whole country. Behold the Zambesi, to all appearances no larger than the Avon or Thames, with its curving course forging miles ahead through endless mazes of heterogeneous and ungainly hills, roaring over immovable obstacles in its tenacious and never-ending persistency. How totally different to its usual pacific demeanour, quietly and sedately gliding undisturbed through tracks of innumerable champaigns, without a murmur or sign of agitation; such are the different stages through which this unknown river passes; such are the varied and chameleon views periodically presented to an energetic observer.

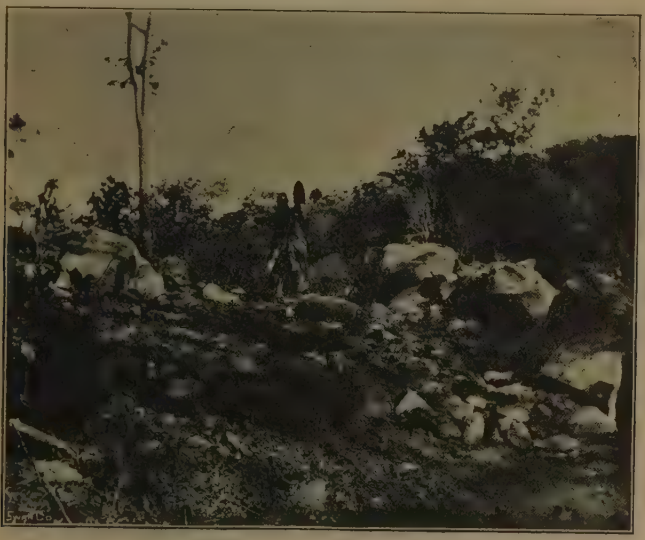
The duty of feeding fifty or sixty police and carriers, travelling through an unknown district, without any reserve rations to rely on in case of accidents, is at times most trying and hazardous; and whilst hitherto with the help of game we had contrived to keep them contented, we were at this particular spot running very short, the majority having to go on half rations. With this anxiety getting more real, I was delighted to get a water-buck on the morning of our departure from the Kafue.

The path which I decided to take skirted the

mountains of the gorge, striking the river again some thirty miles further down. The principal drawback to this route was the scarcity of water, local natives informing us that no good water would be procurable till we struck the Zambesi again in two days' time. With this information, every available bucket and calabash was filled, whilst, independently of this supply, the majority of the boys carried their own water. Our informant was correct in his surmise, and that night after our start we were obliged to camp, with our limited supply, close to our starting place, and, with the exception of a very little procurable from a remote water hole, we had to make the best of our supply till we again came in touch with the Zambesi the following evening. The road was extremely thorny; consequently, the unfortunate road-cutters short of water, with their feet full of thorns, had a very bad time, and arrived at the village, where I had already preceded them, completely done up and eager for a day's rest.

The idea that a native can go for a longer period without water than a white man is, in my opinion, erroneous and misleading, but if left to their own resources, travelling through a dry country, a native would detect substitutes for water in fruits or roots, which the ordinary white man would pass unnoticed, and the same thing applies to food. Without any visible means of

subsistence, the native would go for days, here and there picking up a grub, gathering honey or pillaging the nests of birds, whilst the pre-occupied mind of the European would detect nothing smaller than an elephant.



Road cutting near the Kariba Gorge.

Camped at Manipa's kraal, we could easily discern the north portion of the gorge, some thirteen miles south. Here, as elsewhere, we were treated with proper respect and consideration, though, if anything, the natives were more mild than those we had left south of the Kariba. Here

they are more closely allied with the Mashonas, and apparently, as the Sanyati river divides Mashonaland from Matabeleland on the south, a similar line extended divides the natives on this side of the river. Here they migrate to Salisbury for work, whilst further back the objective point for labour-seeking natives would be Bulawayo; again here their language has a sprinkling of Mashona.

The only thing that struck me at Manipa's kraal was a self-taught Mozart, rejoicing in the name of Siete. Siete had a most ingeniously constructed Kaffir piano, which he had built himself, and in its manipulation had shown the same amount of originality as he had exhibited by its construction. Rhapsody followed rhapsody in quick succession, without any conception of effect, but dying away in the most pathetic and perfect cadence. The instrument was placed in a huge calabash or gourd, which acted as a sounding-board, and, though never viewing his instrument, he never struck a discordant or jarring note. I, of course, broke the tenth commandment, and offered to buy his instrument; but no, he said, it was his brother, and wherever he went he always took his "Kalienba" (Batoka for music) with him. We parted, but my ears still retain some memory of the delightfully weird and original strains of the Batonga musician.

Leaving Manipa's on August 29th, we again left

the river for a few miles, enabling me to call on Kangomba, another chief of considerable importance in the neighbourhood. He received us with the same hospitality as the other chiefs we had visited, but in Kangomba's case, through being extremely short of food, he had little to give. Close to his kraal we passed several baobab or cream-of-tartar trees, known in Batoka as moboio. The natives gathered a large quantity of its grey, oblong fruit, and, separating the kernel from the husk, mixed the former with water, composing a refreshing beverage. Kangomba at once despatched his numerous followers to prepare the road, and on the following day, much to the gratification of the carriers and police, we arrived at the extreme limit of my proposed journey, the junction of the Kafue and Zambesi rivers.

CHAPTER V.

Junction of Kafue and Zambesi rivers—General summary—Mr. Dalton and party—Rough country—An awkward predicament.

The Kafue river here forms the extreme boundary of the two provinces known as North-Western and North-Eastern Rhodesia.

North-Western Rhodesia is, as I have hitherto explained, under the control of the Barotse King, and for administrative purposes has been taken over by the B. S. A. Company. Though King Lewanika would inform you that his territory stretches far away beyond the Kafue river, the people here know just as much about the history and anatomy of Gog and Magog as they do about their Barotse King, and their scarcity of knowledge on this point is only equalled by their indifference. The Bantua, or river-people, who reside in this district, recognise that they are under the English, or, rather, under the chief at Salisbury; except for that, they exist in happy ignorance of rule, or owning any submission to any Government whatsoever. Till the Barotse

indunas who are accompanying me on this expedition arrived, no embassy from the Barotse Valley had ever paid a visit, official or otherwise, to this remote part.

Kabwado, the chief of the village near where I was camped, has no connection with the natives, either east of the Kafue, or south of the Zambesi, and the same remark applies to all the natives who have built their villages on the western side of the Kafue river.

The Zambesi, which for the last fifty miles has pursued a north-north-easterly direction, on meeting the Kafue river runs due east. At the point of the junction, and where I am now writing, the opposite bank of the Zambesi is more than a mile distant, only discernible by the huge sombre row of foliferous trees that ever line its banks. The intervening distance is mostly taken up by small islands of different sizes, some of which are inhabited, through which the Zambesi pours in different channels. The natives cross from one island to the other in their ill-shaped and rudely-constructed dug-outs, which in comparison to the native boats used in the Barotse country are very poor specimens.

In these abortive crafts, Kabwado and his followers very rarely travel out of sight of their grassy kraals. When interrogated respecting the river farther down, they reply, that the Portuguese live there, and though some of his people

went down, the way was far, and it took months to return ; you hear the whole thing delivered in the style of an apology or fable. The Kafue, at its confluence with the Zambesi, is some eighty yards wide, with steep, well-defined banks, devoid of any tropical scenery.

Whilst the English sportsman is discussing the probability of a good bag on the First, whilst the farmer is collecting the last remnants of an early harvest, and masters of hounds daily exercising and commenting on the condition of their hounds for the approaching season, I have been under the fiercest rays of a tropical sun, cutting, hacking, endeavouring with the help of some eighty natives, collected from the neighbouring kraals, to penetrate the intricate and impassable bush that lines the right bank of the Kafue at this part of its course. Twining and intertwining, for miles you are passing through a long and continuous arbour, which defies the efforts of our energetic natives to separate. Though a white man has hardly ever been seen at this identical spot, the indunas respond readily to my polite demands for labour. The women and men receive us at their kraals in the most servile and polite manner ; the former bowing their heads, clapping their hands, and making a who–o–o–o–o sort of sound at my approach ; whilst the men greet us with, " Twa-ka-bomba," which means, I am your child, I submit, I lay my neck under your feet. They

are assured that their necks are not wanted, but only their hands, and not anxious to prolong the scene, they start at once to carry out my wishes. The women also assist with their hoes to clear the path for half-a-mile each side of their

Scene on the Kafue River near its junction with the Zambesi River.

respective villages ; a road beautifully cleared and swept is the demonstrated result of their assiduous labours. The four horses afford unbounded astonishment, never has such a sight been seen on the banks of the Kafue. On leaving the villages,

crowds of half-naked, jabbering women follow in our wake, till out of breath, they collapse in a most undignified manner by the road-side, or, seeking the shade of their own huts, retire to discuss, with numerous "ha–ha's," the merits of the rhamazahn, viz., game or buck, that carries the white chief. Some of the men have worked at Salisbury and have seen all these wonders; they exhibit a supreme indifference, and will, if not corrected, stand and salute, ejaculating, "Mulungo," instead of Inkoos or Morena, which means chief, whilst the former means simply white man. One old man, who should have known better, thought fit to address me in that way this afternoon; on my immediately explaining the difference, he was very frightened and contrite, and finally heaped coals of fire on my head by returning later with a huge basket of meal and two unhappy hens as a present, whilst to everyone who approached, he shouted, "Kneel, kneel—clap, clap; he is not a white man, he is our chief."

I little thought when writing the above account, late last night, that within twelve hours I should be talking with three white men, but such is the delightful uncertainty of South Africa; and scarcely had Breakfast knee-haltered the horses at an early outspan, than Tozzo, or Mofunedese, as the natives term him, being formerly a teacher, came rushing up to impart the startling news

that donkeys and white men had just arrived on the opposite bank. Armed with a polite note, I immediately sent Breakfast to their camp, asking them to come over and see me. They were sent up by a local syndicate to buy cattle in N. E. Rhodesia, but instead of going direct to their

Camp on the Kafue.

destination, their guide had friends on the Kafue, and quietly, without notifying his intentions, had calmly taken his charges some ninety miles out of their direct course. Mr. Dalton I had previously met at Marendellas, in Rhodesia, and though they have a long journey before them, I am convinced that, if at all possible, it will be carried to a

successful termination. Mr. de Wett, who is one of the party, has previously visited the Mashukulumbwe country. They had crossed a week previous some thirty miles below the Kariba gorge, and were quite undecided when I met them, whether they would cross the Kafue river with their large convoy of thirty-three donkeys, or, in spite of the unusually thick bush, pursue their course on the east bank; they have a delightfully vague idea of their destination, and are not certain or particular to a few months, either one way or the other, when they will return to Salisbury.

Due to the impassably hilly country, we are obliged to leave the Kafue river and strike more south, and returning again to our old friend this afternoon, described in our journey two sides of a triangle. It seems a strange coincidence, but a coincidence no less true, that travelling by the side of a large river, the tributaries which you cross, often within half-a-mile of their confluence, seldom contain water, and yesterday, though never more than ten miles from any point of the Kafue, we were obliged to carry the water needed for our consumption.

To avoid the high hills and thick and impenetrable bush, the natives invariably use the dry river-beds as a path at this time of the year; what they do or where they travel in the rainy season, when all the rivers and streams are in flood, I am

unable to say ; but as a rule they have a sedentary, stay-at-home existence, content to smoke their " thumbwe," or native tobacco, and superintend the employment of their wives in the mealie gardens, which, after all, for the male population is a most laudatory and excellent method of killing time.

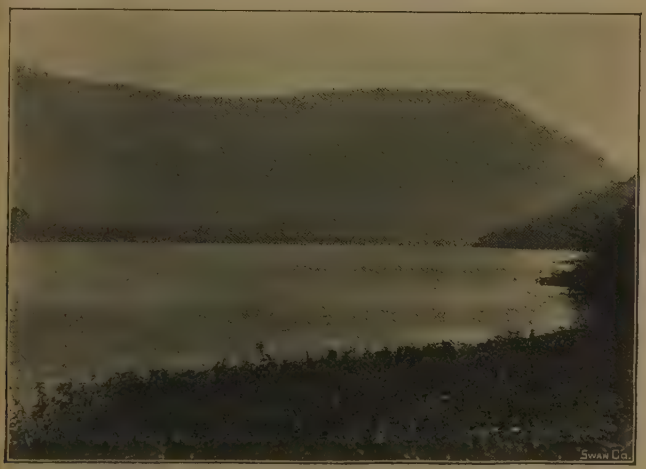
The greater part of yesterday morning was spent in stepping from one boulder to another in the Wamba river, finishing the day by climbing one of the most inaccessible hills in the district, under the rays of a mid-day sun. The road cutting is still proceeding, though not without its slight hindrances, by the cutters taking every available opportunity of running away. Two days ago I visited an important chief named Molobara, who was expecting me, and had previously sent boys ahead to clear the road. On my arrival at the kraal the chief was sitting in limited attire, surrounded by his two chief indunas and about thirty native ladies, also in an overdone state of deshabille. They were all, poor things, extremely frightened, and to show their abject submission cried, " We submit ! we submit ! " and simultaneously lay prostrate, grovelling and rubbing their right shoulders in the dust, whilst their steam-whistle cry of " Who–o–o–o " was intermixed with the painful shriek of their terrified children, who, securely tied in their " hodden gray," or bark clothing, to the backs of their

homage-paying parents, came in for more of the rubbing than the shoulders of their mothers. This process was repeated after every sentence, favourable or otherwise, which I had interpreted to them. I would say, "Molobara, your chief and father has come to visit you." Another reclining attitude, another rub and another shriek from his thirty wives and children. "I come not to hurt you, we are friends;" a prolonged rub, a louder "Who—o–o–o," and so on *da capo*.

From Molobara we travelled on to the river, passing over one of the highest and most healthy plateaux imaginable, about 5,000 feet altitude, covered with trees of every description, most of which afford food for the native population.

One of the principal reasons for travelling up the Kafue river was to locate the falls which were said to exist, though I think, previous to my visit, never visited by a white man. The prospective course selected by myself was to travel mile after mile, in spite of every obstacle, close to the river's bank. For the first sixty miles I performed this task without any difficulty, and it was not till the day before yesterday that I reluctantly had to depart from my original plan. I was misinformed by the natives about the distance, and was told at Molobara kraal that I should get to "Mahumina, Setoka" (troubled waters) by midday. Instead, I arrived at the river at sundown, and then, sending for an induna who lived on a

small island close by, endeavoured without any satisfactory result to find out whether the Falls were above or below his village, but he knew or pretended to know absolutely nothing about the matter. He had never been down the river, his people were afraid—yes, he would lend his



View on Kafue River before entering the Balungwe Falls.

canoes and would bring them over early on the following morning. With this assurance we parted, and I made up my mind to start early the following morning, accompanied by the four Barotse indunas, in these ill-shaped dug-outs, down the river as far as possible.

Intending to be away only three days, rations

for that time only were put in readiness, and retiring early with the intention of getting away at sunrise, I spent a wretched night, being nearly eaten by mosquitos. I heard Tozzo enquire for the promised canoes, and a Barotse boy was sent to the river's edge to yell for the induna, but though his lusty roar echoed and re-echoed over the welkin, there was no response from the other side ; another and another carrier were despatched on the same errand, but with like result ; this ill-conditioned savage remained a still and silent listener to all my calls and entreaties and never sent his boats nor came to visit me after. His line of argument was this, that if he came over with the boats possibly he would have to go with them, a hypothesis which I am bound to admit had some glimmering of hidden truth, and to solve the difficulty, knowing I had no boats with which to fetch him, decided to remain where he was out of harm's way. Not to be beaten I decided to travel down on foot till I should reach the spot on the river which the day previous we had left, or till I came to the Falls. Everything was cut down to the lowest possible state. My tub, tent and despatch-box and other dispensable articles were left behind under the charge of Breakfast. I had no food for the carriers, so informed the Barotse indunas that they must go up the river with their carriers, and with trading material which I would give them, purchase food

for themselves and staff; this they one and all steadily refused to do, saying, as Sasa had said some six months previously, "that they were told by the King to go where I went, and go they would." "But I have no food and cannot feed you." "Ke'hona (all right), still we will come." I knew it was useless to argue the matter, and could not well be cross with their kindly sentiment, so selecting one horse, and accompanied by Tozzo and ten of our own carriers, we started about seven o'clock.

For the first half-a-mile the ground was level, and following a well-defined footpath, I continued to lead my little caravan. I had just taken a prismatic observation which I was noting in my book, riding very loosely, when suddenly I felt as if I had walked down ten steps simultaneously, and immediately, instinctively, I was trying to get out of reach of my struggling horse; we had walked into a well-concealed game-pit about eight feet deep, cunningly devised and so made that once in no buck can possibly get out. It is shaped on the surface like an ordinary grave, about ten feet long, tapering in at the bottom to about eight inches, and, struggle as he might, my poor gee was wedged a safe prisoner, with his feet a foot or so from the bottom. Seeing my dilemma, the carriers with many ejaculations of surprise and wonder, were soon to the rescue, lifting the horse by the help of the girth, and

filling up at the same time the hole with dirt and grass, my mount was soon in a more agreeable position; but he was very much barked, and continued in a very groggy condition. For some time I was shaken, but excepting for a bruised knee no worse for my dearly-bought experience. Usually these holes are armed with sharpened stakes, and had we chosen such a one for investigation things might have been very awkward. What annoyed me more than anything was the thought that the irresponsible and lying chief, who had made the trap, could see the path from his kraal, and was doubtless at that identical moment watching with the greatest satisfaction my unfortunate discomfiture, and shaking his greasy old sides with convulsive laughter.

CHAPTER VI.

The Kafue or Balungwe Falls—Striking scenery—Sankamonia—A Jew trader —Death of a carrier—Setembo—Grief—Botoka superstitions.

In a previous chapter I attempted to describe the scenery which I had observed in the Kariba gorge; that through which we passed yesterday was of the same character, but more sharp, mountainous and wild. The hills, or rather mountains—some were 4,200 feet above sea-level—ran with a precipitous slope to the river's edge on either side, and at one place the river was not more than twenty yards wide. Numerous rapids were passed during the early part of the day, but it was not till late in the afternoon that we, after hearing the low roar of rushing waters for an hour or two, came to the summit of an exceptionally high hill from which the troubled waters were in view below. To descend these steep rocks and push our way through the interlaced underwood was no easy matter, but the sight which met our view on arrival at the river's edge well repaid us for all exertions. The river here, some 150 yards wide, is a white boiling mass, a roaring, dashing

torrent, leaping over huge bouldered terraces rushing madly between insurmountable rocks watering the foliferous plants that gratefully thrive by the river bank, forming a pleasing contrast to the parched and stunted shrubs that struggle for an existence in the rocky subsoil up the river. The Victoria Falls, with its huge volume of water falling headlong down some 300 feet, lacks a lot of the picturesque, graduating descent of the Kafue Falls or cataracts. This troubled vortex continues for two miles, till gaining its more level course, the Kafue pursues undisturbed its more silent course. Though some of Major Gibbons' parties explored a portion of the Kafue, I know of no white man who has previously viewed this scene, and in fact no native testimony could locate the exact spot; and in travelling to these Falls we pursued a course regardless of a path or the unusual difficulties with which we had to contend.

After visiting the Balungwe Kafue Falls, we ascended the hills by the same road, and, utterly tired, camped for the night. We had now seen all that I had contemplated, and were close to the point where a few days previously we had left the Kafue on account of the numerous hills. I had now established this fact—for at least twenty miles the Kafue at this period of the year is unnavigable to craft of any description whatever.

Leaving the Falls after two days' travelling we arrived in the Mashukulumbwe country. Our troublesome and trying hills are in our rear, and the horses and carriers, though still showing signs of their Alpine climbing, seem to carry their ills with a better grace as we approach our journey's

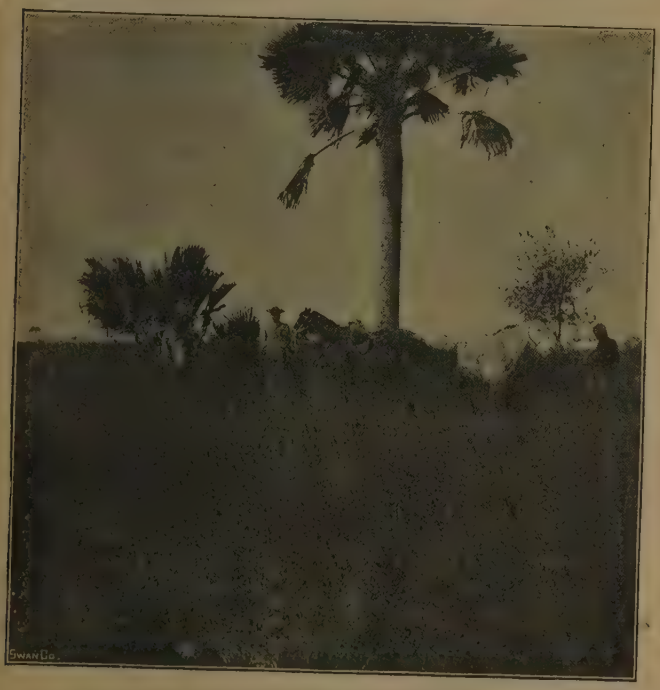
Balungwe or Mahuminia Falls or Rapids, Kafue River.

end. Thanks to the energy of my corporal and the friendliness and agility of the native indunas, the road is cleared of all troublesome obstacles before the caravan arrives. The valley through which we are now passing is dotted with palm trees, and our path strewn with the discarded and iron-like kernel of the nut, the palatable

exterior being eaten by the natives. The interior of these nuts is known as vegetable ivory, a white hard substance, so hard that it requires a deal of force behind a stone or hammer to break. The native name of this pretty spot is Kazungula, and so named because of the palm trees referred to. The principal induna, Kasongo, is of Mashukulumbwe origin ; he was at home in every sense of the word, regaling me with fresh milk and fowls. His women had cleared a place for the tent prior to my arrival, and now came, on seeing me approach, to meet me, crying " Twakaboma ! twakaboma ! " and rolling and grovelling in the dust.

Before leaving Kasongo's for good I decided to visit an important chief named Sankamonia, who lived about fifteen miles in a southerly direction. Kasongo's, our present camp, is the nearest point *en route* to Monze. Sankamonia is the apprehension of the surrounding indunas, a kind of demon, most malevolent, but, withal, most powerful and important, whilst to Capt. Carden he has been the cause of several patrols. Only a few months ago, being very short of blankets, and seeing, as he thought, a superfluous and unreasonable quantity in the possession of a passing trader, he forthwith developed undoubted signs of kleptomania and purloined a stray bundle ; he was naturally most indignant when charged with the theft by the owner of the said

goods, and politely informed the trader that he had better leave at once. The hint was taken, the only thing that the little Jew obtained from Sankamonia ; and not waiting for any ceremonious



Camped under a palm tree, Breakfast with horses.

farewells, he departed at the witching hour of night, leaving no address. Being of a vindictive turn of mind and with a wholesome regard for the value of his blankets, the trader forthwith

complained to the O. C. at Monze fort. Now behold the boot on the other leg: Sankamonia and his followers, with the cattle, are arraigned before the phlegmatic Capt. Carden; the Jew talks big, but to the point; his blankets were worth the proverbial eye, though I rather expect they only cost a badly-written I O U. The petulant and malevolent native left six of his best oxen and some selected indunas behind at Fort Monze, the former detained for the Government and the latter had a month's imprisonment at the Government's expense, and Sankamonia returned to his home a sadder and a poorer man. The fate of the aggrieved trader is uncertain; he had no licence, but at Monze contracted a severe attack of hæmaturic fever, was nursed assiduously and successfully by the Government doctor, and finally left, after disposing of his superfluous goods at twice their original value, abusing the Government and country generally.

Knowing of the slight misunderstanding which had formerly existed between Sankamonia, the Government, and ourselves, I had some apprehension regarding the nature of the welcome I was likely to receive, and thinking that perhaps this induna might mistake the motive of my visit, I sent a message before to inform Sankamonia that I was coming to eat and talk with him, and requested him to await my arrival fearlessly in

his kraal. The message had the desired effect, and before the horses were watered and knee-haltered, Sankamonia appeared from the precincts of his village, followed by a heterogeneous following of both sexes, in every size and kind of absurdly limited attire, each the bearer of food

Batongwe Gorge, Lower Kafue River.

or some token of submission and welcome. The hatchet was buried, no allusion was made to past discrepancies, and excepting a side glance at Breakfast, who had participated in his former arrest, there was no visible sign of uneasiness on Sankamonia's rigid countenance. The next morning on our return journey to Kasongo's

kraal, Sankamonia came with more food to wish me adieu ; he had before our visit cut his share of the road, and in response to my request promised to continue it through the whole of his district to Monze, and when complete he, under more favourable circumstances, promised to honour me with a visit.

On our return, after a fourteen-mile ride, to Kasongo's, I was grieved to find that during my absence, one of the carriers whom I had permitted to remain behind had died. Setembo, the elder brother of the deceased, had spoken to me the previous day about his brother's illness, and asked leave to remain behind, a request which I readily granted, giving him at the same time some astringent medicine in the shape of Dovers' powders to allay the pain, but with apparently no good results. Sevumbo (poor fellow) had eaten an excessive quantity of wild fruit, and though, as a rule, by no means detrimental to an ordinary consumer, had in this case brought on dysentery, and fatal results within the short space of forty-eight hours. I arrived in camp after my long and tiring journey to find Setembo and a friend scooping out, with the aid of short sticks, a hole which had formerly been the retreat of an ant-bear. The corpse lying near was indifferently tied up in a crouching posture by the aid of the skin of a water-buck, the face, which was entirely covered, resting between the knees. In the midst

of his labours, Setembo, in a paroxysm of uncontrollable grief, was weeping over the fate of his late brother. No unnecessary labour was spent over the grave, and in a most unceremonious manner the remains were literally pushed into this confined and inadequate space, stones and dirt were collected and effectually filled up the aperture.

Setembo, solitary and alone, adjourned to the shade of a "mobumbo tree," there to mourn for his friend and brother. Born of the same mother in a far-off Batoka village, they had fed from the same pot; they had played at the same "chesolo" (a native game); armed with the native bows, they had together engaged in the same hunt, followed the same oft-deluding honey-bird, had tended the same goats, tired over the same journey and joyed over the same home-coming, but now all was finished. Sevumbo's spirit had returned to his mother, and how should he meet her face without his charge, who would return alone to his kraal? These were the thoughts that filled the native mind to overflowing, and made his uncultured but sensitive heart burst with undefined grief.

The Batoka natives in no way share the same opinion as Plato regarding the habitation of departed spirits. The Batoka idea is that after death the spirit at once hies back to the mother of the deceased, and I presume that the idea of

its return to the female rather than to the male parent is because, due to the laxity of the native morals, some considerable trouble would be experienced in selecting the father of the child. Setembo was fully convinced that by this time, due to dreams or some other uncanny agency, his mother is aware of the death of her child. On the return of Setembo to his kraal, one and all would mourn for two days ; friends would collect from neighbouring kraals and remain at the home of the departed for that time, whilst the mother's term of mourning would be further extended for five days. During the time of mourning a considerable amount of Kaffir beer is consumed by the mourners, not for the sake of festivity, but simply to help them bear their grief. In the case of a chief's death, the mourning is most prodigious, cattle, sheep and goats, and, until recently, the slaves, or a sample of them, would be despatched, to attend to the wants of their master in his new *rôle*. Another induna usually assumes the name of the late chief, and in that case the spirit would return to the man who has been selected to take the name and induna's responsibility. Then their mourning would be turned to joy, for the spirit has returned, and with the deceased's name, descends upon the newly-elected potentate. The usual resting-place for the remains of a son or daughter would be opposite, or close to, the door of his or her mother's hut,

and if married the deceased husband would block the doorway of his surviving half; and I think that if such a custom were practised in ordinary society there would be fewer second marriages and a decrease of unhappy family alliances.

CHAPTER VII.

Game on the Kafue—Arrival at Fort Monze—Interview with Monza, the induna—Departure for Lialui—Samosotda—A critical moment.

AFTER leaving the Kafue for two days to visit Sankamonia, we are back to the old love again, but now under entirely different geographical conditions. The enormous hills have given place to enormous plains, studded with palm trees, and thickly inhabited by the Mashukulumbwe tribe. In consequence of the floodable nature of the Kafue, the native huts are not, as a rule, erected on the river's bank, but two or three miles away, and instead of procuring their water from that source, it would be obtained from some small tributary. Game abounds; in fact, through our morning's trek we saw more than during the whole period of our trip; every species seem to have selected this spot as a rendezvous. Eland, sable, zebra, hartebeeste and wildebeeste, with reed-buck and other smaller buck in the shape of stembock, oribi and duiker, all these I saw within three hours' march, and it

was with great reluctance that I left such an ideal sportman's spot, but as we had plenty of meat, and not being on a hunting expedition, we passed on without killing any. The one sight above others which struck me as the prettiest was a herd of zebra ; as is often the case, they were most inquisitive to find out what we really

Mashukulumbwe carriers.

were, evidently being struck by our grey horses. A mare with her small foal formed part of the troop, and when eventually the majority fled, hurry scurry, the mother and, I presume, father trotted on either side of their tender charge, vainly trying to entice it to increase its tottering, doubtful pace, but to no avail, and had we liked, both

parents and offspring could easily have fallen victims to our rifles ; of course, such a slaughter was never contemplated, and I don't imagine any sportsman so situated would have done otherwise.

We are now within thirty miles of Monze, whilst the now quiet and sedate Kafue with its shadeless banks runs like a long twisting line, flanked on either side by some two miles of long brown dried grass, some twenty-five miles in a northerly direction.

For the last several days we have travelled on an average twenty-two miles per day, which at the end of a six hundred mile journey is very fair work. The carriers are getting sore shoulders and feet, whilst the horses, though full of condition, are stale. Breakfast is as clean and immaculate as of yore and alone seems none the worse for the journey. Tozzo became knocked up, whilst the Barotse indunas came *en masse* one night, and begged for the sake of their carriers that I should rest a day. "Oh, no ! they were not tired," was the response to my enquiry, "but their carriers would like a day's rest ;" but being informed that my food was finished, and Monze within three days, they readily agreed to go on. There was no reason after this to complain about the rough character of the country, and I am quite convinced that a bicycle would be most useful for these hard, smooth footpaths ; but to avoid punctures, the tyres should be made solid.

A mail runner reached me from Monze, after a lapse of seven weeks; for the past ten days he had been racing over the country, picking up occasional native information of our movements, and by cutting corners had eventually found us one day's journey from our destination. I had pre-

Mashukulumbwe village.

viously asked Macaulay to detain all letters, so I only received a welcome note from him and a few papers of very "Queen Anne" news, but I was delighted to hear that things were satisfactory at Monze.

To-night, after a long day's trek of twenty-five

miles, we arrived at an induna's named Cheunda. On our approach, mothers, children, and even grown up men, regardless of food or their personal belongings, decamped to the nearest bush, and now, after the arrival of my friendly messenger, return by twos and threes apparently ashamed of their uncalled-for fears. Bony and hungry Kaffir dogs slunk from one hut to another, vainly trying to find their respective masters, the cattle at their customary hour, at their own instigation, arrived at their own kraal, and with uneasy moans circumambulated the rough enclosure, vainly trying to reach their restive imprisoned offspring.

The Cheunda natives were not long in availing themselves of my peaceful assurance, and soon the women were clearing a place for the tent, the men fetching wood for our fires, whilst the smaller following, with finger on lip, stood admiring the grazing horses.

Next morning we made as usual an early start, and a short and meagre breakfast, and by two-thirty Breakfast and myself were at Monze, where we found the new camp nearly complete, and Macaulay, axe in hand, putting the finishing touches to a bench, which upon enquiry Macaulay designated by the name of dressing table for my hut. A huge mail was awaiting me, and soon I learnt all the latest news up to July 2nd. The carriers arrived at sundown, tired, footsore, but jubilant. The Batoka were paid the following

day their monthly wage of ten shillings, and a present of beads given to each. Setembo received his dead brother's pay and each one came to say good-bye, and seemed most contented and unmistakably glad to be back at their own homes. The last month will be an epoch in their monotonous lives; they had seen the two rivers meet, they had heard the roar of the Mahuminia or Balungwe Falls, they had travelled far, they had seen with their eyes what their fathers had never observed, and now they would rest; those who had wives would hie to them, those who hadn't would soon obtain them.

The kind fates that ordained that these natives should have a rest were not so thoughtful, nor showed such a magnanimous disposition towards myself, and almost the first letters that I opened contained the news that I must leave for Lialui on the following day. I conveyed this piece of cheerful information to the Barotse indunas; they were evidently disappointed, but cheerfully opined that where I went they went, and quietly sat down with a considerable quantity of fresh meat, awaiting my departure.

The new fort at Monze is on a hill, selected for that purpose by Carden and myself previous to my departure. With good water, surrounded by kraals, timber and game, it would be difficult to select a more agreeable spot. Macaulay and Trooper Lucas (the latter remaining after Carden

went down) must have worked with unremitting energy. They had built an excellent stable, good quarters for the B. N. P., suitable huts, storehouses and grain bins for every conceivable requirement. (The camp was blessed with swarms of pigeons, multitudes of fowls, milk and meat.) Macaulay was soon deep in the mysteries of concocting an omelette, making pies and other delicacies for my special benefit, and again I was surrounded with everything that the most exacting of emperors could wish for.

Monza came to see me twice, the last time accompanied by his four wives (all of whom expected a present), and driving two oxen which he had brought in as a token of his pleasure at seeing me again safe and sound. Monza, who is viewed by the Government as the principal chief in the Batoka country, had during my absence rendered to Capt. Carden, and later to Sergt. Macaulay, most valuable assistance in building the fort, besides bringing in twenty recruits for police duty ; he had been responsible for the considerable amount of labour that was employed in the erection of quarters, etc. ; if boys were required Monza was interviewed ; if boys deserted, Monza was supposed to bring them back again, and was loaded with all the responsibility for their safe conduct ; not without some reason, therefore, was the worried look which Monza wore on the morning after my arrival,

when again with the two oxen he arrived at the fort. He pointed out that his duties were excessive and his office no sinecure; one induna especially had refused to comply with his requests for labour, would I see him and insist upon the

Fort Monze (Maxim detachment)—Sergeant Macaulay and Trooper Lucas.

instructions of Monza to this refractory native being carried out. My affirmative answer was greeted with applause, and forthwith, guided by Monza's head man, three of the police were dispatched to "Fufa's" kraal with a note requesting him to meet me the following morning at the old

camp; the meeting was satisfactorily arranged, and "Fufa" returned to camp with twenty of his most sturdy followers. Monza, who was present, brought with him sundry skins which he wanted me to take for King Lewanika's yearly tribute. Trooper Lucas, the horses, donkeys, and carriers had left the previous day, and were to await my arrival some forty miles on our journey between Monze and Umgailas; so after an indaba I said good-bye to Macaulay, and, accompanied by the beefy Tozzo, started to overtake the carriers before sundown.

The heat was intense, and passing through a country with absolutely no shade or trees of any description, the sun was most trying. It was sundown before Lucas and his carriers were overhauled.

The majority of the other carriers were, on arrival at Monza's, unable to proceed farther through sore feet and swollen ankles. As the former carriers were paid off at Monze I had to procure fresh ones, taking also an old Swahili boy, who had followed me down from Mpeseni's to Salisbury, from Salisbury to Bulawayo, and from Bulawayo to this place; latterly he had been instructing the B. N. police, but now wished to travel and revert to his old duties of batman. In all we had fifteen native police and about forty carriers, four pack donkeys and five horses, Tozzo and myself, whilst Lucas was to accompany us

for the first forty miles and then return with the spare horse which I had ridden out.

The second day out we arrived at a chief named Samosonta, a lying, grinning, naked, typical Mashukulumbwe. On arrival at his kraal I was informed that Samosonta was in the fields, and when I sent a messenger requesting him to come, his people assumed a threatening attitude, and poising their spears threatened to kill my embassy. This was a most serious business, and unfortunately I had not a sufficient escort to back up my authority. In a very short space of time, scores of natives, each armed with three or four spears, augmented by a considerable quantity of bows and arrows, came pouring in from every side. Tozzo, who is more of a writer than a fighter, was, to put things plainly, in a terrible funk, whilst the police recruits, who by this time had fallen in, armed with sticks, would have been helpless if attacked. Lucas had two rifles and a scatter gun, whilst I had one of each ; this was the entire force at our disposal, and like Jack Cade's army, "most in order when out of order." Lucas, full of young Devonshire blood, was pining for a fight. Tozzo, as I have before said, was of a more peaceful disposition, whilst I, though having no fear as regards the results, had no wish to cause a row, which whatever the result might be must perforce disturb the whole country and cause a rebellion, the extent of which no one could foretell. The

tension was relieved by the appearance of the induna; the native who had threatened the police messenger was produced, and after a considerable amount of talking, during which I pointed out that the policeman spoke with my mouth, that when they threatened to stab him they threatened to stab me, I finally ended by fining Samosonta two cattle.

I repeatedly asked for carriers, but with no result, and finally, after distributing the majority of the loads to the already heavily-laden police, I put the remaining one on Samosonta, which he was forced to carry for some three or four hundred yards, though there were ten eager followers then pushing and shoving willing to take the load and ease their chief, and relieve him from his undignified position.

Exeter Hall would say that I was entirely in the wrong; that in exacting carriers I was guilty of employing forced labour; that in making Samosonta visit me I was trafficking in personified tyranny, and that the police would have received no more than his due, even if the Mashukulumbwe spear had been buried in his chest. My reply is that inasmuch as I was representing his traditionary chief Lewanika and our own Government, the refusal of Samosonta to visit me was an exhibition of disrespect and rebellion, and it was intended as such by the chief himself; but I was distinctly wrong in travelling through the

country with such a small escort, thus inviting unpleasantness. Unfortunately, I had no choice, and should have been obliged to give up the patrol altogether, or travel as I was unattended by any responsible escort.

The unfriendly conduct I experienced at Samosonta's kraal is but a sample of the Mashukulumbwe attitude towards my patrol generally; and in each village through which I pass there are unmistakable signs of a careless, don't-care sort of feeling; an unpleasant contrast to the treatment which I received from the natives living in close proximity to the Kafue junction with the Zambesi. But, as I have before remarked, the Mashukulumbwe are entirely different from the Batu or river tribes, and I have no doubt that after they thoroughly realise that they have to submit to the fancies of their white rulers, and that besides hunting and sensuality there are other duties incumbent upon them, they will settle down and develop into an industrious and intelligent community. Their physique compares favourably with the Zulu; tall, graceful, lithe and active, as wild, untamed colts, with a keen hereditary hunting spirit, they would prove an excellent addition to the native troops in South Africa. They are constantly at war one with another, and it was with a view of settling one of these civil dissensions that my journey through this country, *en route* to Lialui, was finally decided

upon. Whilst writing the last word, a dust-devil or whirlwind caught my tent, blowing it some twenty yards, upsetting myself, table and chairs, much to the amusement of the surrounding Mashukulumbwes.

CHAPTER VIII.

Umgaila and Mgalo—Barotse influence—Visit of Mgalo—Extraordinary head-dress—Treatment of natives by irresponsible traders—Ikey and his partner—A false alarm—The Nanzela mission station—Mr. Pickering's kindness.

The principal indunas in this part are Umgaila and Mgalo. Jealous of power, each is daily struggling to oust the other, and by fair means or foul become the leading chief. A year or so ago the O. C. at Monze was interviewed by Umgaila and induced, not knowing the facts of the case, to lend his assistance to that persuasive chief, sending a few mounted men, who charged Mgalo's kraal, scattering the inhabitants right and left. Too late the assailants perceived that their intrepid action was misspent, and an indignant enquiry and protest came from King Lewanika's councillors, asking why we were fighting against his friends. A large indaba was held, our innocent mistake was explained, Mgalo was the recipient of our most humble apologies, and what suited him most, five chosen head of Umgaila's cattle. Umgaila was by no means satisfied by

the unexpected and unsatisfactory turn local politics had taken, and immediately after the withdrawal of our police, he at once commenced to show a most pronounced hostile action towards his neighbour. "Can I stay quietly in my kraal and see Mgalo milking my cattle?" This was the burden of Umgaila's grievance; this was the burden of his martial lyric, as he started away at periodical times bent on raiding the cattle and stealing the women of his neighbour. For months this policy of hating his neighbour and loving his neighbour's wives was pursued, till the King again being informed of his desertions sent some of his Barotse indunas, who for a time remained at Mgalo's kraal, and established Umgaila in his old village, which lies in close proximity to Mgalo's kraal, and told the latter chief that Umgaila was appointed by the King as principal induna of that district, and in future Mgalo must bow his adamantine will to the adolescent dictation of Umgaila. The embassies of the King remained sufficiently long to consume the greater portion of Mgalo's kaffir beer, and then returned to their sedentary majesty, having enjoyed their trip and being filled with pride over the important diplomatic settlement which they had effected.

Scarce had the scant fires of the indunas died out, barely had their diminishing forms disappeared over the Nanombi flats, before Mgalo turned

to rend the newly-appointed chief, who, packing up his meagre belongings, loading his women with pots, calabashes, food and mats, decamped at midnight, driving his cattle before him, not resting to feed until he was some ten miles away, surrounded by his own sympathetic followers, and

Indaba at Mgalo's kraal.

guarded by several score of trusty spears. The old saying that a cock crows loudest on his own dung-hill is fully exemplified in native warfare, and whilst Mgalo could collect without any difficulty a puissant host of considerable dimensions to attack Umgaila when living near their own village, it was another matter when he was living some ten or fourteen miles away, and that in the

direction of Monze fort. No one knew this better than Umgaila, and taking his snuff on his own dung-hill, surrounded by his crowing followers, he crowed with no uncertain voice and invited the wily Mgalo to come and fetch his cattle. Such was the state of things when I arrived at Umgaila's kraal a few days ago.

The seventy miles which separate Umgaila's from Fort Monze is composed of open flats teeming with buck of almost every description. Eland, roan, pookoo, lechwe, sable and smaller buck galore. Various horns in every stage of a decay hang from the leafless trees that, stunted by drought, struggle to retain their vitality in and around the various kraals. Horns are also invariably placed on the most prominent position of the Mashukulumbwe huts. A successful hunter is always distinguished by a small yellow fruit, called Mutuntula, stuck in the back of his hair, which denotes that recently he has killed a buck. I saw a man with three of these tokens the other day, and on enquiry found that he had slaughtered three sable antelopes within the last moon. A warrior who has had a successful career will place a black pot on the roof of his hut for every man he has slain, whilst the fate of a woman being of little account would be notified by the placing of a calabash or gourd in a smiliar position. I have seen several huts decorated with this "distinguished service" badge, and occasionally two

or three are to be seen, one smaller than the others, denoting that the occupant has killed a man and also a small boy. Beside the three or four spears that the Mashukulumbwe warrior carries, he is also armed with bow and arrows, the arrows being poisoned by inserting the poison in a small hole expressly made for the purpose in the arrowhead; besides this precaution it invariably goes through a process which makes it thaumaturgic and doubly dangerous. The spears are often partly severed near the end, thus insuring that whether or not they strike the intended billet, they will break on impact and so be useless for the enemy to hurl back at their former owners.

Before actually arriving at Umgaila's kraal, we met several scouts in twos and threes, who had been sent out to report my approach; consequently, my arrival was looked for and expected by Umgaila, who had collected a numerous number of his followers to greet me. Umgaila is a young man, lithe and supple as a larch, and with an intelligent face. At first he rather doubted the friendliness of my visit, but on hearing that I was accompanied by some of the King's indunas, he was more assured, and shortly I was in possession of all Umgaila's woes and complaints against his late neighbour Mgalo. I delayed a day, and in the meantime despatched Lucas to Monze. I informed Umgaila of the

unfriendly attitude of some of his chiefs towards me, and counselling him to keep them in better order, left the following day for Mgalo.

Mgalo's village is situated about twelve miles from Umgaila's; his scouts were also out in every direction, but collected immediately on seeing our cavalcade, and with their well-made spears stayed by their huts in readiness for any emergency. It was some considerable time, after off-saddling, before Mgalo would condescend to visit my tent. In appearance he is a much older man than Umgaila, pitted with small-pox, receding forehead, small eyes and delicate chin; his appearance is not reassuring, and before I had spoken a hundred words, I soon discovered that he was a lying, servile hypocrite. He was delighted to see me, was painfully shocked when I informed him that I was leaving early the next day. "Had I not stayed a day at Umgaila's, then surely the chief will stay a day with his other child." I compromised and settled matters by promising not to leave early, but would have a large talk with him and his indunas before leaving. "Now his heart was glad!" I noticed on approaching his village that nearly every hut was decorated with the orthodox pot, still there were one or two huts apparently left for the token of Umgaila's demise.

The Mgaloites walked round my tent, inspecting my belongings with the eyes of a critical Jew at

Mashukulumbwe natives with head dress.

an auction. Tozzo was most polite, kept addressing Mgalo as his friend, and assured him of our friendly disposition.

The following morning Mgalo and followers arrived at nine o'clock to hear the talk; as the previous night they came armed, I insisted on every man leaving his spear, and if he wished to hear my words he was to come unarmed. It was a picturesque sight—these fine, stalwart, unclothed savages, dotted about the camp, basking in the early morning sun. The principal indunas were partially covered by skins or old blankets, but the younger men were destitute of anything in the shape of covering and took no trouble to conceal their nakedness. Their head-dresses, some four feet long, are marvellously constructed, the hair is literally pulled back from the forehead, and the skull or skin so strained, that at the base of the knob there is a large ring of unnatural skin. At night the head-dress is tied by the tips to the roof of their huts; under no circumstances would they part with their hair; it is put up in this position when they are at the age of puberty, and it remains till it naturally falls off. It is most artistic, and so dressed that their heads look exceptionally clean and smart. Each man has one or two hair-pins which he uses to probe his miniature pyramid in case of internal irritation.

The Mashukulumbwe women are of small stature, but pretty withal; they are free from

vanity, and the glory of women here is apparently not the hair. They are clothed in skins, and seem in no way ashamed to mix in the ordinary vocations of life with their unclad companions. Their morals compare favourably with the Batoka or Barotse natives, whilst serious cases of disease are few and far between. The system of Lobolo, or payment for their wives, is in vogue, and religiously obeyed only by the Mashukulumbwe ; the lobolo is ten hoes, and not cattle, as usually is the case.

After leaving Mgalo's kraal we passed through the Nanombi flats. In the rainy season they are covered by the overflowing of the Kafue ; now they are literally covered with game, which in the distant mirage assumes most grotesque and exaggerated appearances and seem to be suspended in mid air, feet uppermost. There was no cover and we could not get within five hundred yards of them. In one herd alone I counted four hundred wildebeeste and zebra, whilst on my left at the same time there were two smaller herds of about fifty each. It is no easy matter to distinguish in the distance the black herds of Mashukulumbwe cattle from the black, shaggy wildebeeste ; this species of buck seem particularly fond of the zebra, and I have often seen a bull acting pilot to a troop of the less slim zebra.

After passing the Nanombi flats, we came to an important induna named Malova. Malova was

credited with driving a white man from his village some few months ago, and apparently if this account is as true as circumstances seem to prove, the undiplomatic and mischievous trader got little more than he deserved, and was lucky to get away with a whole skin. I had breakfast

Crossing small ox in dug-out boat on Kafue River.

with this induna ; he was very reticent, but did not show any hostile intentions.

Since leaving Mgalo we have been passing through a district which Tozzo assured me was known thoroughly to himself ; consequently, I have not troubled so much about procuring guides. The first day we found ourselves about four miles out of the way at sundown with no water, while

yesterday it was quite dark before we reached Shaloba's kraal, which Tozzo assured me was not ten miles away.

As elsewhere in Central Africa one is haunted by the everlasting fowl, though here we are surrounded with game, which provides, with the help of the said fowl, a constant change of diet for myself, and also helps considerably in providing food for our carriers. Each Mashukulumbwe village has its small herd of cattle; these are sought after by traders from Salisbury and Bulawayo, not always a desirable class of people to have in the country. Continual discussions arise owing to the arbitrary and unfair treatment to which the natives are at times subjected from these irresponsible gentlemen. They have often no idea of the native language, and very little of their own; they imagine that whether agreeable or not, the natives must conform to their inordinate and at times unjust demands. They demand carriers and forget to pay them; they commandeer food and leave I O U's as a means of settlement, and give Birmingham composition shells in the place of real undala, and when their Matabele boys assault the women of the kraal and the induna resents such treatment and asks for payment for the minor offences, these men exhibit a craven fear, and without any unnecessary ostentation decamp at the witching hour of night and never

stop till reaching the nearest fort, when they solemnly affirm that for no reason whatsoever they have been driven out of the district by the rebellious natives.

I heard an amusing incident relative to one of these panics the veracity of which I can vouch for. Two prospectors came to the Mashukulumbwe country to trade cattle; the senior member of the firm, rejoicing in the name of Ikey, had considerable experience in veldt life; he had served in the Griqualand war, leaving without his discharge, was an old Barberton hand, had prospected for gold near the Matoppo hills, and by the aid of Barberton experience he found a real good thing and sold it to a tender-foot for £500, and then came north of the Zambesi. Ikey had heard of the partiality which the Mashukulumbwe have for a certain shell, known as the pande shell, which would in those days be equal in value to an ox or small cow. Ikey had seen some excellent Birmingham imitations, and procuring three hundred of these and a bale of inferior calico, intended to give up gold mining and amass a fortune by trading cattle.

For a time his scheme was followed with more success than it deserved. Unfortunately for Ikey, Mazungo, the induna, had his suspicions aroused regarding the intrinsic value and genuineness of his shells, by finding one morning that only a small portion of one shell was remaining, and that the rats,

which usually abound in the kraals, had been driven by the pangs of hunger to consume the larger part of the Birmingham composition during the night. This was an eye-opener for Mazungo ; ratty shells were of no value to him, and forthwith calling a fuambo, or meeting, of his councillors, he decided to subject the shells which they had recently bartered to an ordeal, and filling their pots with water, the shells were collected and placed in the pot and boiled. A few moments sufficed to establish the spuriousness of the articles, and all that was left was a milky substance reposing at the bottom of the pot. Meantime, after buying a considerable number of cattle with these fraudulent shells, Ikey had thought it best to leave without delay for Bulawayo. There was no difficulty in procuring Mashukulumbwe boys to carry goods to Bulawayo, realising as they do that work is plentiful and money good ; consequently, four picked boys were engaged by the wily trader and proceeded to start without delay. Everything went as happily as the proverbial marriage-bell, till Ikey and his colleagues arrived at Kamil's kraal, when the experienced ear of Ikey detected a certain amount of unrest and a general threatening demeanour amongst the four Mashukulumbwe carriers. These illusions grew to alarming dimensions, and Ikey, having considerable knowledge of the native mind, was convinced that the

carriers knew of his cheating about the shells, and were contemplating a revenge. The following night, being very cold, a deserted grass hut was put at the disposal of Ikey and Co., whilst their shivering carriers huddled over the camp fire outside, vainly trying to keep themselves warm. Ikey was more comfortable, and was asleep before the evening star had followed the sun's course, and waking out of a drunken sleep at nine o'clock, heard the carriers still jabbering in the cold outside and, as he thought, concocting and planning to murder them and seize their guns. Quietly making an aperture in the back of the hut, regardless of blankets or clothes, and taking the gun in question, Ikey and his companion quietly stole away, and did not attempt to rest till they were some miles on the Falls road.

After the carriers had generally discussed the topics of the past day and commented on the merits of the Boss's gun, and decided how they should jump if they saw a lion, and other scraps of harmless conversation, which the knowing Ikey had misinterpreted and acted on so promptly, they, in each other's arms, sharing the remnants of a blanket, with their feet, practically speaking, in the fire, dropped off to sleep, and save waking to add fresh fuel to the dying embers, slept till morning. This time, not waiting for a long string of needless adjectives from their master, they

cooked the coffee, gathered together their own odds and ends, and waited for the exit of their bosses. After waiting some considerable time without any result, Jim, the head boy, volunteered to call, and putting his head inside the hut, at once noticed the opposite exit, "in case of need," and looked in the disordered mass of blankets in vain for his master. Having no evil thoughts themselves, they did not for a moment imagine that this hole had been burrowed through the flimsy hut on account of their harmless conversation on the previous night, but rather thought that the two bosses had got up early to shoot, and had pushed their way out to avoid being seen by the native dogs, who would arouse the whole village by their incessant bark, and disturb the early game for miles around. Having rolled up the blankets in the accustomed manner, they sat themselves down to wait, longing for the return of their masters with a possible chance of nhama (meat). The sun was high and still no signs of the supposed hunters, and after waiting for another hour or two the boys decided to take up their respective loads and follow the spoor of their masters. This was not difficult in a sandy road, and following the tracks till sundown they came to the remains of a newly-enkindled fire, where the masters had rested some few hours previously. Eager to reach their respective patrons, who were doubtless resting at the next

water and would want their blankets, the carriers gamely pushed on, not stopping for food, but contenting themselves with a drink of water and a few Kaffir oranges which they had found by the roadside.

Congratulating themselves on their merciful escape, neither Ikey nor his companion thought of implicating Providence further by any unnecessary delay. A declining moon rose at midnight to see this knowing Ikey with tobacco bag at side, armed with his cut-down M. H. rifle (formerly Government property) resting on his shoulder, muzzle foremost, trudging along ankle deep in sand, casting furtive glances over his shoulders in the direction of the recent camp, expecting to see the foe armed with their blood-curdling assegais in hot pursuit.

One by one the stars disappeared, the sun came up and the red-wing partridge skipped across the path, bent upon some amorous design, but neither of the traders, with their ignis-fatuus idea, figuratively speaking, attempted to draw rein till well away from the scene of the contemplated outrage.

The sun had hardly set before Ikey and Archer, thoroughly tired out after their walk, had, after collecting some dried grass, made a bed and retired to rest. They would not hear of a fire, and would not think of shooting a steinbock, badly as they wanted food, for fear of attracting

the attention of their supposed pursuers. The night was to be divided into watches; Ikey, as knowing as ever, decided to take the first turn, and after two hours of silent smoking, suddenly heard voices in the distance, and on their near approach recognised the well-known commanding voice of his trusty servant, urging the other carriers to come on. Ikey rose and fled, and Archer scenting danger in the already retreating form of his imaginative companion, immediately rose and followed, a good second.

For two or three days this continuous chase went on; Ikey and Archer, anxious to get to the Falls where they would be safe from attacks, whilst the carriers, sensible only of the fact that their masters would want food and blankets, gamely followed and unintentionally harassed the rear of their terrified employers.

On the evening of the third day, Ikey and Archer reached the Falls store, and after relating the events of the past three days and their miraculous escape, and vowing eternal vengeance on all the natives in the country, they retired to rest; but not for long, for soon the blanket that guarded the doorway was pushed aside, and Jim with the other carriers stood at the doorway with everything intact and many apologies for being unable to overtake his master, who Jim solemnly declared travelled "maningi gijima"—very fast.

A short day's journey of ten miles from our last camp brought us to the Nanzela Mission Station, which is built on the bank of the Nanzela river. Here, as elsewere, the residing members of the Methodist mission, the Rev. and Mrs. Pickering, received me with every kindness. I had not seen a lady for two months, and this fact, added to Mrs. Pickering's kind and charming manner, made me thoroughly appreciate the novelty and delightful sensation of again speaking to an educated lady.

Mr. Pickering has had some very considerable and varied experiences of mission work on the west coast, and in spite of the deadly climate, would find great pleasure in returning to his former scenes of labour. To a man less resourceful than Mr. Pickering, a life in such an out-of-the-way spot would be nothing less than unbearable transportation, and though he talks about the pleasures of mission work, I doubt whether in his heart of hearts it is as enjoyable as he would endeavour to picture, but rather, like Bolingbroke, he seems to assume a quiet resignation, which ineffectually hides his noticeable horror and dislike of his enforced exile. Mr. Pickering has been in the country for six years, was a pioneer in these districts, has been up some way across the Kafue, shot a specimen of nearly every buck in the country, and with Mr. Baldwin, his colleague at N'Kala, materially added to the hitherto meagre

stock of knowledge of the physical geography of the country.

Sezongo, who is the principal chief of this district, which seems to include a heterogeneous sprinkling of nearly every tribe in the country, lives across the Nanzela river, and has always with his numerous following done all in his power to assist in establishing this station. When Mr. Pickering first arrived there was a serious famine through the Mashukulumbwe country, and the people were so short of food that Sezongo promised to build the huts for the station, provided Mr. Pickering and Co. kept the workers in meat; this arrangement was readily agreed to, but did not prove a remunerative bargain for the missionaries; the more game they shot, the more the builders consumed and the less work they did, till finally they were told that if they did not accomplish a fair task they would be sent to their homes. The threat had no good effect, and acting on his word Mr. Pickering discharged the whole lot. As soon as they were informed that their service was finished, they one and all repaired to the neighbouring bush and there commenced digging vigorously and returned to their homes, each carrying a huge basket of meat which, instead of working for, they had stolen and put away for a future occasion.

IV.

CHAPTER I.

When leaving Lialui in June, prior to my visit to the Kafue river, I had arranged with Harding to meet me at Nkala Mission Station at a given date. I arrived there, however, a fortnight before the time arranged, so decided to go on, leaving a note for him to receive on his arrival. I called on Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin, and were glad to accept their kind hospitality. Nkala, Mr. Baldwin's home, is about fifteen miles from Nanzela, where Mr. Pickering, his co-worker, resides. I was greeted with the usual kindness which I have ever received from my missionary friends, and so pressing was their invitation that I decided to remain over the night and start the following morning for Lialui ; but while we were at dinner who should turn up but Harding, who, like myself, had arrived a fortnight before the appointed time. He had called at the mission station to leave a note for me, never thinking that I should be there, and intended whilst waiting for me to do a little shooting. We were ex-

tremely glad to meet each other again ; he was greatly improved in health, though still far from well.

My former idea was that my brother should accompany me to the source of the Kafue river, and then we should walk across to the Kabompo river, returning to Lialui together. Owing, however, to the fact that I had to return to Lialui immediately to meet Mr. Coryndon, who was coming out from England expressly to have the Concession signed, I had to forego my former plans and to return to Lialui with all speed, whilst I deputed Harding to cross the Kafue and visit the copper mines in that district, which no white official had at that time visited.

I started at dawn ; Harding rode with me for the first ten miles. We were extremely grieved to part so soon. He had come out from England as my secretary, but as there were so few officials in the country, he reluctantly had to do police work, instead of accompanying me during my travels, so that we had really not seen much of each other.

There is very little superfluous sentiment in people who have endured the many knocks of up-country life, and as we shook hands on that bright September morning on the lonely veldt, miles away from civilization, we did it in an off-handed sort of way. Thank God we did not realise it was for the last time, and that never

should we again share the same camp-fire or light our pipes from the same fire-brand.

The distance from Nkala to Lialui is about 270 miles ; there is no real wagon road, and there are numerous small rivers, which have, as a rule, boggy approaches. The journey was accomplished in six and a half days. Three days after my arrival Mr. Coryndon arrived. After several indabas with Lewanika and his chiefs the Concession was signed, giving the British South Africa Company mineral rights over the greater part of Lewanika's country, besides other advantages.

After the signing of the Concession Mr. Coryndon returned immediately to England.

Whilst we were at Lialui, Lewanika was greatly disturbed by the rumours of slave trading by Mombari (West Coast slave traders) in the Bamashasha and Balunda countries (north of Lialui). I therefore decided to visit these parts, and asked them the way to the source of the Kabompo, which had at that time not been located.

Owing to the war in the Transvaal territory, it was with the greatest difficulty that we could obtain such provisions from Bulawayo ; consequently, there was a great scarcity of the necessities—or what we considered necessities—of life, and this, together with the fact that the rainy season had just begun, made the prospect of my

visit extremely unpleasant. Besides this, our police force, which had been organized but a few months, was hardly to be trusted to face a determined slave caravan, who, on such occasions, fight if cornered with a "noose round their necks." I was fortunate enough to meet at Lialui my old friend Mr. Bricker, and although he was *en route* to Mossamades and then to the United States, deferred his departure on purpose to accompany me; for, as he explained, he did not consider it was "good" that I should go alone.

The country which we passed through *en route* to the Kabompo river gave abundant proofs that cotton could be cultivated with every chance of success. Nearly every kraal had its local factory in a miniature and crude type, and the natives were wearing the cloth which they had made. On the Mumbazie river we found a quantity of rubber, both ground and tree; we also discovered extensive old copper workings, and received as presents from some of the chiefs solid copper bars which had been manufactured at the kraals.

Though we left Lialui with a small caravan, composed solely of the necessary carriers, a few police, and Barotse indunas sent as usual by the King to guide and look after me, we had, before reaching Kasempa, a following of several hundred natives—husbands looking for their wives, mothers looking for their sons, and children

looking for their parents—who had been stolen and sold for slaves. I was successful in restoring a number of these unfortunate people to the respective owners. Whilst at Kasempa I was fortunate enough to be able to punish a noted slave trader, storming his kraal at daylight and burning all his belongings.

From Kasempa, which is 250 miles north-west of Lialui, we journeyed to the source of Kabompo, a distance of about 200 miles, passing through a country nearly denuded of natives by slave raiders, but well watered, mineralized, and to all appearances healthy.

Crossing cattle.

CHAPTER II.

THE source of the Kabompo is not unlike that of the Zambesi, surrounded with luxuriant vegetation in the midst of a huge thicket of dense trees, which can be observed from a distance of several miles. The Lunga river also rises on the same plateau and within a few hundred miles of the Kabompo river. This Lunga river is a tributary of the Kabompo, and must not be confounded with the East Lunga, which flows into the Kafue river some three hundred miles east. I found rubber there, and the natives living near were constantly employed in its manufacture. I heard from them that I was the first white man who had ever visited this spot. They belong to the Balunda tribe, and resembled those whom I found at the source of the Zambesi. I consider the water-shed of the Zambesi and Congo rivers a district that will repay the greatest attention, and if mineral wealth is to be found in West Central Africa it will be located in these parts. Mr. Bricker, who is a mining expert, was

A camp scene near the Kabompo River.

of the same opinion. Besides this, the country is high and healthy, and with careful administration many of the natives who were driven away, but not actually carried off, by the slave traders will return. I have dealt with the slave trade in former chapters in my diary, when I met

Waiting for carriers on the Mumbazie River.

the caravans coming in to buy slaves, and now I have seen the result of their labour, and actually visited the country, or a part of it, in which they reap their unlawful harvest.

We only remained at the source of the Kabompo for a day, and then in torrents of rain turned our steps towards home, following the course of the

Kabompo on either side. The Kabompo is one of the most picturesque rivers which I have explored, and within a few miles of its junction with the Zambesi there is no flooded country; but the river is well defined, beautifully clear, with steep banks, and where not pillaged by slave traders the country is thickly populated with natives possessing some of the most extensive gardens which I have ever seen in Barotseland. Whilst in pursuit of a slave caravan poor Bricker was nearly drowned in the Mumbazie river; the boat was small, and when he was sitting down so tight was the fit that when the silly native in charge caught his oar in a stump, the boat capsized, and Bricker was unable to extricate himself. It seemed a lifetime before I saw the dripping figure of my American friend appear on the surface. His first remark when arriving at the bank was, "Well, I have seen a sailor chap drowned in a much smaller river than that." One day we had rather an amusing lion experience. Towards evening I was riding at the head of the column, wrapped in a mackintosh, as it was raining, Johnny following with my rifle, and Bricker in close attendance. Suddenly Bricker saw two lions on our left front within forty yards, and, like a good chap, tried to point them out to enable me to have the first shot; but, of course looking in every direction but the right one, I failed for some considerable time to see them.

When I did see them, by the time that I was out of my "mack" and had got my gun they had disappeared. We gave chase and brought them to bay close to the river in the thickest of jungle, where they were only distinguished by their unfriendly growls; later, I got a glimpse of them, and was just going to fire, when looking round I saw the whole detachment of my police with fixed bayonets on all sides of us just in the act of firing. I was never so frightened in my life; a lion is bad enough, but to be surrounded by police who were indifferent shots (and though they were my own police, I am bound to admit at that time they were indifferent marksmen) was quite another state of affairs. I ordered, in no parliamentary language, the police back to the road, but they stoutly refused to go unless I came as well, the sergeant, who worshipped me, being the ringleader of this rebellious crowd. There was nothing to be done, and like a lamb (I really think I was very glad to get back) I returned with my mutinous army to a safe distance; then, after dismissing them and telling them to make camp for the night, I took the sergeant and went on the spoor of the lions. Of course, I never saw them again, but met Bricker coming back "full of strong oaths," and saying most uncomplimentary things about my command.

We left Lialui in October for the source of the

Kabompo, and it was the end of January before we were again in that place. During that time we had covered a distance of nearly 2,000 miles. The journey was a distinct success; we released a large number of slaves, mapped the Kabompo river from its source, and selected sites for two new forts. Needless to say, Lewanika was delighted, and although the Zambesi was in flood, came across to thank me personally. Bricker, in the course of a few days after our return, left for the West Coast; he was of the greatest help to me, his kind disposition being only equalled by his plucky character, and I sincerely hope it will be my pleasure to have his company on another expedition.

CHAPTER III.

I REMAINED at Lialui for three months, the only rest which I had had since I arrived in the country eighteen months before. I had constant attacks of fever during this period, and was nursed by Peter to the best of his ability. Peter had returned from Chisamba, where I left him sick nine months before, and now was keen to show his appreciation of the attention I had shown him on former occasions by looking after me when in a similar position. I think I am the better nurse of the two, though I admit that he was the less aggressive patient. He would insist upon bringing buttered toast with my bovril (the stores had arrived by the time I returned from the Kabompo), and giving me "Epsom salts" in the place of ordinary salt when I was convalescent. After this last slip in amateur nursing our relations were strained for some days. During my stay at Lialui I received the sad news of the death of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and I was very much struck by the sincere grief

it caused to Lewanika, who had always a large painting of the Queen hung in his dining-room. A memorial service was held in the Mission Station, during which Mr. Coillard gave an excellent address. Lewanika attended, and there was hardly an induna of note in the Barotse Valley who was not there.

In February I said good-bye to Mr. Coillard, Dr. and Mrs. de Prosch, and again left Lialui for the Batoka country. I raced down the river in high flood, covering the 300 miles in five days.

On arrival at Kuzungula I heard of the serious illness of my brother, but at the same time I heard from another source that he was convalescent. I stayed for one day at Kuzungula with Mr. and Mrs. Mann, and left on the following day for the Falls. Half-way between the Falls I met a messenger with letters for me from Fort Monze, saying that Harding was lying seriously ill. These letters were written ten days before, and I well knew by this time he must be either much better or dead. Instead of going to the Falls I started off immediately to Monze, viâ Kalomo, a distance of 210 miles. Half-way I met another messenger bringing news of my brother's death. I received the sad news when I was camped, and my feeling can be better imagined than described. I pushed on, hoping against hope that it might not be true, but later it was confirmed, and I arrived at Fort

Monze on the fourth day after receiving the first message.

I found the camp in a terrible state. Poor Harding had only been buried a few days, and Trooper Franklin, who had arrived from

Cemetery at Fort Monze.

Kalomo to nurse him, was down with black-water fever, the same disease which killed my brother. I found Franklin in a very bad way. There was no doctor nearer than Bulawayo, a distance of 270 miles, and we were extremely short of hospital comforts. Franklin died at sunrise

two days after my arrival. He was buried at the old Menza Camp by the side of my brother, and in close proximity to Sergt.-Major Norris and two others of the B. S. A. P., who had died a year before.

The deaths of both Harding and Franklin were of an extremely pathetic nature. Trooper Lucas had been sent out to trade grain, and in so doing contracted this deadly black-water or hæmaturia fever. Harding at once went out to nurse him in the veldt, and when convalescent brought him into camp. Immediately afterwards Harding himself went down with fever, and was nursed to the best of Trooper Lucas's ability, Lucas himself being extremely weak and entirely unfit to undertake such a task. For sixteen days Harding struggled between life and death, often being unconscious. In the meantime, Lucas sent to Kalomo, a distance of 100 miles from Fort Monze, for assistance. Trooper Franklin, who was stationed at Kalomo, started at once for the fort in response to Lucas's call. On arrival there Franklin was immediately taken ill with fever and was in turn nursed by Lucas. I arrived two days before Franklin died and too late to be of any material use.

The burial of Trooper Franklin took place at dawn. Lucas, though ill, was there in charge of the firing party, and as I read the service for the burial of the dead, I began to realise what I had

lost in the deaths of Franklin and Harding. Harding was more than a brother to me; he always "played the game," and I doubt whether the virgin soil of Rhodesia will ever rest on a better sportsman or a more gentle man. He died for his country, and I know if he could have chosen he would not have wished it otherwise.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER the sad events recorded in the last chapter I decided to abandon Fort Monze (in fact, I had no one to leave in charge), and accompanied by Trooper Lucas left the following day for the Victoria Falls. I began to feel the reaction of the last few weeks' experience, and, like Lucas, was in an extremely weak and feverish condition.

On my arrival at the Victoria Falls I was grieved to hear of other sad events which had transpired during the past few weeks. Moore had been laid up and nearly on two occasions died of hæmaturia fever. Mrs. de Prosch, whom I had seen on my departure from Lialui, had in the meantime died, and Mrs. Mann, who had so kindly entertained me at Kuzungula when I first heard of my brother's illness, had succumbed on the road to Bulawayo, leaving a sad and devoted husband the sole charge of a young baby to nurse and tend.

Owing to the deaths of Harding and Franklin I now had only four white officials in the country,

including police officers ; with these for a time I had to administer the country and officer my newly-raised police force. Luckily this state of affairs did not last long, and in the course of a few months Mr. Coryndon and other officials returned and I was released from a great deal of responsibility and work.

I shall now pass over a period of nine months, during which I was constantly travelling, but mostly through a country which I have already attempted to describe. I shall close my narrative with a short description of Lewanika's visit to England, where he was invited to attend the Coronation of His Majesty King Edward.

CHAPTER V.

LEWANIKA'S VISIT TO ENGLAND.

For a great number of years—in fact, since Khama paid a visit to England—it has always been Lewanika's ambition to follow this chief's example. To take a chief from his uncivilized surroundings and suddenly plant him in the midst of civilization is at all times a risky undertaking, and this risk is considerably increased by the good-natured public, who are always ready to gush over anything out of the common. A proof of this is in the absurd amount of attention which was bestowed on the natives who came over for the Earl's Court South African Exhibition some few years ago, so that although Lewanika had repeatedly expressed his wish to visit England, it was not entertained till 1902, the Coronation year, when the Government sent him an invitation to attend the ceremony.

After two years and a half continual travelling, I returned to England on six months' leave, and it was arranged that as I was in England I

should " bear-walk " Lewanika. I arrived home in February and returned to Cape Town in May, where I met him and his suite.

Besides Lewanika there were four other Barotse who accompanied him, viz., N'Gambella (Lewanika's Prime Minister), Eshe (the King's son-in-law), and two personal servants, whilst a government interpreter completed the suite.

It is impossible for me to chronicle every little event which happened during Lewanika's visit to this country, so shall content myself with giving a brief account of his visit and its results.

The voyage from Cape Town to Southampton was most trying for the old King and his followers, for though everything was done for our comfort by the captain of the *Dunottar Castle*, and everyone on board was extremely kind, we had a head wind the greater part of the voyage, and for days on end Lewanika and his followers were *hors de combat*, and fast prisoners to their cabins. I had a cabin near the chief, and on one occasion when we shipped a sea I was roused from my slumbers by jabbering natives on the gangway, and getting up saw three of the Barotse in a state of great excitement, wishing to know whether they should bale the water out with their hats. It was a long time before I could get them back into their cabins. " How can we travel by night ? " said the King on one occasion. " There are no lights to steer by and no land to keep in

sight of." "What are those things above my head?" pointing to the life-belts in his cabin; and when explained that the people put these things on when shipwrecked and wished to swim to land, he replied, "Where is the land to swim to?" Once when there was more tossing than usual I too felt queer and told the old chief; he was delighted, and said, "Well, if you are ill on your *own* river you can't laugh at me. On my river (meaning the Zambesi) you never feel head ache, and your stomach does not move up and down, so I use you better than you use me." On arrival at Southampton we stepped from the ship into a saloon carriage, where Lewanika was quite at home, as he had travelled by train from Bulawayo to Cape Town. For a time he assumed the air of an old traveller, admired the scenery, the grazing cattle and green grass. Suddenly we were shot into a tunnel, to find Lewanika's head buried under one of the cushions, the N'Gambella in the arms of the interpreter crying like a pump, whilst the rest had sought safety under the seats of the carriage. "Oh!" said Lewanika, when sufficiently recovered, "I don't like your trains which fall into holes. In South Africa they never do that" (there are no tunnels between Bulawayo and Cape Town). On arrival at our destination, I escorted Lewanika to his room; the suite followed on their hands and knees, crawling up the stairs in this manner.

Lewanika was introduced to the best tailor in London, who charged him accordingly. A few weeks later the N'Gambella speculated in a frock coat, which he bought at some second-hand shop at one-tenth of the price which Lewanika had given for his. To all appearances, or at least to Lewanika's, they were the same, and till the difference was explained he had little confidence in my shopping.

The greatest day of Lewanika's life was when he was received by His Majesty the King. "Besides being a great King, he is a kind man," said Lewanika to me when returning in the Royal carriage. "I shall never forget;" and he never has. The illness of His Majesty was a great disappointment. In his heart of hearts the chief wished to be returning to his home, but as he had come for the Coronation he would not go as long as there was the slightest chance of seeing it. Lewanika's patience was rewarded. He saw the Coronation from one of the best seats in the Abbey, and later, when we arrived in Barotseland, he would tell me every detail, the number of Bishops or missionaries as he called them, the King's robes, the number of pages, and other details which had entirely escaped my notice. Lewanika's manners at table were excellent. With the exception of one or two things he partook of most English dishes; his appetite was absurdly small, and he drank nothing stronger

than "ginger-beer." On one occasion, at some municipal function, Lewanika, who was sitting on the right of the local magnate, was helped to grapes. Seeing Lewanika take grapes, our host took some, remarking to me at the time, "That he must take some to show the King how to eat them." Lewanika had, however, got the start, and was quietly sucking the grapes and placing the skins on the side of the plate. My friend on Lewanika's left was not so fastidious, and gobbled his fruit, skins and all. Madame Tussaud's was a great eye-opener; for a time every wax figure was taken for a live object, and then seeing the dilemma of Lewanika & Co., the attendants posed as wax figures and were prodded by Lewanika's umbrella, believing them to be wax.

Lewanika was extremely generous. On one occasion I took him to the Hippodrome, where we saw some really good acrobatic performances by small boys. Having seen the wax figures, nothing would convince Lewanika that these boys were alive. Two of them were brought to our box. After feeling their hands and heads, he remarked, "Yes, they are alive," and turning to his attendant, said, "Give them two pounds each." The children were delighted. In the earlier part of my narrative I have described Lewanika as a diplomat, and I really think that there was but one object in Lewanika's wish to visit this country, and that was to put himself

Plate presented to Colonel Harding by Lewanika and Barotse Indunas in commemoration of his (Lewanika's) visit to the Coronation.

and his country entirely under the control of the British Government, and to receive assurances from the Colonial Office that they would ever safeguard his interest. Consequently, till Lewanika had seen Mr. Chamberlain and had these assurances which he required given him, and generally discussed the affairs of the western country, he was not happy. After a day in town, where he had seen things which filled him with wonder and amazement, he would say to me when I returned," Yes, I have seen a lot and you are all most kind ; still I am thinking of my country. When shall I see Mr. Chamberlain ? " Fortunately that gentleman did not keep us long in suspense, and the kindly interview which he had with this statesman will long live in the memory of Lewanika, and by now is spread broadcast over the whole of Barotseland. Everything that was to Lewanika's advantage to see was seen during his visit to England. He was shown how the white men had to work, their obligations to their government, &c. Lewanika saw everything under the most favourable conditions, and mixed only with those people who had considerable stake in the country which had undertaken the protection of his own. After four months in England, during which he was the guest of the British Government and Chartered Company, we sailed from Southampton for Cape Town ; the voyage was more enjoyable than the former one, due to

the better state of the weather. At Waterloo Station we had been seen off by a high official from the Colonial Office; at Kimberley, Lewanika was forbidden to enter the station, as he was a "native." In London he was welcome at the Carlton Hotel; in Kimberley I was unable to find accommodation for him, and we had to remain fast prisoners in our railway carriages for two days. These absurd little incidents were not all known to Lewanika, but they were all extremely annoying to me.

The amount of Lewanika's luggage was astonishing; every conceivable thing was brought and presents were taken home for everyone of note.

The journey from Southampton to Lialui took nearly five months, thanks to the Bulawayo-Victoria Falls Railway, whilst now I could do it in thirty days. From the time we arrived on the outskirts of Barotseland there was a demonstration every night, and for months I never had a decent night's rest due to the incessant Kaffir drums, etc. Lewanika was treated as royalty on every State occasion whilst in England, but as soon as I arrived at the Zambesi it was Lewanika who made the change, remarking on one occasion, when told by me to go in front, "No, no! you lead now. You are the big chief now you are in my country." Going up the river Lewanika was most kind and attentive to my wants. He dis-

carded most of his town clothes as soon as he left Bulawayo, and whilst insisting upon having my tent or hut placed close to his own, would more often than not help to erect it. Our arrival at Lialui was the great event in the history of Barotseland. Most of the people never expected to see their chief back, and the fuss they made over me because I had seen him safe to and from England was most absurd. After staying with the chief for a week I left him to return to Kalomo, our head-quarters in the Batoko country. I had constantly been with Lewanika for nine months, living practically under the same roof. You either grow very much attached to a man in that time or loathe the sight of him. I am bound to admit that with me it was the former. With me Lewanika always "played the game." At times I have lost my temper and abused him like a pickpocket, and after one of these little bursts, he quietly remarked the following day, "I am sorry that I was cross yesterday." What can you do but admire the kindly nature of a man like this?

Two years have now elapsed since Lewanika paid his visit to England, and during that time I have seen no reason to wish that that visit had never taken place. On the contrary, I believe the Government have every reason to congratulate themselves. Lewanika has now seen the King, and knows that, however small his

country, it now forms a part of the British Empire, and as such will always receive a fair and generous administration, and his interest will be most zealously protected, either against civil dissensions or foreign invasions.

THE END.

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